Dec. 29, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50

ESPRIT
Photo: Toscani

Antigone Dean
Woodworker, Age: 23
Living in London

My most important goal in life is to achieve something for myself, to be proud of myself. I'm studying cabinetmaking in England because I'm interested in doing restorations and designing furniture. I tend towards the traditional. I like going to the cinema to see films where I'm learning something and not just escaping. My real escape is travel—I yearn to go everywhere. And I want to set up my own business. Maybe I'll find someplace really distant and open a restaurant on the beach. I think I'm afraid of getting old and helpless.

Seduction. Revenge. False arrest.
And a man in a bat suit. And that's just Act I.

DIE FLEDERMAUS

Watch Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, Håkan Hagegård, Michael Devlin, Franz Mazura and Otto Schenk in this spectacular new production. Jeffrey Tate conducts. Telecast "Live from The Met" on PBS, December 31 at 8 pm.

Brought to you
in part by the
Texaco Philanthropic
Foundation Inc.

Fun's afoot as romance fans an old flame. But mistaken identity leads to a night in jail for kicking a tax collector while, in a comedy of frustrated passion, the object of his affections is seduced by her own tipsy husband at the Prince's masked ball. And you wanted to do something strange and different for New Year's Eve?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—A farce by Joseph Kesselring, which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still pretty funny, and suitable for an idle evening. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 2, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Black Sea Follies—A witty musical satire, conceived and directed by the audacious Stanley Silverman, about Joseph Stalin and his great victim Dmitri Shostakovich. Most of the music is by Shostakovich, with a few entries by Vincent Youmans and Francis Scott Key, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; Saturdays, Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

Bodies, Rest, and Motion—A comedy by Roger Hedden. With Andrew McCarthy and Laurie Metcalf. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Broadway Bound—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (12/15/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Tony Straiges and Dennis Parichy designed the distinguished setting and lighting. Carole Rothman was the able director. (12/1/86) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, Monday, Dec. 29, and Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8; and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 6 and 9. Closes Thursday, Jan. 1.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the good director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Boyd Gaines in **The Double Bass**, a one-character comedy by Patrick Süskind, translated from the German by Eric Overmyer and Harry Newman. (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 28.)

The Front Page—The rickety melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur about newspaper life and crooked politics in Chicago in the twenties is still funny, despite its arrant misogyny. Richard Thomas and John Lithgow head the enormous cast. (12/8/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated imper-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 17
"GREETINGS, FRIENDS!" (POEM) . . . *Roger Angell* 23
"ID" . . . *Charles McGrath* 24
"REMEMBERING I FORGET WHAT" . . . *Mark Singer* 27
"EARSHOT" . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 28
PROFILES (VITALY KOMAR AND ALEXANDER MELAMID) . . . *Ian Frazier* 33
A REPORTER AT LARGE (SAN DIEGO AND TIJUANA) . . . *William Murray* 63
THE THEATRE . . . *Brendan Gill* 76
  OFF BROADWAY . . . *Edith Oliver* 76
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . *Andrew Porter* 80
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . *Pauline Kael* 83
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 86
BOOKS . . . *Whitney Balliett* 95
  BRIEFLY NOTED . . . 96

RECEIVED
DEC 30

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

COVER: *William Steig*

DRAWINGS: *Roz Chast, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman, J. J. Sempé, W. B. Park, Richard Cline, Saul Steinberg, William Hamilton, Mick Stevens, Edward Koren, Gahan Wilson, Bernard Fuchs, Mike Twohy, George Price, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, Al Ross, Ed Fisher, Robert Weber, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Robert Mankoff, Michael Ffolkes, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher *Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Milton Greenstein and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents* Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and comptroller; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Owen J. Hochreiter, advertising director; Frank Mustacato circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXII, No. 45, December 29, 1986. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. *© 1986 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.* Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00 Other foreign, one year, $52.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just one minute, this man's tan will look new again.

non-streak
bronzer
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN
NET WT

His face will get a fresh-looking glow. A smooth, even tone. A believably sunned and healthy look.

With Clinique Non-Streak Bronzer.

Non-Streak Bronzer is transparent. Spreads easily. Produces the perfect natural-sun colour—not a jolting orange. Has no perfume, no alcohol. Stays put through rain or swimming.

Use Non-Streak Bronzer when there is no sun. Or when you could have used more sleep. Or to renew a fading tan. Or simply to look your best.

Find it—along with special tips on how to use it, plus a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Non-Streak Bronzer is a year-round reviver. Great as all outdoors.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Have I Got a Girl for You!—A ham-fisted musical takeoff on "Frankenstein" and other horror movies of the thirties and forties. For camp followers only. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Christmas, Monday, Dec. 29, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, New Year's Eve, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 5.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—The comedian in a one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A return engagement of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Thursdays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2287. Thursdays—except Christmas—through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston, Molly Ringwald is the sister, and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7:30, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

The Merchant of Venice—Shakespeare's play, with Sigourney Weaver as Portia. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 11.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Oh Coward!—Roderick Cook, Catherine Cox, and Patrick Quinn in an evening of Coward song and Coward patter, first devised by Mr. Cook some fourteen years ago, with the approbation of the great man himself. (12/8/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

Pantomime—Derek Walcott's eloquent, ironic comedy about a black waiter and a white hotel manager on an island in the Caribbean. The actors, Charles S. Dutton and Edmond Genest, prove worthy of the dramatist. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Mondays and Thursdays—except Christmas—through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Smile—A teen-age beauty contest in California is not the likeliest basis for a Broadway musical in 1986, especially if it is based on a 1975 movie. Music by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics and book by Howard Ashman. (12/8/86) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Social Security—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast includes Cliff Gorman, Maureen Anderman, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Specia performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 3, an Monday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Stardust—A revue featuring songs by lyricis Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. (Theatre Off Park, 22 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Frida and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, Monday throug Wednesday, Dec. 29-31, and Friday, Jan. 2 all at 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7; an Saturday, Jan. 3, at 3 and 8. Closes Sunday Jan. 4.)

Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very littl alteration, has mysteriously improved wit age. Directed and choreographed by Bo Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs b Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, and setting by Robert Randolph. Ann Reinking is th star. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west o Broadway. 869-0550. Christmas, Fridays Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3 Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 2 and Monday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues t explore the lives of the citizens of Harriso Texas. The principal characters here are racy, nervous widow and young Horac Robedaux (two years post-"Lily Dale"—se above), and they are played to perfection b Hallie Foote and Matthew Broderick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Squar Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year' Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, excep Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays a 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 28, a 8.)

Wild Honey—Homer nods. So do playwright It pains/ When a Loyal admirer complains That the play Frayn made wreck of/ Wa based upon Chekhov./ The blame isn't Chekhov's. It's Frayn's. (Reviewed in this issue (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesday Fridays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays a 3.)

You Never Can Tell—The Shaw play of 189 has been given an agreeable production, wit an exceedingly clever performance by Vict Garber as a lovesick intellectual (for who read Bernard Shaw). Also in the cast are Ut Hagen, John Cullum, Lise Hilboldt, Stefa Gierasch, and John David Cullum. The direc tion is by Stephen Porter. (10/20/86) (Circl in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadwa 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturday at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performanc Friday, Dec. 26, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 2 at 8.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman an Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably se timental musical out of "The Adventures Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain i Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246 0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, excep New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesday except Dec. 24, Fridays, and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** musical about a pair of tenderhearted mi dle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-quee night club in Saint-Tropez; the production one of the most beautiful—and extrava gant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry He man wrote the music and lyrics; the book by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway a 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Satur days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except De 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8.) . . . **CATS:** Som twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set t music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A might spectacle about mighty little, owing its effe tiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and t the sets and costumes by John Napie (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 23 6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Mat nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . .

CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, Wednesday, Dec. 24, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7:30.) . . . **DROOD:** Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, Wednesday, Dec. 24, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, Sunday, Dec. 28, and New Year's Day, all at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,096 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Christmas Eve, Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 3, and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; Saturdays, Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, at 3, 7, and 10; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7; Tuesday, Dec. 30, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 8; and New Year's Eve at 8 and 11. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—This is it. BAM's annual celebration of the avant-garde comes to a close with performances of the Rome Section, the concluding portion of "The Civil Wars;" music composed by Philip Glass and text by Robert Wilson and Maita de Niscemi. With five vocal soloists, an offstage chorus, a gospel octet, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic, Bruce Ferden conducting. Staged by Mr. Wilson. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 10 and 1:30; Thursday, Dec. 25, at 2:30; Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-30, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 10; Thursday, Jan. 1, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Friday, Jan. 2, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 8.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Daily, except Wednesdays and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 12:30 and 4. Special performances Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 9:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 769-1000.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays and Christmas at 8; Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays and Thursdays—except Christmas—and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8:30; Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 6; and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7. Season continues through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Memoria," "Caverna Magica," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Divining," "Treading," "Memoria," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Speeds," "Bad Blood," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3: "Night Creature," "Portrait of Billie," "Survivors" (with guest artists Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln), and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Witness," "Bad Blood," and "Caverna Magica." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2, and Monday, Dec. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Noumenon," "Contact," "Video Game," "Study of the Human Figure," and "Count Down." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Cantos (of Night)," "Velocities," "Persons and Structures," excerpts from "Arporisms," and "The Mechanical Organ." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2: "Crucible," "Tensile Involvement," excerpts from "Kaleidoscope," and "Graph." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—In "Klein Kunst," a full-length work. With the New York Paganini New Music Consort. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Saturday through Tuesday, Dec. 27-30, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 1-3, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

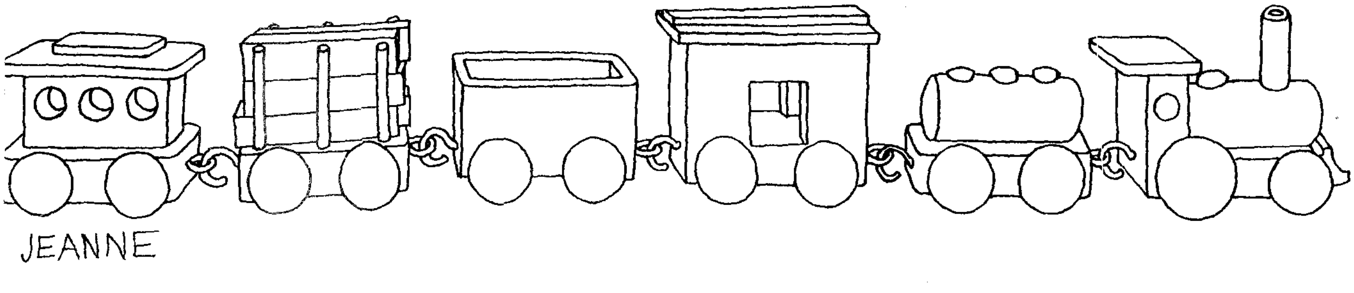
Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A white-brick-faced all-blues bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. The Holmes Brothers band ministers to the faithful on Saturday, Dec. 27; **HUBERT SUMLIN,** a slender, bespectacled, mild-looking guitarist who played behind Howlin' Wolf for twenty-two years, cuts loose on Wednesday, Dec. 31; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, **JOHNNY COPELAND** pays a visit. Music from about nine. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** who likes to concentrate on one songwriter or songwriting team at a time, is now devoting herself to Rodgers and Hart. William Roy is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Christmas) at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing "Peel Me a Grape," "Pro Musica Antiqua," and "My New Celebrity." On Wednesday, Dec. 31, Miss Dearie sits down at the piano at seven-thirty; Helen Schneider sings at ten-thirty; and Laurie Beechman, who has the mike at eleven on Saturdays, comes on at one. Rita Gardner sings big and little hits from the Age of Gatsby and Coolidge at nine Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in the breeze. The roster: through Sunday, Dec. 28, the singing **HENDRICKS FAMILY,** headed by father **JON,** with the **AL & JOE COHN** quartet; Monday, Dec. 29, tenor saxophonist **BILL BARRON'S** combo; and starting Wednesday, Dec. 31, pianist **HERBIE HANCOCK'S** quartet, which will share the stage on that night only with saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH'S** foursome. Music from nine every night except New Year's Eve, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Wednesday, Dec. 24, belongs to mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA,** which plays a homespun mixture of early jazz, bluegrass, and Eastern European Jewish folk music. Fans of the rock-and-roll parodists Flo & Eddie will find



them and the Turtles here Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-31, and Friday and Saturday, *Jan. 2-3. Shows* Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate duos and trios. They are pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** through Saturday, Dec. 27; pianist **MICHAEL RENZI,** *guitarist* **JOE BECK,** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** on Sunday, Dec. 28; and pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** starting Monday, Dec. 29. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. The **VIBRATION SOCIETY** performs the music of the late multi-instrumental dynamo Rahsaan Roland Kirk through Sunday, Dec. 28, and starting Tuesday, Dec. 30, **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** sings with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS'** trio. Music from nine every night except Monday. Dining. Closed Christmas.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, *presides over the little principality* called the Café Carlyle for four more nights (Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31). On Friday, Jan. 2, **GEORGE SHEARING** and **DON THOMPSON** commence a two-month residence. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Eve, when *show times* are nine and one. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in charge of the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the *musicians sometimes make out-of-body* travel possible. **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** whose leaping, gleaming trumpet solos have been known to transport people, is here with his quintet through Sunday, Dec. 28. On Monday, Dec. 29, singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** moves in with her backing crew. Music from eight every night but New Year's Eve, *when it begins at nine.* Dining. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 24, **CHRIS ANDERSON;** Friday and Saturday, Dec. *26-27,* Peter Malinverni and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND;** Sunday, Dec. 28, Richard Shulman; Tuesday, Dec. 30, John Weiss; and Wednesday, Dec. 31, **HAL SCHAEFER'S** trio. Sets begin at seven *Tuesdays* through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays. Closed Christmas.

GREGORY'S, 1149 *First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-*2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Stan Edwards sings with support from pianist Larry Intorella and bassist John Arbo *Wednesdays (except* Christmas Eve) through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays belong to **BOB DOROUGH,** a wonderful twangy, bop-rooted singer and pianist, and to bassist **BILL TAKAS,** and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of *things. Longtime colleagues* **JUNIOR MANCE** *and* **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Esther Blue flies all by herself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and others in search of *les bons temps.* Thursday, Dec. 25, **JAMES WHITE & THE BLACKS;** Sunday and Monday, Dec. 28-29, Mick Taylor, with Little Ed & the Blues Imperials; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, **ROBERT GORDON** and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, the **FLESHTONES.** Music after nine nightly. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Eve Olitski

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and two pretty swell guys (Jonathan Schwartz and **MARK MURPHY**) on the bandstand. Lorenz Hart wrote just about every word they are singing. On Saturday, *Dec. 27, they will be joined by* **ANITA ELLIS.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging *non-musicians on the walls* (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **HIRAM BULLOCK,** the regular guitarist in Gil Evans' orchestra, leads a jazz-rock band on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from about ten until two. Closed Christmas.

RITZ, *119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years* ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Friday, Dec. 26, the Beastie *Boys and* Murphy's Law; Saturday, Dec. 27, Bad Brains, SNFU, Leeway, and Warzone; Monday, Dec. 29, the Cramps, who have been described as the Addams family of rock; Wednesday, Dec. 31, screamer-comedian Sam Kinison and singer-cutup **BUSTER POINDEXTER;** Friday, Jan. 2, Lords of the New Church; and Saturday, Jan. 3, **JOHNNY WINTER.** Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Christmas.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, Caribbean music, and American music. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at eleven, the Afro-Carib dance band **MIKATA;** Tuesday, Dec. 30, at nine, **KIMATI DINIZULU & THE KOTOKO SOCIETY,** an ensemble that wears traditional African garb and plays traditional African instruments; and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at eleven, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. *(242-1785)*—On Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 24-25, **GIL EVANS'** sixteen-piece electrified orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of Charles Mingus's "Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat," Jimi Hendrix's "Voodoo Chile," and other numbers hot and cool. Starting Friday, Dec. 26, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his spiffy, winged crew of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver hard bop *for ten nights. Shows from* about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but blues and rock is what the performers in the back room do. Wednesday, Dec. 24, **JUMP STREET;** Friday, Dec. 26, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO;** Sunday, Dec. 28, Bullet Proof; Monday, Dec. 29, Jon Blaine & the Whittles; and Tuesday, Dec. 30, Funk Philharmonik. Shows after nine-thirty. Closed Christmas.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**JAKI BYARD,** a master of many piano styles, can be found in the Terrace Bar with bassist **RALPH HAMPERIAN** every night but Monday, when **HILTON RUIZ'S** Latin-jazz trio is on duty. Music *from ten. Closed Christmas Eve. . . .* ¶ *On* New Year's Eve, live-wire singer-pianist **TANIA MARIA,** flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** band, and the high-intensity piano-bass team of **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** and **EDDIE GOMEZ** will all be in the gym-size downstairs room. Shows at eight and eleven.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it *in* an excited condition. **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** a rich-toned, filling-but-not-too-filling alto saxophonist, directs his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 28, and on Tuesday, Dec. 30, a quintet led by big-band vets **BUDDY TATE** and **AL GREY** will swing into action. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten. Closed Christmas.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a noninstitutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, *booths, a couple of hanging* plants, and good live jazz. **ETTA JONES** sings with tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON'S** band Wednesdays (except Christmas Eve) through Sundays. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with paintings and drawings by Dutch masters, French masters, and kitsch masters on the walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. Alto saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD** and organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 28, and on Tuesday, Dec. 30, rocking Kansas City blues pianist **JAY MC SHANN** will enter with his foursome. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in the elegant, high-ceilinged establishment called Joanna (675-7900), pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **RON CARTER** hold sway through Sunday, Dec. 28. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 30, the swinging, pellucid pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will be accompanied by bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **ROY HAYNES.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

ZINNO, *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like* pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** *and bassist* **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 27, and on Monday, Dec. 29, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY,** guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will go to work. Sundays are reserved for Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Christ*mas and New Year's Day.*

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

VICTOR BORGE—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 27-28, at 2 and 8.

SMOKEY ROBINSON—With Jean Carne. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Friday, Dec. 26, and Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 28-30, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 27, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10:30.)

Chris Anderson Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day, and some are likely to close early on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Francisco Alvarado-Juárez—Paintings and constructions. Through Jan. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hank Blaustein—Drawings and watercolors by an artist who has been a contributor to this magazine. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Maureen Connor—Boat-shaped sculptures (freestanding and mounted on shelves) and preparatory drawings. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

Nancy Graves / Winslow Homer (1836-1910)—Gouaches and pastels. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. / Paintings, drawings, and prints, all of which are in black-and-white. Through Jan. 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Brian Yoshimi Isobe / Marion Lerner Levine—Abstractions on paper. / Still-lifes in watercolors. Through Jan. 7. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Paintings from the past two years. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Collages by eighteen artists, Betye Saar, Joseph Glasco, and Romare Bearden among them. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "The Layered Image," paintings, constructions, and photographs by Christopher Hewat, Roberto Juarez, Barbara Kruger, Bruce Kurland, Justen Ladda, and Suzan Pitt. Through Jan. 14. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Alexander / Oskar Kokoschka (1886-1980)—Paintings. / Watercolors and drawings in a show that complements a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Benny Andrews / March Avery—Affecting portraits of the artist's parents and of his fellow-painter Alice Neel are among the works, many of them collaged with bits of clothing./ Summery watercolors in the spirit of the artist's father, Milton. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

sabel Bishop—Drawings and etchings that date from the twenties to the forties but have not been on exhibition before now. Through Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.)

Warren Brandt / Jim Weidle—Representational still-lifes, landscapes, and nudes. / Watercolor landscapes that are full of detail. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Constant (1892-1978)—Watercolors of landscapes, still-lifes, and figures. Through Jan. 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Box constructions and collages that were in the artist's personal collection. Through Jan. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesdays, Dec. 24 and 31.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Lithographs from the sixties and seventies. Through Jan. 23. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Color prints made with a copying machine. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Loren Madsen—A sculpture installation made up of two thousand five-inch-square copper plates that are suspended from the ceiling by silk cords. Through Jan. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Recent paintings of still-lifes and Icelandic landscapes. Through Jan. 7. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel (1900-84)—A selection of this artist's landscapes and uncompromising portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

Tony Siani—Biblical episodes painted in a narrative form, somewhat like a comic strip, by a primitive artist with a direct approach. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane (1905-85)—Oils. Through Jan. 8. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Richard Tuttle / Jeff Gompertz—Painted sculptures. / New paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Abstract Expressionist prints by Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Barnett Newman, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 31. . . . **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St.: An ironic tableau of a luxurious swimming pool at Christmastime, by Adolph Rosenblatt, is among the items in this Yuletide show. Others are a small Picasso aquatint and Lux Zeiner's sixteenth-century painting of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Oskar Kokoschka and his contemporaries. Through Jan. 31. . . . **LAMAGNA,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints—selected for their "appeal to the psychic self," say the curators—by John Buck, Barry X Ball, Louise Bourgeois, Charles Luce, Matt Mullican, Elaine Reichek, John Cage, and Lesley Dill. Through Jan. 24. (Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that either use text as images or combine text with images. Saul Steinberg, Laurie Anderson, Jonathan Borofsky, Crash, and Judy Pfaff are among the forty-two artists represented. Through Jan. 10. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eleanor Antin—An installation evoking, in theatre-set form, a theatre, a backstage dressing room, and a train, in each of which there's a film showing Miss Antin as Eleanora Antinova, former Ballets Russes principal, down on her luck. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, at 10 Saturdays.)

Paul Caranicas / Dan Sinclair—Recent paintings of Second World War artillery bunkers, depicted as integral parts of the landscape./ Small abstract sculptures. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Papo Colo—Recent paintings and sculptures. (Esman, 70 Greene St.) . . . ¶ A ten-year retrospective. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.) Both shows through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

David Geiser—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Paul Georges—Recent paintings chronicling a move from a summer house in Long Island to one in France, and works with classical subjects—Perseus vs. Medusa, for instance. Through Jan. 10. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

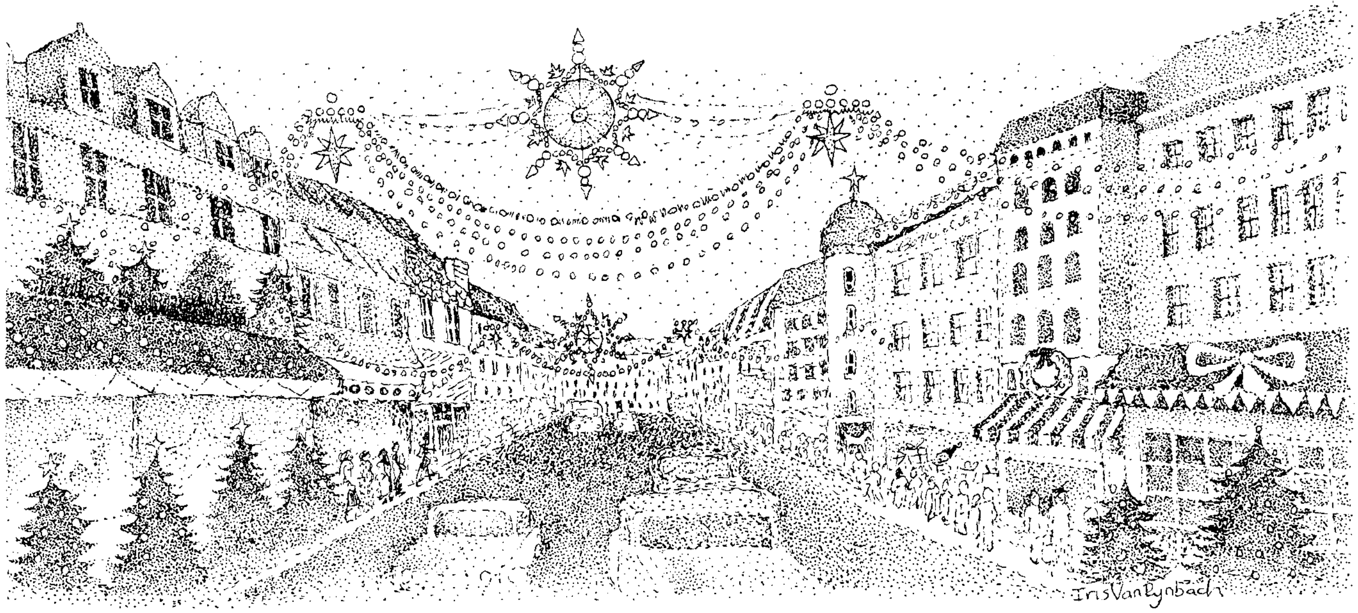
Mark Greenwold—Family fights, sometimes fatal, are recorded with painstaking care in these very small gouache paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Patrick Ireland / Gerald Immonen—Engaging optical tricks played with string and background paintings, plus geometrical drawings in colored inks, and mirrored wall pieces. / Architectural forms painted in distemper on aluminum panels. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Edward Koren—Monoprints of this artist's distinctive creatures—the hairy ones. Through Jan. 30. (Solo Press, 578 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Wintry landscapes done on paper with ink, gouache, and acrylic. Through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Closed Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 35 Wooster St.: Abstractions predominate in a show of works by ten artists. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Wednesdays, Dec. 24 and 31, and Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **STEINBAUM,** 132 Greene St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

prints by artists who happen to be over seventy—Herbert Ferber, Elizabeth Layton, Isabel Bishop, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.

OTHER GALLERIES

Joe Davis—Paintings of East Village cityscapes, nearly all seen at sundown, with the glowing sky silhouetting the grimy realities. Through Jan. 4. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—An engrossing installation involving an artificial lagoon, whirling fans, a spinning ball, and other eye-catching devices. Through Jan. 24. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Ken Sofer / Michael Abrams—Abstract paintings. / An installation incorporating relief sculptures. Through Jan. 4. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gary Brotmeyer / Helen Levitt—The artist alters the characters in old portraits by, for instance, sticking on hair or adding bottle caps as helmets. Several of the works have side panels that provide a sort of context—words or drawings—for the characters. / Photographs of New York from the past forty years. Through Jan. 24. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt / David Seymour (Chim) (1911-56)—A retrospective. / Works from the thirties, including prints of the Spanish Civil War. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Annie Leibovitz—Portraits of pop stars Klaus Maria Brandauer, Cyndi Lauper, Emilio Estevez, Sandrine Bonnaire, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Nicholas Nixon / *Gustave Le Gray* *(1820-82)*—Recent photographs of his family and of elderly people. / Photographs of seascapes and trees. Through Jan. 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27.)

Doug Prince and Leonard Sussman—Italian landscapes: prints made from multiple negatives by the former, showing flowers and plants superimposed on landscapes and architecture; photographs of Tuscany and Umbria by the latter. Through Jan. 10. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—Photographs from the first half of this century. Through Jan. 24. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—Vintage prints of life in Harlem. Through Jan. 10. (Photofind, 138 Spring St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

Group Show—In honor of the tenth anniversary of the Galerie Zabriskie in Paris, a selection of vintage prints by French artists (Brassaï, Atget, Brancusi among them) who have been exhibited in both the New York and Paris galleries. Through Jan. 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

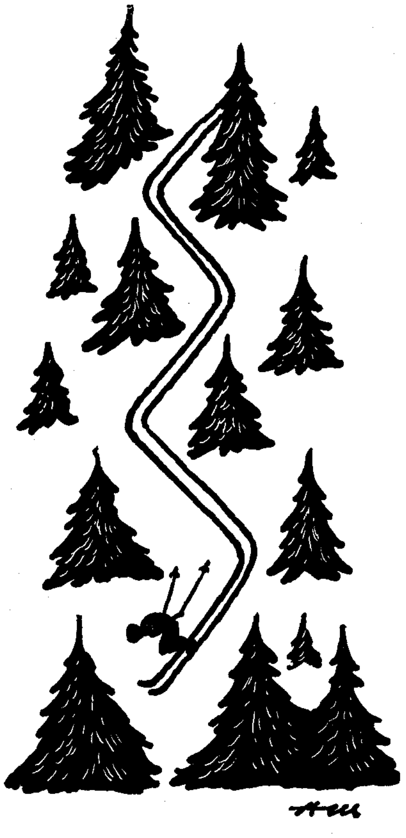
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ A large display of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the theme of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ An installation by Justen Ladda. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by Jean Dubuffet. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars." Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Through Feb. 16. (A complementary show of works on paper is at the Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St.) (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes) is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8 with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibit documenting the influence of Post-Impressionism on American and Canadian painters in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Thomas Hart Benton, Stuart Davis, and Emily Carr are among the artists represented. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective show of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Tuesdays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6 Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Centra Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood o art but not the art of children"), consisting o a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge afte 5; Wednesdays, Dec. 24 and 31, from 10 t 5:45.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for the museum. Through March 22 (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, an New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8 with no admission charge after 5; Thursdays through Sundays, 10 to 5; Wednesdays, Dec 24 and 31, from 10 to 3.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Ar of Japan, Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6 Sundays, noon to 5.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—A show of illustrated books by the French novelist, poet, and critic Miche Butor and his collaborators, who have included Alexander Calder, André Villers, an Victor Vasarely. Through Feb. 20. (Ope Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Monday throug Wednesday, Dec. 29-31, from 9 to 5.)

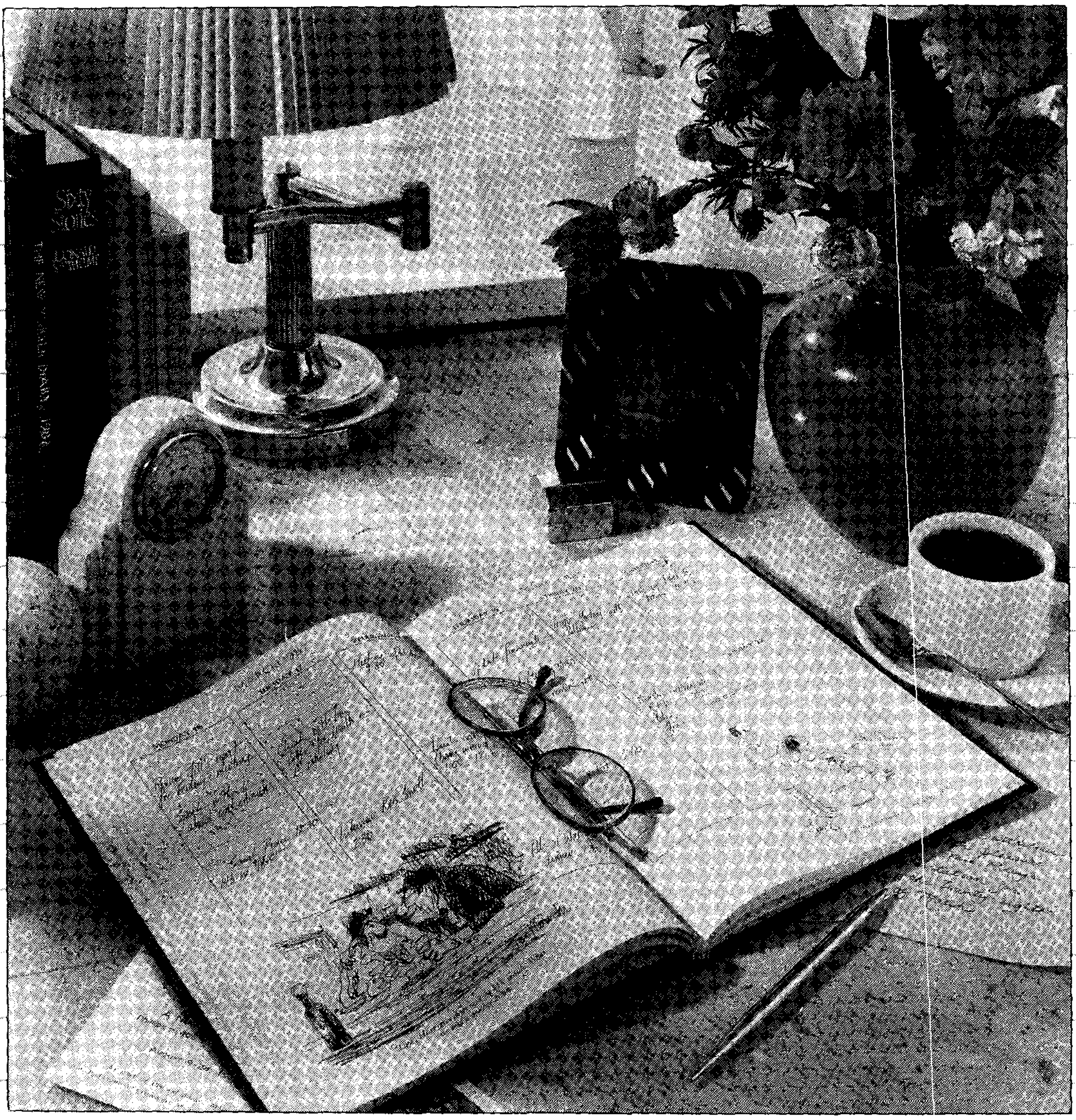
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91s St.—The main show, "Berlin 1900-1933 Architecture and Design," includes mass produced objects (fans, kettles, porcelains) plus drawings and some familiar chairs, by Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, Behrens, an others. Through Jan. 25. (Open daily excep Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admissio charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display tha elucidates the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelain with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Throug March 1. (Open daily except Mondays Wednesday, Dec. 24, Christmas, and Nev Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display o works that have entered the collections recently—drawings by Mantegna, Mondrian and others; illuminated manuscripts; books literary and music manuscripts; and a cop of the first printing of the Declaration o Independence. Through Jan. 18. (Open dail except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year' Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays Dec. 24 and 31, from 10:30 to 1.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done durin the past fifteen years, criticizing policies o

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.



WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1987, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 50 all-time classic *New Yorker* cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all the things you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and *very New Yorker:* Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers, *The New Yorker's* own distinctive typeface, even a special About Town listing of telephone numbers and addresses at the front.

The overall size is a large 10½" x 8". You can choose handsome hard covers in either leather-textured brown or midnight blue. And you can get your name or initials imprinted to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's appropriate for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles around a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me ________ copies of *The New Yorker Diary For 1987* as indicated below.

____ copies in blue binding @ $15. (1049)

____ copies in brown binding @ $15. (1051)

____ copies in blue binding with name imprinted @ $17.* (1050)

____ copies in brown binding with name imprinted @ $17.* (1052)

add $2.50 for postage and handling.

☐ My check for $ ________ is enclosed. (New York residents please add sales tax.)

☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Account # ____________________ Exp. Date ______

Send order to:
The New Yorker • P.O. Box 10850 • Des Moines, IA 50336

Name

Address

City State Zip

Signature

*Imprint name(s) (Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. If necessary, add additional names on a separate sheet.)

86N23

the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of antinuclear demonstrations. Through Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of antique toys—Teddy bears and dolls, including a Shirley Temple doll; *trains, including a girl's* freight-train set; cars, including a knockout six-foot replica of a Packard; games, including a Newport yacht race game, circa 1891—from the Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson Collection. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, Dec. 24 and 31, from 10 to noon.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Sundays, Christmas, Friday, Dec. 26, and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ From the Berg Collection: an exhibit of letters and literary works by English and American women writers from the eighteenth century to the present. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Friday, Dec. 26, from 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Ingber Gallery, 415 West Broadway. 226-2221. "In a Glass Box," written by Eve Packer and performed by the Medicine Show Theatre Ensemble. With environmental sculptures by Rosemary Cove. (Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 1-3, at 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 24: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 25: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 26: "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Denés Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 27: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 27: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Edward Sooter, Siegmund Nimsgern, and John Macurdy; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 29: "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Denés Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 30: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 1: "Fidelio," with Jeannine Altmeyer, Robert Schunk, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Matthias Hölle; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Barbara Daniels, Denés Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3: "Die Fledermaus," with Kay Griffel, Gail Dobish, Tatiana Troyanos, Vinson Cole, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume performances next week, with Erich Leinsdorf as conductor and Yefim Bronfman as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting. (Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight, with Mary Alderdice, harpsichord continuo. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 29, at 8, with Pamela Frank, violin, and Miss Alderdice.)

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y (formerly the Y Chamber Symphony)—Gerard Schwarz conducting the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and the Grace Choral Society of Brooklyn. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2.)

Handel's "Messiah"—amor artis chamber choir and baroque ensemble: Johannes Somary directing a performance on period instruments, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Peter Stewart, bass. (St. Ignatius' Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 4. Admission by contribution.) . . . **sing-in at carnegie hall:** Directed (seriatim) by nineteen choral conductors. With Crail Conner, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Mukund Marathe, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Calliope: A Renaissance Band and Pomerium Musices—A joint concert. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 6 and 8.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A Christmas concert, with Julianne Baird, soprano, and Robert Barrows, organ and harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

Note—The Mirecourt Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 11, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 29, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

New Year's Eve Carnegie Hall Benefit Concert—An evening of Victorian song and instrumental music, beginning at 8, will be presented by Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Robert Tear, tenor; and Marvin Hamlisch, piano, with assistance from Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma, Richard Stoltzman, and Nancy Allen.

"The Art of the Spiritual"—With Mattiwilda Dobbs, soprano; Lorice Stevens, mezzo-soprano; Kenn Hicks, tenor; William Warfield, bass-baritone; and William Duncan Allen and Eugene Gash, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Thursday, Dec. 25, at noon; Milwaukee Bucks, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7:30; and Washington Bullets, Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7:30; Milwaukee Bucks, Monday, Dec. 29, at 7:30; and Los Angeles Clippers, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Dec. 26, at 7:35; Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 7:35; and Boston Bruins, Friday, Jan. 2, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8:05, and Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 12:30.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly, except Christmas Eve, Christmas, and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8; through Wednesday, Jan. 7. . . . **meadowlands:** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8, and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 1:30.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—A non-stop reading of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" by a hundred or so indefatigable readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Starting at noon on Wednesday, Dec. 31, and going through New Year's Day, to about 8 P.M. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ A marathon of another sort—poetry, dance, and varied entertainment—will be carried out by Allen Ginsberg, the Wow Café, John Giorno, David Cale, Anne Waldman, Jessica Hagedorn, and many others. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. New Year's Day, starting at 7. A benefit; tickets at the door on the evening of the festivities.)

Albert Hubbell

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Palace
MATINEE DAILY 1:30 P.M.
SATURDAY & SUNDAY CONTINUOUS
CANDY
SODA

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 1: "Typhoon Club" (1985; directed by Shinji Somai; in Japanese). No performances Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 24-25.
From Jan. 2: To be announced.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: Dec. 24: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith. From Dec. 25: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.
Theatre 3: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Dec. 24: "The Color of Money" (†).
From Dec. 25: "The Morning After" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.
Theatre 3: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Crimes of the Heart" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Dec. 24: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
From Dec. 25: "The Morning After" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 30: "King Kong Lives" (John Guillermin). with Brian Kerwin and Linda Hamilton. From Dec. 31: "Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Miss Mary" (Maria Luisa Bemberg), with Julie Christie.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Berenger, Willem Dafoe, and Charlie Sheen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Rouge Baiser" (Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 25: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Dec. 24: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
From Dec. 25: "The Morning After" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 30: "The Future of Emily" (1984; directed by Helma Sanders-Brahms; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Hildegard Knef. From Dec. 31: A program of adult animated films by Robert Breer, Jane Aaron, and Maureen Selwood.
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 2: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†); and "Mother Teresa" (Ann and Jeanette Petrie), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Dec. 24: "The Color of Money" (†). From Dec. 25: "The Morning After" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"True Stories" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 3: "King Kong Lives" (John Guillermin), with Brian Kerwin and Linda Hamilton.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 30: "Nutcracker, The Motion Picture" (†).
From Dec. 31: "Wisdom" (Emilio Estevez), with Estevez and Demi Moore.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Dec. 24: "Mona Lisa" (†).
From Dec. 25: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Dec. 24: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
From Dec. 25: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "Thérèse" (Alain Cavalier; in French), with Catherine Mouchet.
Theatre 3: "Men . . . " (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "El Amor Brujo" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Ménage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Dec. 24: "The Color of Money" (†). From Dec. 25: "The Morning After" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 3: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 4: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.
Theatre 6: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Round Midnight" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: "King Kong Lives" (John Guillermin), with Brian Kerwin and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 3: "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 4: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: "King Kong Lives" (directed by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

John Guillermin), with Brian Kerwin and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 3: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 5: "Little Shop of Horrors" (Frank Oz), with Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, and Vincent Gardenia.
Theatre 6: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Native Son" (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love.
Theatre 4: "Native Son."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (Oliver Stone), with Tom Berenger, Willem Dafoe, and Charlie Sheen.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: Dec. 24: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Dec. 25: "The Morning After" (†).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Heartbreak Ridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "No Mercy" (Richard Pearce), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Dec. 24: "Class of Nuke 'em High" (Richard W. Haines and Samuel Weil). From Dec. 25: "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle).
Theatre 2: "Three Amigos" (John Landis), with Steve Martin, Chevy Chase, and Martin Short.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 25: "The Quiet Earth" (1986; directed by Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.
Dec. 26-27: A two-part program of Warner Brothers cartoons.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Dec. 28-30: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†); and "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
Jan. 2-3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 25: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood; and "White Christmas" (1954; Michael Curtiz), with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen, and Dean Jagger.
Dec. 26-27: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.
Dec. 28-30: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton.
Dec. 31-Jan. 3: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 24: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.
Dec. 25: "Frantic" ("Elevator to the Gallows;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.
Dec. 26-27: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.

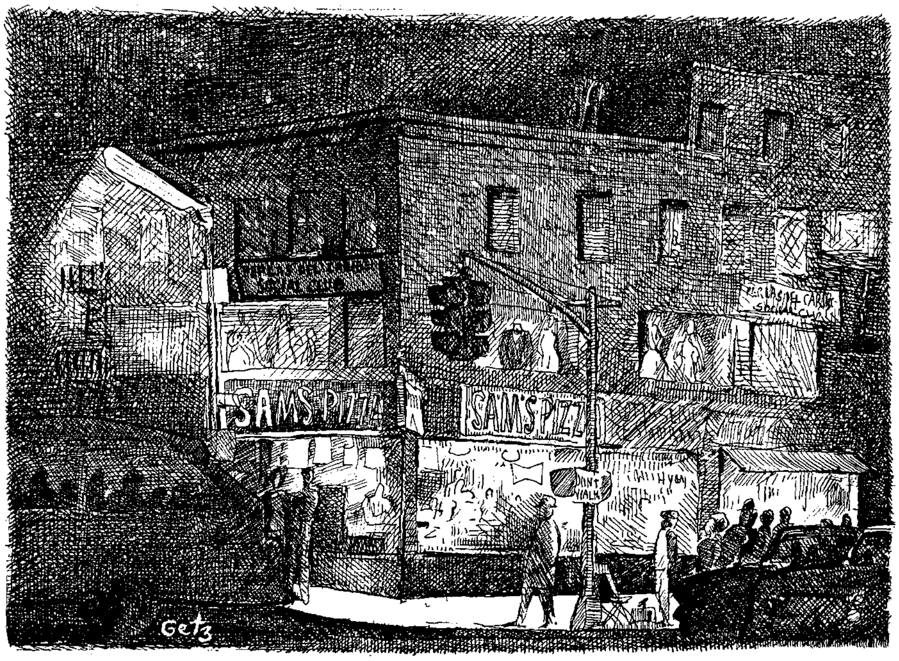
Dec. 28: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Dec. 29: "Fellini Satyricon" (†) and "Fellini's Roma" (†).
Dec. 30: "Atlantic City" (†) and "Viva Maria!" (†).
Dec. 31-Jan. 3: A program of surrealist films.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Dec. 25: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Henry Travers, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Meet John Doe" (1941; Frank Capra), with Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold.
Dec. 26-27: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959; Jack Arnold), with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.
Dec. 28: "Three Brothers" (†) and "China Is Near" (†).
Dec. 29: "Wind from the East" (†); and "Voices" (1969; Richard Mourdant), a short documentary.
Dec. 30: "The File on Thelma Jordon" (1950 Robert Siodmak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey; and "The Suspect" (1945; Robert Siodmak), with Charles Laughton and Ella Raines.
Dec. 31: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer); and "Barbarella" (†).
Jan. 1: "The Joyless Street" (†); and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film), with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson.
Jan. 2-3: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Les Compères" (1984; Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400
Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
Dec. 25: "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen) with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.
Dec. 26-27: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.
Dec. 28: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.
Dec. 29: "Wild Strawberries" (†) and "Shame" (†).
Dec. 30: "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter) with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley and "Show Boat" (1936 †).
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Roman Holiday" (1953 William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†).
Jan. 2-3: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titu Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: *Dec. 26 at 2:30:* "Brief Encounter" (1945; directed by David Lean), with Celia Johnson, Trevor Howard, and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Roger Livesey and Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2: "The Hasty Heart" (1949; Vincent Sherman)



with Ronald Reagan, Patricia Neal, and Richard Todd. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 5: "The Clouded Yellow" (1950; Ralph Thomas), with Jean Simmons and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2: "The Perfect Woman" (1949; Bernard Knowles), with Patricia Roc, Stanley Holloway, and Nigel Patrick. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 5: "Yield to the Night" ("Blonde Sinner;" 1956; J. Lee Thompson), with Diana Dors, Yvonne Mitchell, Geoffrey Keen, and Michael Craig. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "The Brothers" (1948; David MacDonald), with Patricia Roc, William Fyffe, and Maxwell Reed. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "The Upturned Glass" (1947; Lawrence Huntington), with James Mason and Rosamund John. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Corridor of Mirrors" (1948; Terence Young), with Eric Portman and Edana Romney. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Good Time Girl" (1948; David MacDonald), with Jean Kent, Flora Robson, Dennis Price, and Griffith Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30 and 6: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "The Small Back Room" ("Hour of Glory;" 1949; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Farrar, Kathleen Byron, Jack Hawkins, and Leslie Banks. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "Noose" ("The Silk Noose;" 1948; Edmund T. Greville), with Carole Landis, Derek Farr, Joseph Calleia, and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2: "The Curse of Frankenstein" (1957; Terence Fisher), with Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, and Hazel Court. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 5: "Dracula" ("Horror of Dracula;" 1958; Terence Fisher), with Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, and Michael Gough.

THEATRE 2: Dec. 26 at 3: "Ce Cochon de Morin" (1924; Viatcheslav Tourjansky; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Nicolas Rimsky and Denise Legeay. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6:30 and Dec. 27 at 2:30: "Ame d'Artiste" (1924; Germaine Dulac; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Mabel Poulton, Gina Manès, Nicolas Koline, and Ivan Petrovitch. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 5:30: "Casanova" (1927; Alexandre Volkoff; a French silent film, with English intertitles), with Ivan Mosjoukine, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, and Diana Karenne. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: Part I of "Les Misérables" (1925; Henri Fescourt; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Gabriel Gabrio and Sandra Milowanoff. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: Part II of "Les Misérables." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "La Proie du Vent" (1927; René Clair; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Charles Vanel, Sandra Milowanoff, and Lilian Hall-Davis. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6:30: "Casanova." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 3: Part I of "Les Misérables." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 7: Part II of "Les Misérables." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 3: "Le Tournoi dans la Cité" (1929; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Jackie Monnier and Aldo Nadi. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6:30: "Tarakanova" (1929; Raymond Bernard; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Edith Jehanne, Olaf Fjord, and Rudolf Klein-Rogge. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "La Proie du Vent." . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Le Tournoi dans la Cité."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Dec. 30, "The Black Woman Independent: Representing Race and Gender," a program of twelve films and videos. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ATLANTIC CITY (1981)—This spa that became a racketeers' paradise during Prohibition and in 1981 was on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. As an old numbers runner, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and Robert Goulet as himself. (Thalia; Dec. 30.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. With John Phillip Law, Anita Pallenberg, Milo O'Shea, Marcel Marceau, Ugo Tognazzi, and Claude Dauphin. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 31.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Waverly, and Criterion Center.)

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a tad refined for a girl who lives so improvisationally (on the money men give her), but for the first three-quarters of an hour this picture, directed by Blake Edwards, has a fair amount of sophisticated slapstick comedy. If you've read the Truman Capote novella that the movie is based on (and even if you haven't), you may be dismayed to see things go soft and romantic. The film wanders, and Hepburn is forced to become too frail and too enchantingly raffish before it comes to its makeshift, fairy-tale end. The cast includes George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Mickey Rooney, and Buddy Ebsen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

CHINA IS NEAR (1968)—A witty, subtly freakish modern comedy about sex and politics, directed by the prodigiously talented twenty-seven-year-old Marco Bellocchio in a fluid style that is full of surprises. Bellocchio's characters are as much a private zoo as Buñuel's; the five principals, who are so awful they're funny, use one another in every way they can, with the film structured like a classic comic opera. (It has the intricacy and the boudoir complications.) The camera glides in and out and around the action; it moves as simply and with as much apparent ease as if it were attached to the director's forehead. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 28.)

THE COLOR OF MONEY—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.; Dec. 24.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (34th St. East, Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women, who need to keep in shape in order to appeal to men, work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare trout coulibiac for a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. And he's a highly skilled filmmaker: he slips in flashbacks without breaking the flow of talk or jostling the ravishing natural changes in the light at the lake. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. The film is structured like a concerto for nine instruments. (A ninth character, an outsider, joins the group at the dinner table.) In French. (12/15/86) (Paris.)

DOWN BY LAW—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. Fellini draws upon his master entertainer's feelings for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross," and it's less enter-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

taining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. The fresco effect becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 29.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—It's an imperial gesture at documentary; a sketchbook about the city of Fellini's imagination, that love-hate dream-nightmare city which is more familiar to us by now than Rome itself. Some of the images are magisterial and marvellous, like a series of stormy Turners, but whenever there's dialogue or *thought*, the movie is fatuous. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 29.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. It's about two pals (played by Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton. In French. (Cinema Village; Dec. 28-30.)

Heartbreak Ridge—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and R.K.O. Warner Twin.)

The Joyless Street (1925; "The Street of Sorrow")—Set in Vienna and filmed in Germany, this erotic view of the breakdown of postwar society made the ravishing young Greta Garbo internationally famous, although the star of the film is the great, strange Asta Nielsen, as a kept woman. G. W. Pabst directed this extraordinary triumph of cinematography and Expressionist design; the movie is like a big novel in the way that the characters' lives are interwoven, and it has its weak, dull parts, but it makes a very strong visual impression. With Valeska Gert, Werner Krauss, and Einar Hanson. Silent. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 1.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Ménage—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu, huge, and with the belly of a bear, is the burglar who, at night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband Michel Blanc—a wisp of a man, meek, sad-eyed, and bald—because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu slugs the wife, throws a mess of money at her, and then takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries and showers the loot on them, waiting for his chance to bed the man. During the house break-ins, Blier has a comic inspiration: the rich victims are so bored that they love the excitement of being robbed. But he drops this and concentrates on Depardieu's seduction of Blanc, which is only briefly amusing. It's the first step in his screwball-fable demonstration of how arbitrary sex preferences are. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. Depardieu has learned how to push everybody around and take over the screen; he's an accomplished clown (and that jaw of his is hilarious when you first see him made up as a woman), but his other qualities seem to have disappeared—at least, they're not in evidence here. With Bruno Cremer. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

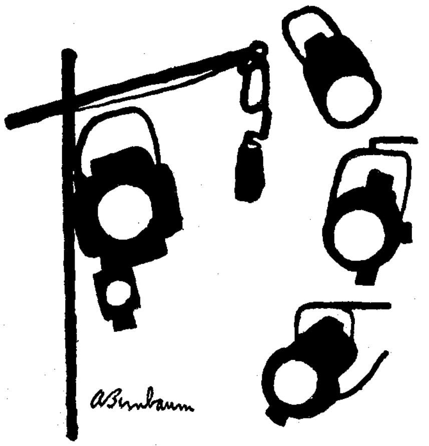
Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a onetime petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Film Forum. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; Dec. 24.)

The Morning After—With Jane Fonda, Jeff Bridges, and Raul Julia; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, 86th St. East, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and R.K.O. National Twin; starting Dec. 25.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Nutcracker, The Motion Picture—With the Pacific Northwest Ballet, directed by Carroll Ballard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld; through Dec. 30.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad. Evenings only.)



A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith, and Metro Cinema.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). One of Bergman's greatest films, this is one of the least known. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Show Boat (1936)—This classic musical-melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs and the novelistic Edna Ferber plot, full of heartbreaks and miscegenation and coincidences, is hard to resist in any of its versions. This one from Universal has a believability that was lost in the 1951 M-G-M version. It features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson singing "Ol' Man River," and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan, who sings "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man." James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, Donald Cook, and Queenie Smith. The screenplay is by Oscar Hammerstein II, from the 1927 Ziegfeld musical that Kern and he wrote, based on the Ferber novel. The lyrics for "Bill" were written by P. G. Wodehouse. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

Three Brothers (1982)—Three Italian brothers who have immigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. It's a wonderful film that moves on waves of feeling. Directed by Francesco Rosi, it's about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. With Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 28.)

True Stories—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism. Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us. With John Goodman, Jo Harvey Allen, Tito Larriva, Roebuck (Pops) Staples, Swoosie Kurtz, Spalding Gray, Annie McEnroe, and Alix Elias. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Viva Maria! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof of revolutionary politics in Mexico was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decae. (Thalia; Dec. 30.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. An eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and overexplicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Sjöström's face, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold," rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

Wind from the East (1969)—Jean-Luc Godard directed this film (possibly in association with Jean-Pierre Gorin) from a script he (or they) wrote with Daniel Cohn-Bendit. As originally planned, the film was to be "commercial," and the profits were to help finance the international student movement. But it turned didactic, and there were no profits. Shot in Italy, it is about a group of Marxists who are making a Western while engaging in self-criticism. With Gian Maria Volonte, Anne Wiamzemsky, Godard, and, briefly, Cohn-Bendit. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 29.)

Keep A Great Thing Growing AMERICA

TREE CITY USA

Come on America, plant trees. Plant them in the city where they'll be appreciated for generations to come. Plant them in neighborhoods where they'll shade picnics, get-togethers and Sunday softball fans. Plant trees in city parks where kids will have a place to play and climb. And plant them beside homes where they'll provide shade in the summer and shelter from the cold wind in the winter.

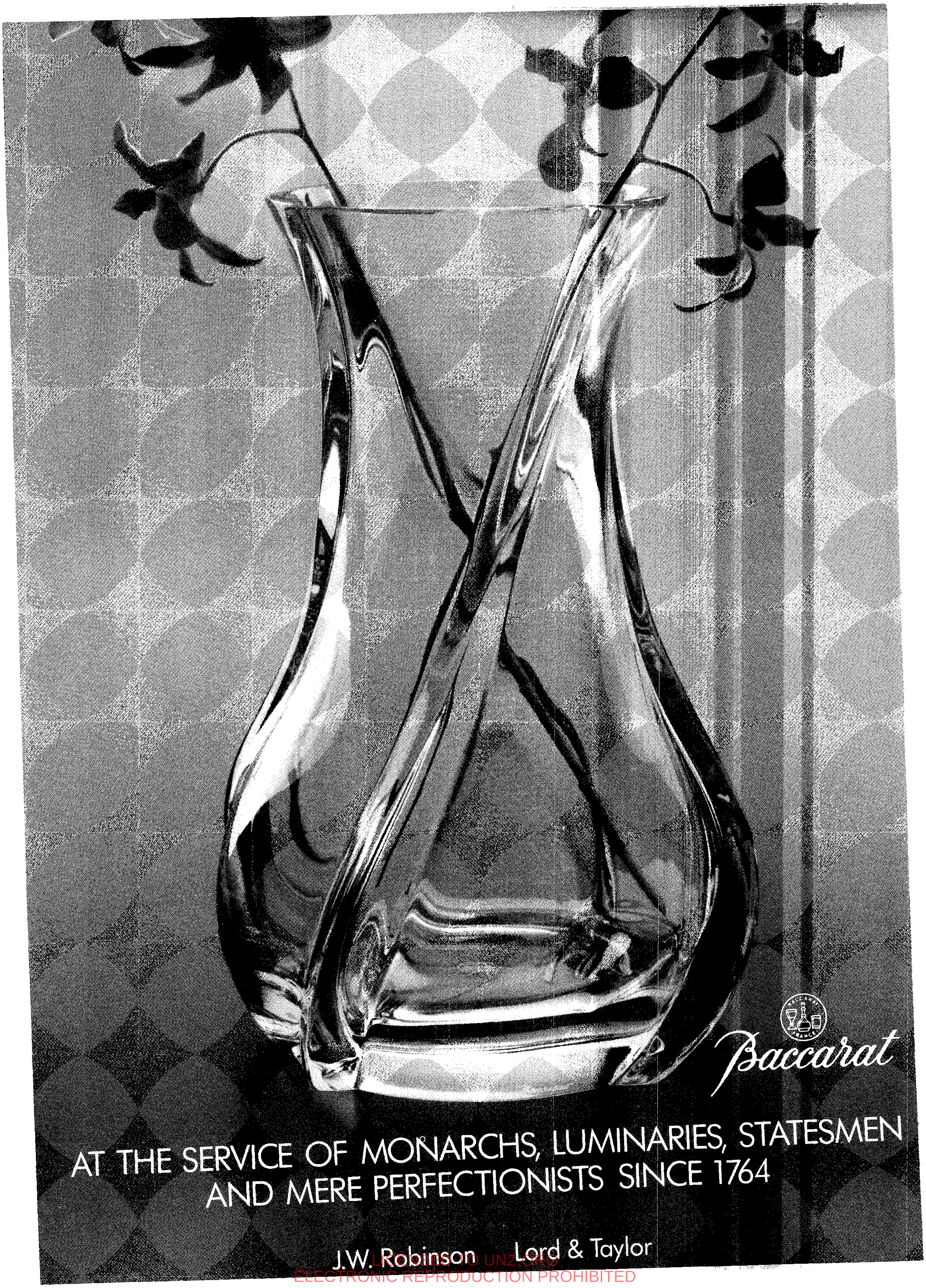
Trees are amazing growing things. They give our planet essential oxygen and help moderate the weather. They also give us joy as we watch their delightful transformations from spring to summer to fall.

The National Arbor Day Foundation is dedicated to trees and tree planting. Our urban forestry program, Tree City USA, helps hundreds of American cities large and small plant and care for their trees.

Get involved. Support Tree City USA where you live. For more information, write: The National Arbor Day Foundation, Nebraska City, NE 68410.

ARBOR DAY
Trees a joy forever TM

The National Arbor Day Foundation
Nebraska City, Nebraska 68410


Baccarat
AT THE SERVICE OF MONARCHS, LUMINARIES, STATESMEN
AND MERE PERFECTIONISTS SINCE 1764
J.W. Robinson
Lord & Taylor

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

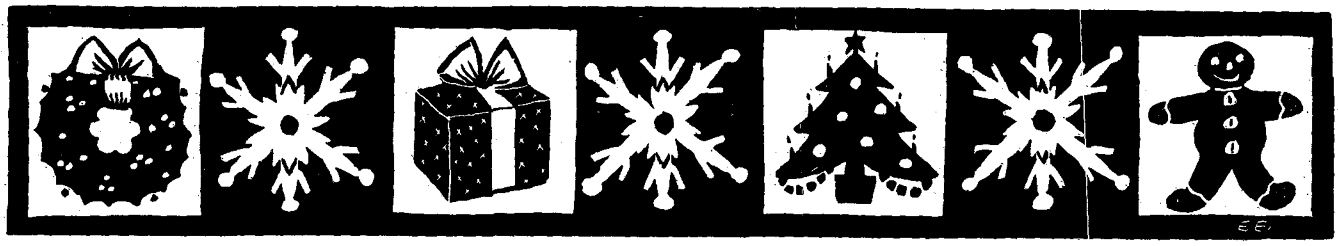
If a survey should be made, it might turn out that I have one of the most envied lives in America. I work at home—free-lance—in a fourteenth-floor apartment on upper Broadway, with a view the length of Manhattan, at sky level. It used to be that I could see any tall building west and south of the RCA Building; if it towered in that immense segment of the borough, I saw it. I had unobstructed views to the east and north, too. I remember the silence, and, one time, falcons—flying from their perch on top of the Waldorf-Astoria, I think—stalking pigeons in front of my windows. And the storms, the wind, and the rain. And the leaks. And the charity required when this was a declining neighborhood, and two welfare hotels were within a two-block radius. And derelicts sat in the doorways. And the girls worked Broadway in good weather and bad. And the restaurants were lousy.

Now, as the greedy world that reads real-estate pages knows, this neighborhood has become a get-rich zone for builders and owners, a magnet for magnates. We are experiencing a boom. At first, the boom was audible only to sharks, but then it became loud enough to startle the shoe-repair and dry-cleaning shops: they apparently took off, and while the dry-cleaning shops alighted again along the side streets the shoe-repair shops migrated to New Jersey or Palermo or into nostalgic memory. Meanwhile, the great splashing of money into hidden pockets has hardly been silent. The roar and boom of cement trucks, the rattle of cranes and scaffoldings, the explosions and drillings of foundations are like some immense mechanistic symphony that begins at 7:20 A.M. This has become a red-eyed, sour-mooded neighborhood. Young people, some very young, violently optimistic—active day and night—have changed the tempo of things, just as the influx of blonds in what had been a blond-shy district has changed the general color tone. The derelicts aren't gone—the homeless are unhoused and present—but some of the old ones have got dressier; one madwoman who lives on the street now wears makeup. And a group of elderly derelicts—five of them, two men and three women—have formed an alliance, and they panhandle together and talk in a way that suggests a kind of prosperity. The derelicts in general are better dressed than before: onetime expensive clothes are now self-consciously worn clownishly, as in Italian movies. And the girls who work the bridge traffic late at night and early in the morning talk differently. "Hey, you a Yuppie?" one asked a man in a Mercedes who had beckoned to her but was unwilling to smile when she got to his car window. The girls look less fierce and less drugged, more ironic and meaningful: a style. They are more talkative, less averse to stray dialogue.

Flights of mothers with collapsible-frame, silent-tired strollers block the wide sidewalks, which often narrow precipitously between new fruit stands and old gutters. The girls will address women, but they steer clear of the mothers. Some of us liberals, when we saw all the babies, like varicolored dandelions in the stone meadows, everywhere, in stores and elevators, lobbies and local parks, so many of them a Republican sort of baby, began wondering if President Reagan would try for some degree of nuclear disarmament.

A welfare hotel that once, ten years ago, bulged onto the street with endless vignettes of tragedy and violence (and brotherhood of a sort: all the better-housed kids on the block played with the welfare kids) is condos now, with a steady traffic of tennis-racquet- or attaché-case-carrying individuals in and out. Taxis and limos nuzzle like anxious piglets near the door of the place. In the video store, the pictures asked for are of a sophisticated order: "Repo Man," "El Norte." Everybody in the store is dizzily young. One said, "Hey, 'Rambo' is stupid, but it's a movie-movie." I asked for the Nelson Eddy–Jeanette MacDonald "Naughty Marietta" the other week, and the kid behind the counter went right off to the dirty-movie section.

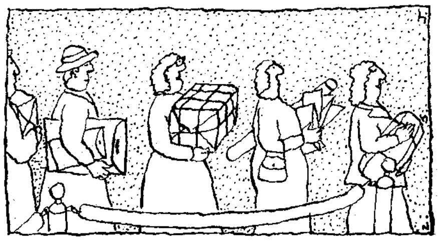
From my window in the early morning I can see white kids getting on crosstown buses for East Side schools and a flock of black kids heading for a local school. Earlier yet, I can see



flocks of white-coated black hospital workers gathering on corners. Then, later in the morning, the doctors emerge from various buildings—or so I judge them to be, from their faces, the look on which I take to be medical seriousness. At any rate, their faces are graver and more open than the faces of the businessmen and lawyers, men and women, who have a look, on the whole, of imagined normality, calmly flexible: really a form of advertising, but reassuring in a way. There was a whole group of faces so oddly set in expression and style of self-presentation that I couldn't begin to guess at the profession that had given rise to such looks until my wife hazarded a new category: boutique owner. They seem younger than their contemporaries, and freer. And my wife pointed out that the faces we see on college campuses are less acquisitive than these. At a lecture at C.C.N.Y., she will look around and say, "See, there are some business people on their best behavior," and there will be some stilled acquisitive faces. I tend to wonder about money-makers. The figures that dance in their heads, I imagine, are juicy and plump with reality and zeros; and their mental anecdotes have a slot-machine melodrama of giant reward and easy loss which is missing from mine. When I think about money, it is limpingly unzeroed, just about, and it registers as a subject for anecdotes of literary pathos rather than active, world-harrowing greed.

The amount of construction going on is of some magnitude. First, let me say I did, when I was young, see corn grow, in Victory Gardens during the Second World War, and in actual cornfields, row upon row; so now I see the sprouting towers as immense corn plants, and the workers visible for long months as aphids—I do; I can't help it—and the whole damn city as a cornfield, hoed and manured and the rest of it. The gutters are filled with concrete dust. Construction workers sit in a row on the sidewalk in front of Charivari to have their lunch. You can tell the immediate weather from your window by seeing how the workers are dressed; they don't dress for the whole day, like office workers. The cranes, which fold up at night, open into very tall structures a little like leaning Eiffel Towers. And they move in slow comedy or parody of nature, as in monster movies. But the strangest thing to me is the way everything has risen into the air—the average life is higher up. At night, the apartment lights and the silhouetted figures on terraces and the blue windows of television watchers—at their new hearths—seem higher in the sky than is likely. It is science-fiction time, in a way: nearly the twenty-first century, fin de siècle. The highish air is full of noises, some of them clamorous, some of them domestic—it depends on the wind. In the day, here and there on the concrete and skeletal pseudo cornstalks, sometimes almost at cloud height, the figures of workmen appear—a lot of them—some in bright clothes and hard hats, and some not. Different corps do different tasks. There they are, walking around in the middle of the sky—an odd population for the middle air—while the cranes hunt loads of pipes and buckets of concrete, which they lift in pretty drama and deposit with what, from a distance, appears to be fastidious, fantastic delicacy.

Outside my window, as I sit in front of a word processor—an advanced type, an end-of-the-century machine—I see, twenty yards away, workmen pinkwashing the newly laid, badly laid, badly stained, cheap-looking brick cladding of a newly built apartment house called—well, something ridiculous: Nepal, let's say. Its slogan is something like "West Side Living at the Summit." The apartment house has crooked columns and chipped concrete floors; and the way the pipes were hammered and bent into place makes me doubt their long-term usefulness. A foreman said to me, on the street, "I can't defend the way it's built." He pointed to two others and said, "They're better." He said, "This building is built without respect." The workmen wash, or pinkwash, with large brushes, long-handled; they sing, and yell at each other. Some of the yellers are good guys and some are bad guys, and I know which are which now. Sometimes I can concentrate. Sometimes I can't. In the next-to-last playoff game, when the Mets broke the tie the men shouted. They shouted; and men inside the building, putting in flooring and ceilings, shouted. Workmen in other buildings shouted. I think boutique owners and lawyers at home for the day shouted, too. To put it in the present tense, invisible and scattered shouters, mid-air, we're all up here at the *crème-fraîche* level of the skyline, suspendees; we are, each of us, suspended in the sky, companions in New York unlikelihood.



• •

Lotus Blossom

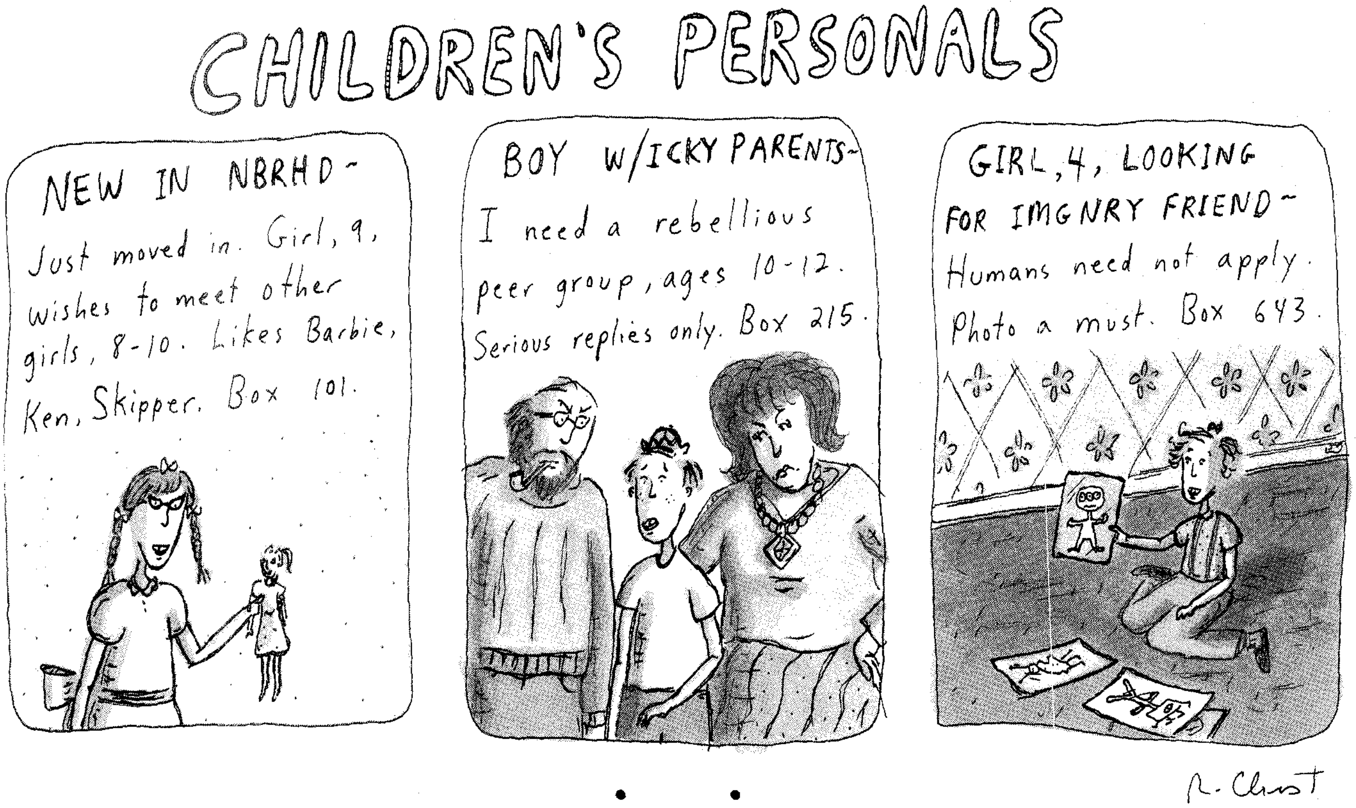
"THIS is what it is to get old," Janet said when we arrived at her apartment the other morning. "I forget things. I can't remember if I've brushed my teeth or not unless I feel the toothbrush. If it's wet, I know I've brushed them. At the moment, I'm looking for a Buddhist chant that I can't remember."

We took off our coat.

"I was making my lonely way home from a Mexican restaurant when a short man with pamphlets stopped me on the street," Janet said. "I would say he accosted me. I was afraid he was going to ask me for all my money. Actually, he wanted me to chant. He invited me to a meeting at his place. I couldn't think of a reason not to go, so I went."

We sat down.

"I was the only person there who wasn't already in the group," Janet continued. "I knelt for a while, and then they said that I could sit in a very hard chair. After about two hours of kneeling and chanting, I asked, 'Is there a question-and-answer period?' They said, 'Yes, after people tell their life experience.' Several people got up and said, 'This is my story.' One woman, an actress, said she chanted a lot and got a lot of TV work. Then there was a guy who had to go to Harvard because he didn't try to get into Oxford, which made his mother cry. Now that he'd given up analysis for chanting, he said, he was going to get married again, even though he was fifty, because of this philosophy, which he had scoffed at at first. I said they seemed to be talking about material gains. What about the homeless? What about apartheid? They assured me it was a spiritual thing, too. I was suspicious at first, because they were overcheerful, sort of hysterically happy. Someone stands up and says, 'My name is Peggy,' and everyone claps. Then she tells a story, and people clap even harder. They explained that you're not asking God for anything, you're telling God that you'll help


CHILDREN'S PERSONALS
NEW IN NBRHD— Just moved in. Girl, 9, wishes to meet other girls, 8-10. Likes Barbie, Ken, Skipper. Box 101.
BOY W/ICKY PARENTS— I need a rebellious peer group, ages 10-12. Serious replies only. Box 215.
GIRL, 4, LOOKING FOR IMGNRY FRIEND— Humans need not apply. Photo a must. Box 643.
R. Chast

yourself. Then they said, 'Can we sell you something for seventeen dollars?' You join for five, and for twelve they lend you an altar for life. I'll have to say this for them—they all feel better than I do."

Janet looked in the mirror. "I'm square," she said. "I'm giving up my theory that ice cream isn't fattening because it melts. It melted *on* me instead of away. I heard on TV that people who snore at night wake up feeling rotten. That may explain how I feel. In the distant past, I was told that I snore. I haven't breathed since I had my nose chopped off, in 1942. And if I sit down and get up my hip hurts. That's called arthritis. Mario Cuomo and I both have right hands that tingle. He's got a pinched nerve. Actually, all my nerves are pinched. I'm completely made up of pinched nerves. What was I looking for?"

We said, "Buddhist chant."

"My landlord wants to know why I pay him a different amount every time," Janet said. "Five oh five thirty-two, five eighty-five fifty-six, four thirty-eight fifty-seven. I'm supposed to find the checks. It's the 1986 ones that are upsetting him. He sent me quite a friendly letter. It starts out, 'Dear Janet.' "

Janet examined her hands. "Everybody who believes something gets very fanatic," she said. "You have to chant morning and night. Actually, I chanted and I got over being mad at everybody. The Jehovah's Witnesses want to tell me the truth, but I believe this Buddhist thing more. Apparently, chanting gives you a much better opinion of yourself—which reminds me, my passport ran out. Anyway, I almost forgave the man who vilified me on the phone. A woman whose party I had just left called me at midnight the other night and asked me if I had taken her hormone pills. I've stopped asking cabdrivers how old they think I am. One of them guessed my right age."

Janet looked down at her feet. "I'm the only person in the whole world who doesn't have two matching knee-high socks," she said. "This Buddhist thing started in a taxi. I was worrying out loud about my job, and a Buddhist cabdriver said, 'All you have to do is chant: Nam-myoho-renge-kyo.' I couldn't decide whether to go to the office, because when I got there I was afraid I might be asked to retire. If you're a civil servant, you can't be fired, but you could be sent out into the field. I may be the executive director of a symphony orchestra, but as far as the world is concerned I'm a housing assistant. I took the bottom test and I never took any more. I don't want to rise in the ranks. They ask you things like what to do if the elevator explodes. I put 'Run like hell.' The answer is 'Call your supervisor.' "

Janet went into the bedroom and came out waving a baton. "Nam-myoho-renge-kyo," she said. "It's all based on the fact that a lotus blossom blossoms even though it grows up in a dirty marsh. Which means that you can rise above your troubles. If I believed in myself, I wouldn't have any troubles. Well . . ."

Janet began to put on mascara. "I'm beginning to believe in the whole thing," she said. "It's certainly better than going to an analyst for years, and cheaper. First the cabdriver, then two nights ago I ran into the guy with the pamphlets. I figured right off that that meant something. Everybody at the meeting seemed to be at peace with herself or himself despite the fact that everybody knew the world was a dirty marsh. My favorite part, which I'm still skeptical about, although I understand that you get to believe it later on, is that you were born before and then you get to come back. I've always been very anxious to believe that. Let's have lunch first, and then I'll go to the office."

We said O.K.

"I was once talking to Cary Grant at a party," Janet said on the way to a restaurant, "and I felt that my head was in the way, that Ingrid Bergman was standing right behind me and he was talking to her."

Halfway across Eighty-sixth Street, we noticed that Janet wasn't there. She had stopped to talk to a woman near the curb. When we went back for her, the other woman was saying, "You lied. You defamed my character. I'm in touch with a lawyer."

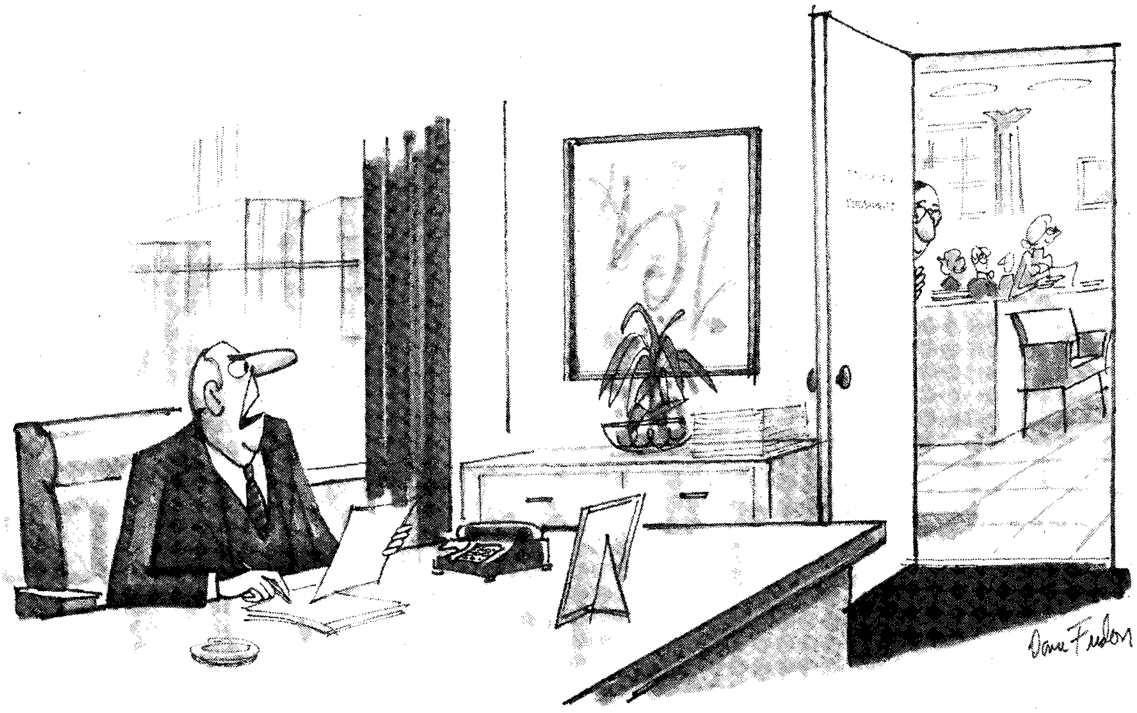
Janet looked chagrined. "That did it," she said a minute later. "Nam-myoho-renge-kyo."

Seasonal

WHITE STICK sells at our local florist for a dollar ninety-nine a branch—it is available to everyone. White Stick began a year or two ago as a trend. Eateries along Columbus Avenue replaced their flower displays with huge bouquets of White Stick (which is, if you somehow haven't been exposed to it, branches that have been painted white). It has since become the flora of choice for Manhattan entertaining—especially during the festive holiday season. Fragrant pine boughs? No! White Stick! It doesn't shed or odorize or wilt, or remind you of the home you grew up in, where you never did find the Caterpillar bulldozer under the tree, just because your dad thought earth-moving was no hobby for a teen-ager. White Stick has such clean lines. Somewhere upstate, a man runs a twig farm and prospers. There is talk—we can't say where—that this year's Norway spruce is the last Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. Next year, a giant White Stick. So, anyway, we were overjoyed when Lou Singer invited us out to Bensonhurst and Canarsie with him last week to look at real Christmas decorations.

Lou Singer was born on the lower East Side in 1925. "My mother always described my birth thusly," he said. "She was standing in front of her home, 227 Madison Street, talking when she felt me *announcing myself.* A neighbor helped her up the six flights to the kitchen, and she delivered me on the kitchen table. And ever after she said, 'The most delicious thing that ever was on my table was you, my Louie.' At which my father, a cynic, would remind her that that was because she wasn't much of a cook." Later on, the Singer family moved to Brooklyn, where young Lou worked as a delivery boy for a tuxedo-and-bridal-gown concern. "One day, after working there a year and learning the transit system in detail, I utilized my transfers so well that I made thirteen deliveries on my original nickel," he said, as proudly as if it had been yesterday. In the early nineteen-seventies, after a career as a delivery agent for the *Times*—at his peak, he employed sixty people—he began expanding into the tour business. "It started out as a social thing," he told us as we ate dinner at Grabstein's, a Canarsie delicatessen where we can recommend the kreplach and the pastrami. They don't show off by filling your sandwich to the point where you have to dislocate your jaw to get it in—the rye balances nicely with the meat. Sometimes Mr Singer's friends would be sitting around unsure what to do. "They might not want to take in a movie. So I would say, 'Anyone want to see a frame house built in 1806 by Charles Bulfinch that replicates the Oval Office of the White House?' " They did, and word spread, and pretty soon Mr. Singer had sold off his paper routes and bought some sightseeing vans. He has given eating tours of Manhattan—he comes over here because the trade demands it, but he prefers Brooklyn, which he considers a "twin city," and where he can show you a day's worth of Tiffany glass or movie sets or brownstones. His tours are one part topic to two parts sidelight. He will be driving down a street and suddenly brake in excitement. "See the McCaddin funeral home on the corner there?" he will say. "Right next to it used to be the Pillar of Fire church, but then a DC-8 crashed into it and destroyed it." Beginning a year ago, he has been offering nighttime excursions to Bensonhurst and Canarsie to view the Christmas lights, unmatched in the metropolitan area, and we joined him on the scouting expedition for this year's tour.

We cruised slowly through Bensonhurst, up and down the streets between Bay Parkway and Eighteenth Avenue, the main Italian shopping street for the neighborhood. Some porches sported mere garlands of lights. Others flashed—flashed simply or in counterpoint or in syncopation, or in other intricate rhythms. Plastic Noël candles sprouted from lawns, along with illuminated plastic choristers and plastic tin soldiers and plastic Jesuses and plastic Santas. Most of the houses in Bensonhurst have both railings and awnings, which give them immense natural advantages over, say, apartments in the festive-illumination game.

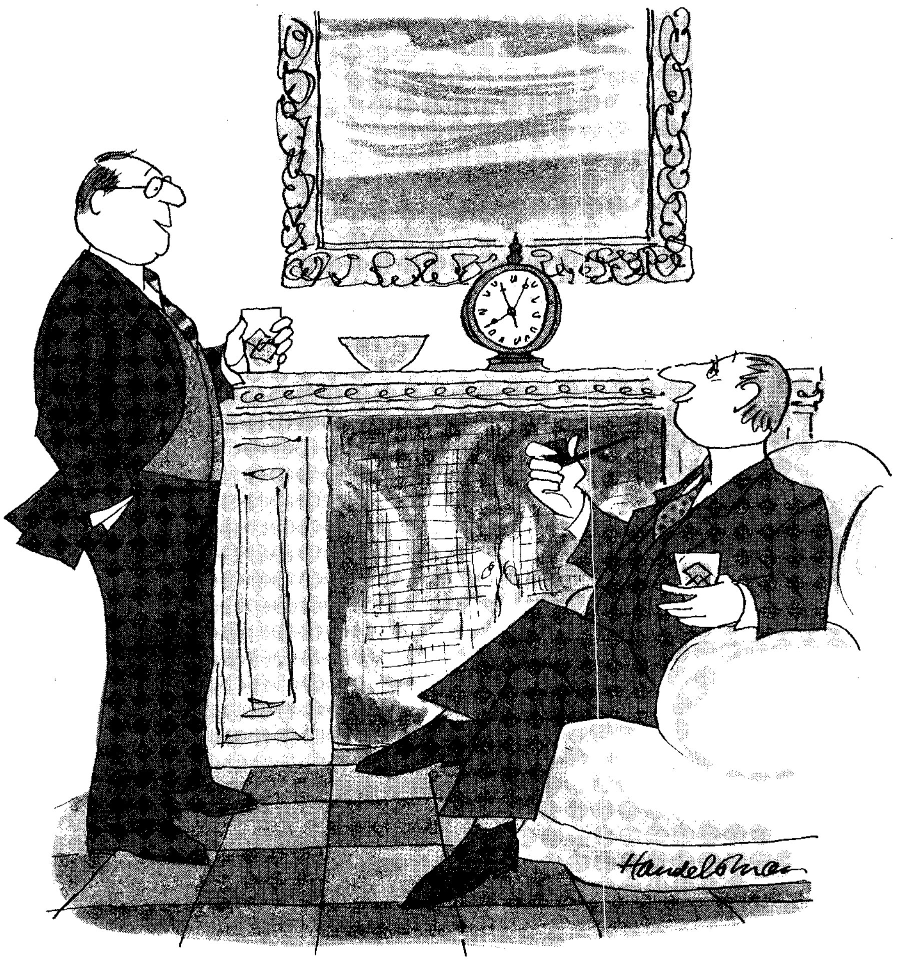


"Bentley, I don't care if you are my heir apparent. Stop peeking in here fifty times a day!"

But Mr. Singer remained unimpressed, however. "These are nice. You could even say these are delightful," he said. "But it is nothing, really. It is mainly lights. When I speak of fabulous displays, I am speaking of full animation; I am speaking of mechanicals; I am speaking of *Santa's workshops*."

He drove us out to the Gravesend edge of Bensonhurst, to Twenty-eighth Avenue between Cropsey and Harway, in the shadow of the "L." Night now, and cold. But from somewhere the sound of music—Bing, Frank, all the crooners that *mean* Christmas in any language. (This is quite literally true. Anthropologists have discovered lost New Guinean tribes that during primitive pagan winter rites greet each other by saying, "Chestnuts roasting on an open fire!") We rounded the corner, and there, ablaze, was a display that is to Lord & Taylor's windows as the Statue of Liberty is to your sister with a flashlight. A message crawled across an electric sign in the living-room window: "The Brancatis and DiMartinos wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Elves by the dozen perched on the Brancati-DiMartino eaves. A wooden walkway wound through the yard, next to Santas with sleighs, Santas with sacks, Santas on trains. A crèche with a full complement of wise men, shepherds, and animals stood fairly still in one corner, but everything else moved. A stableful of life-size plastic reindeer nodded. There was an *indoor* Santa's-workshop scene, where elves made toys, and an *outdoor* Santa's-workshop scene, where elves shovelled snow, and there was a rooftop tableau with a Santa wedged head down in a chimney and waving his legs while various elves disported themselves. Boxes were available for leaving donations (all proceeds to the Most Precious Blood Church), and a sign announced the hours when a live Santa would be in attendance.

"*This* is some real activity," said Mr. Singer.



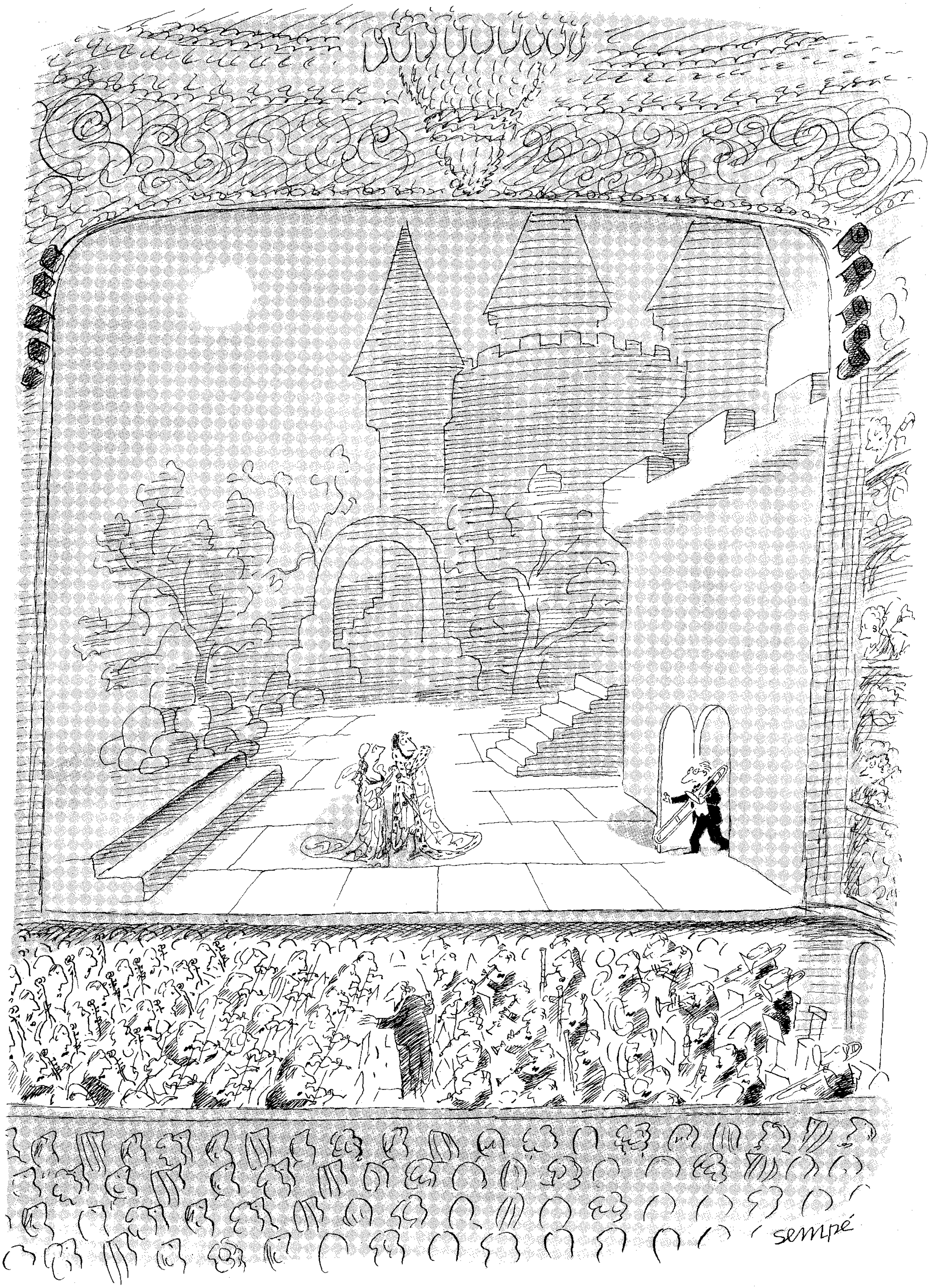
"Being in possession of great wealth made me a bit self-conscious at first, but I finally came to terms with it."

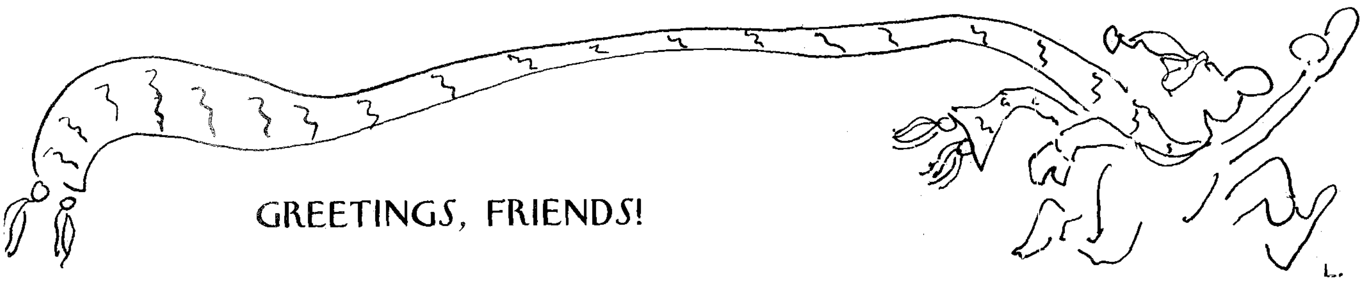
•

"THE sort of histrionic element has remained in my family for five generations now," John Bromley-Davenport told us when we talked to him the other day. "My family has lived in the same house for three hundred years—Capesthorne, in Cheshire. It's my uncle's house now, actually. And throughout the nineteenth century, which was a great theatrical era, they'd put on plays in the drawing room, with everyone from the county invited in. But then, about 1890, my great-uncle decided that the drawing room was not enough, and he built a theatre in one wing of the house. It seats about a hundred and sixty. It's quite charming, really—there are murals depicting winter, spring, summer, and autumn which my great-aunts painted." It was in this theatre—after staging, with other family members, productions of "The Rivals," "Table Manners," "The Long and the Short and the Tall," "Send Me No Flowers," and a number of other dramas, revues, and musicals—that Mr. Bromley-Davenport (who is a barrister) gave the première, in 1983, of his one-man production of "A Christmas Carol." The play, well received in London, had its American début last December in New York and returned this holiday season for a run at the Marymount Manhattan Theatre.

"It's the opposite of the Royal Shakespeare's recent 'Nicholas Nickleby' in the sense that I'm the only person on the stage," Mr. Bromley-Davenport said. "But it's very much the same in that—and this is why 'Nickleby' worked so well—both productions use an orator, a narrator, who reads straight from Dickens. So much of the Dickensian charm and style are in the language. If you think of the opening of 'Bleak House,' and the description of the fog, you can feel it, you can taste it. But if you put it on the screen, on the stage, it's nothing. It's only fog, and you can see that any day on the street—especially in London."

Now that Mr. Bromley-Davenport has mastered "A Christmas Carol," he told us, he plans to switch his attention to a one-man production of Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat."


sempé



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Look, friends, before you—can't you see?
Here stands an ancient Christmas tree,
Two columns wide, five decades tall,
On which by custom we install
A chain of names in light suspension,
With tilted rhymes and odd declension,
To please some folks whom we wish well
On the occasion of Noël.
Come on, good reader—let's hang out
And strew these tinsel tunes about
And find some shiny, well-worn rhyme
To couple with "at Christmastime,"
So from this tree may joy descend
On nearest kin and farthest friend
As Yuletide greetings here are sent
To you, our chiefest ornament.
Cheers, my dears! Let blessings rain
On Tina Howe and Michael Caine,
And seasonal bliss drench chaps below,
Like Laurence Tisch, Sebastian Coe,
And further benisons accrue to
Tip O'Neill and Bishop Tutu.
At this season, may we hail
Folks like Dr. Robert Gale,
Hector Babenco, Hayden Carruth,
Father Jenco, and Dr. Ruth?
And while we're hailing, fellows, let's
Hear it for the New York Mets!
Happy Christmas, Julian Lennon!
Joy to Mr. Justice Brennan.
Jimmy Breslin, greet the Day
With Dr. Luc Montagnier,
Molly Ringwald, Mike the Dog,
Tom Hanks, and Michael Lindsay-Hogg.
Hello, North Pole—it's your big night:
Gnomes, prepare the crew for flight,
Get the old gent out of bed,
Hitch up the beasts, unpark the sled.
All set, Kringle? Hit the sky
And rush these gifts to Northrop Frye,
Spalding Gray, Judge Whitman Knapp,
Jam Master Jay, and Laszlo Papp.
Along your way, shake sleigh-borne bells
To titillate the Claiborne Pells;
Then, pack in hand, descend the flue
To stuff the socks of Vida Blue,
Jackie Collins, World B. Free,
Jacques Chirac, and Ming Cho Lee—
Not forgetting that you'll need a
Candy cane for Bob Ojeda,
And matching jammies, just for fun,
For Senator and Trevor Nunn,
And silky nothings to appease
Vanna White and Nan Talese.
In fancy, friends, let's rise and go
By motor through the morning snow
Aboard our Phantom II coupé
To visit friends on Christmas Day—
With gifts and wine and loud rejoicing
We'll wrap up warm and start Rolls-Roycing!
Yo, gents and ladies, cram aboard
And we'll go wake up Richard Ford,
Richard Lugar, Dennis Lamp,
And John Cougar Mellencamp.
Here in the boot there's Veuve Clicquot
For Kenzo and Kirk Varnedoe,
And in the hamper stuff to gladden
Oprah Winfrey and John Madden—
But first I think we should drop off
This goose for Brandon Tartikoff,
And leave the wreaths for Balcomb Greene
And Demi Moore and Geoffrey Beene.
We'll honk the horn in friendly fash
Outside the dorm of Kellye Cash,
And add a boop here by the stoop
Of Surgeon Gen. C. Everett Koop.
What a party! What a gas!
Just call me Mr. Wenceslas!
Clear the street! We've cleared the cupboard
For Buddy Rich and Freddie Hubbard,
Molissa Fenley, Gene Hackman,
Helen Suzman, Wally Backman,
Ken O'Brien, Martin Ritt,
Nolan Ryan, and Benno Schmidt.
Such errands done, we'll chug home, dears,
To pass around the cup that cheers,
And, kith-encircled, cast our gaze
On this humongous Yuley blaze:
Forgathered at the festive hearth
With Judy Woodruff and John Barth,
We'll let our carollings propel
Happiness to Blaine Littell.
With kindly thoughts we'll dwell upon
The likes of Smokey Robinson,
Alice Walker, Judy Pfaff,
Jonathan Demme, Steffi Graf,
Matilda Cuomo, Anne Yarowsky,
Representative Rostenkowski;
And ask that Christmas bless by turns
John Cage and James MacGregor Burns,
Zippy the Pinhead, Benjamin Ward,
Helga, MOMA, Harrison Ford,
Sting, the Spocks (Doc and Mr.),
Julia Child, and Twisted Sister,
Columbia foot- and Lucille Ball,
Bartles & Jaymes, and Carnegie Hall!

Old dreams at Christmas that come creeping
We give to children for safekeeping:
Peace to all men, peace to nations
Light our brief, sweet celebrations.
Friend, arise at Christmas mildish
And pray the days make us more childish,
And peace at last become the reason
Our hopes stay green in every season.

—Roger Angell

ID

The weight alone (3 lbs. 7½ oz.) would seem the right heft for a doorstop and the wrong one for a best seller. But [Stephen] King has become a brand name himself, and his publishers ordered a supernatural first printing of 800,000 copies—and then demanded five additional printings, for a current total of 1,025,000 copies.

—*Stefan Kanfer in Time.*

THE terror, which has already lasted fifteen weeks and which may never end, for all I know, began with the men and the chainsaws.

The men
The chainsaws

Every twelve months or so they came to the verdant glens and leafy forests outside the small mill town of Weesquapeckett, in central Maine. Sometimes they came a little sooner, sometimes a little later . . . but always they came.

(The men. The chainsaws.)

They came early in the morning usually, when the dew was still on the fields and the mist was rising from the Weesquapeckett River, which flowed right through town, and by nightfall they were gone, carrying away with them, on long rumbling trucks, hundreds of thousands of feet, millions of feet, of prime Maine timber. Pine and spruce, maple and birch, oak and ash—it didn't matter as long as it was wood.

But this time it was different. The men came, big men, some of them missing fingers and toes, and they stayed for days on end. Everywhere you went you could hear the awful *brrrpppbrrrpppbrrrppp* of their saws, and the air was filled with a raw, resinous smell, an earthy, sweet smell, a fateful and ineluctable smell. It was the smell of sap—the smell of trees cut down before their time.

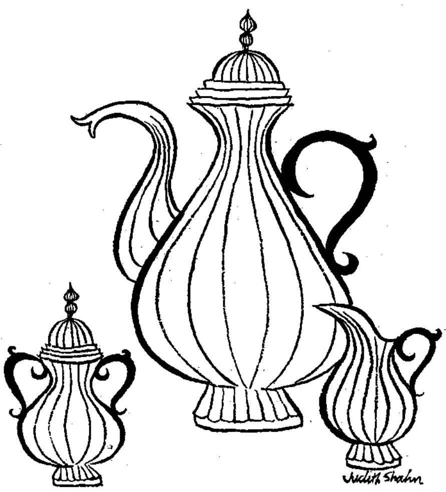
The men levelled the pinewoods behind the Weesquapeckett Elementary School, they took down the ancient elms in front of the Congregational Church, they clear-cut the Gillespies' apple orchard, they lopped off the pink dogwood that old Pete Darby had planted on his wedding day, fifty-five years before. And one morning a small boy in faded Fruit of the Loom pajamas woke to see one of the chainsaw men standing by *his* tree—the one from which Dad, the boy's dad, had hung a neat old Goodyear tire as a swing. The boy in the Fruit of the Looms was Chuckie Douglas. He was six. The year before he had been five, and in another year he would be seven. After that he might be eight.

"H-h-h-h-hey, w-w-w-what are you d-d-d-d-d-d-doing?" Chuckie stuttered. He stuttered a lot, and when he wasn't stuttering he was suffering from tonsillitis and adenoids and asthma. He was the sort of boy whose dialogue you might reproduce typographically by just closing your eyes and holding down a few keys on your I.B.M. Selectric.

The man lifted up his protective goggles and squinted at the boy. Then he grinned, in a way that was both leering and goofy—an expression that, had he been older, Chuckie might have recognized from dust jackets and American Express commercials—and he said, "Paper, sonny. Got to have more paper." He put his goggles back down, yanked once, twice on the starter cord of his chainsaw—it was a big black-and-yellow McCulloch, still smoking in the early-morning stillness—and

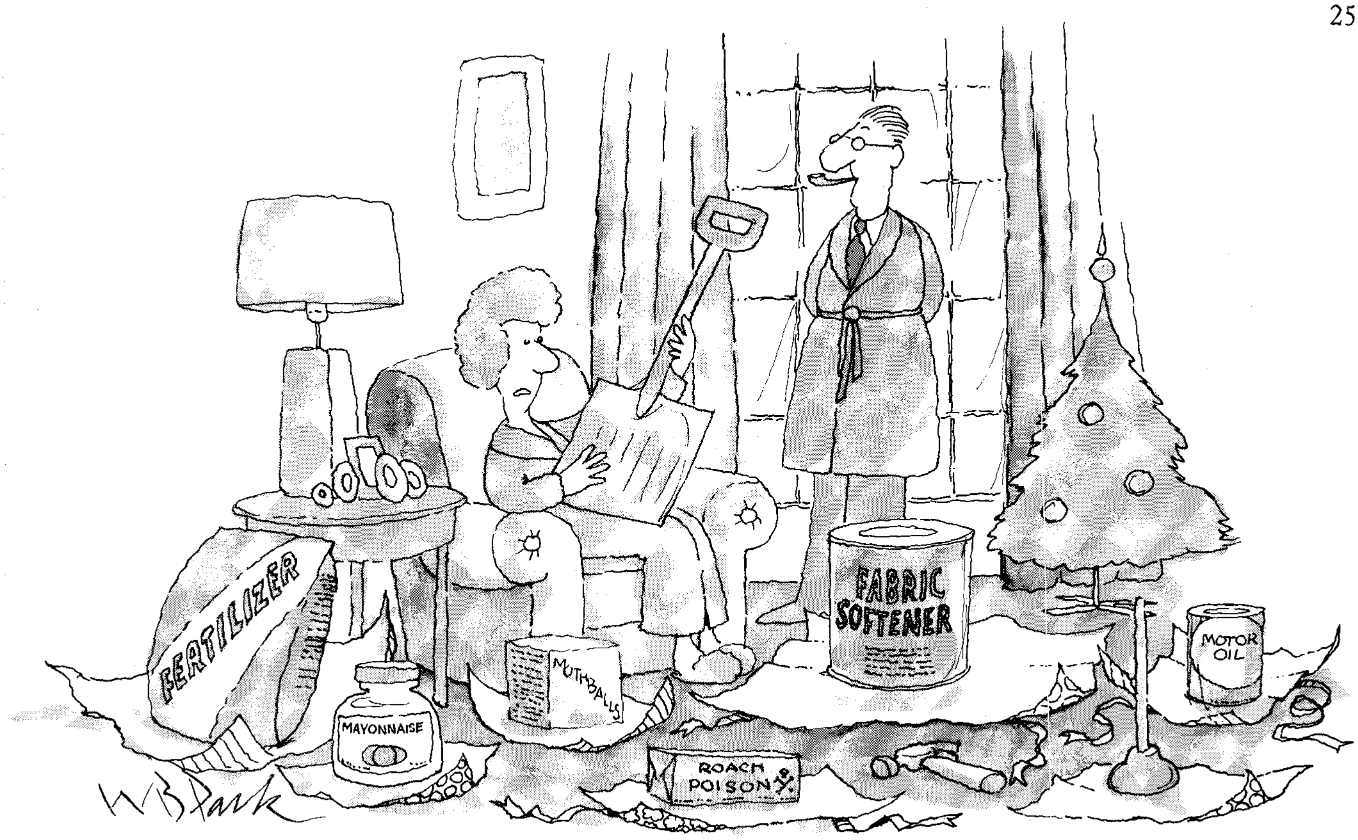
BRRRRRRRRRRRppp

A THOUGHT is working its way up through Chuckie's brain, like groundwater seeping into a basement where the Black & Decker sump pump is on the blink. It is not a very clear thought, just a trickle—something you might not even notice until the Du Pont Antron carpeting in your rec room was half soaked. Chuckie's thought has to do with the chainsaw men and those movies that come to the Weesquapeckett Twin-Vu, out on Route 1—those movies about the kids who can start fires by crossing their eyes or who talk to their cars or have pet gerbils with rabies or who always know where to find dead stuff. Every time the chainsaw men come, it seems to Chuckie, one of those movies is sure to follow—not right away maybe, probably not for months, but sooner or later—and Chuckie wonders if there is any connection. He ponders this for a while and then decides: Naaaah. The thought goes away, and it's as if that sump pump had suddenly kicked back on again—*rrrrwhhhEEEEEEEEE*—and was beginning to suck all that basement water out. But weeks later, if you went down the cellar steps and sniffed carefully, you might still smell a hint of mildew, of dampness, of *moisture*. Your basement wouldn't be *flooded*, or anything like that, and you could still watch TV down there, or listen to records, but it wouldn't be completely dry, either, and someday you might have trouble selling your house.



WHEN the men had finally gone this time, there was not a tree to be found anywhere in Weesquapeckett, and the surrounding countryside was so flat and clear that you could look all the way to the Atlantic Ocean, a hundred miles away. But except for Chuckie no one seemed to notice. That autumn the townfolk went out just the same and raked their yards, stirring up clouds of thick, heavy dust that lingered for days. In Miss Hanson's third-grade class at Weesquapeckett Elementary—which would be Chuckie's class in just three years—the children wrote their autumn compositions just as they always had, correctly using, in order, the words "chlorophyll," "foliage," and "russet," and at recess they jumped cheerfully into imaginary leaf piles, never once complaining about their sprained knees and broken ankles.

Early in October something else happened. One rainy night a man named Lew Dickinson was driving in a panel truck from the Harrisonburg, Virginia, branch of the R. R. Donnelley & Sons printing company up to Bangor, Maine, where he was supposed to drop off fifty cartons of he didn't know what—whatever goddam best-seller they'd loaded him up with now. He was making pretty good time, listening to an old Everly Brothers tune on the radio and tapping the beat on the steering wheel, when he came over the Weesquapeckett Bridge—a solid-iron trestle bridge built in 1924 by the Portland Iron Works and dedicated by Calvin Coolidge himself, a bridge that had withstood decades of heavy logging traffic—and his truck *dropped right through the roadway*



"Charles, weren't we happier before we decided to exchange only sensible gifts?"

• •

and into the Weesquapeckett River below. It bobbed there for a minute, then tipped and sank, and who knows where it finally came to rest. All that could be seen the next morning was an enormous hole in the asphalt, a terrible wreckage of ironwork underneath, and, floating on the icy waters a mile or so downstream, some sodden cardboard flaps and a few sheets of paper printed in Garamond No. 3.

A couple of weeks later, on Halloween night, part of the main floor fell through at the Weesquapeckett Public Library, sending the entire section of books shelved under "Authors Ka-Ki" crashing into the basement, where Bob Wilson, the night janitor, was sneaking a smoke. He was crushed almost instantly—turned to *mush*, really—but not before his hideous scream had awakened the entire town. The police determined later that the shelving and floor beams beneath had been subjected to what they called "almost supernatural stress." They also found out that Lew Dickinson and Bob Wilson had both failed ninth-grade English: neither one was much of a reader.

SOMETHING was wrong with Dad. For weeks now he had been coming home with something big and heavy in his Samsonite briefcase—something he didn't want Chuckie or anyone else to know about—and he complained all the time about how much his right arm hurt. No one was supposed to know this, but that arm was now at least three feet longer than the left. When Dad thought he was alone and allowed himself to relax, the arm would come shooting out from his sleeve and dangle almost to the floor. The right cuff of Dad's Arrow drip-dry barely reached to his elbow.

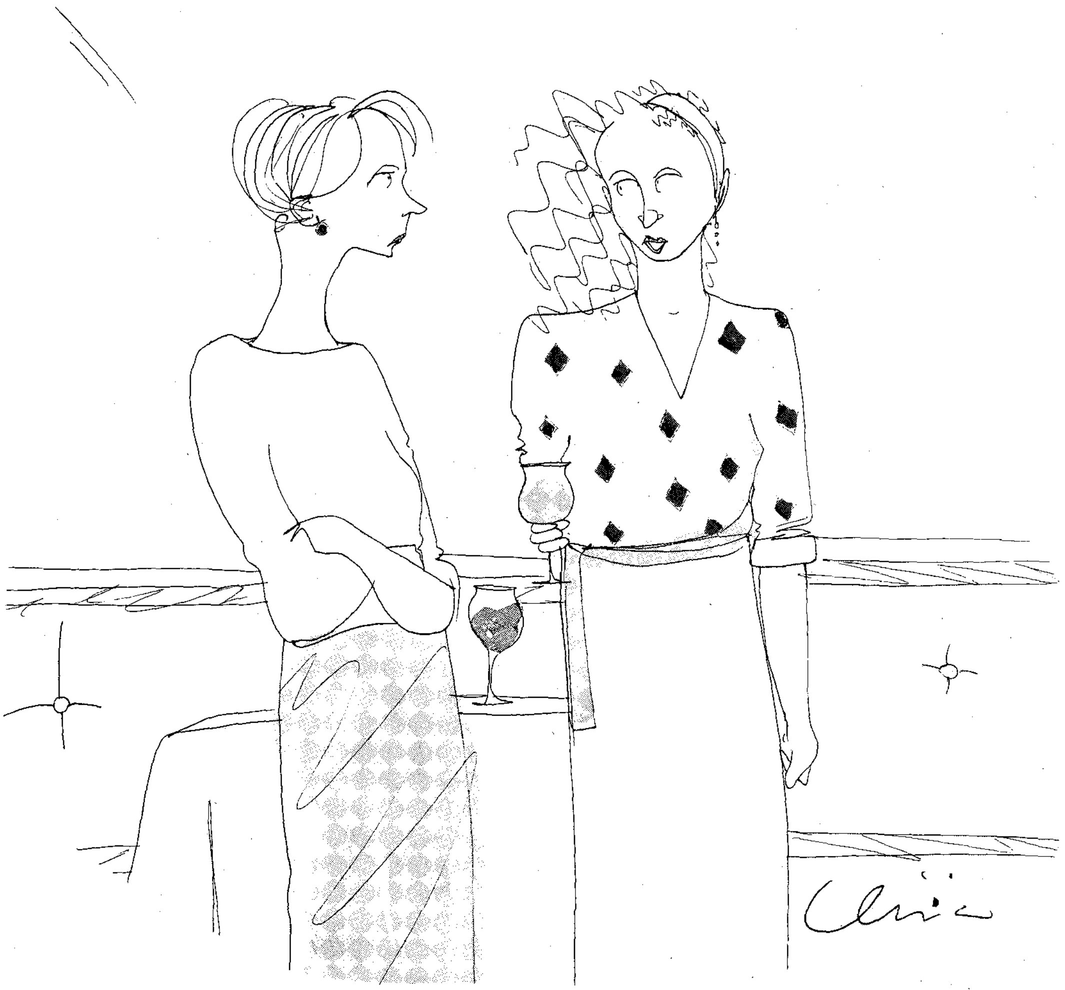
There was something else, too. Instead of drinking Miller Lite in front of the TV, the way he usually did, and making fun of that Louis Rukeyser on "Wall Street Week," Dad now went up to his room right after supper every night, lugging that same monstrously heavy briefcase. He would yawn and stretch (his left arm) and pretend to be tired, but Chuckie was pretty sure he didn't sleep in there. The bedroom light stayed on for hours—Chuckie could see it shining from underneath the door, casting a sickly, guillotine-shaped glow on the hall carpet—and when Dad came down in the morning, his right hand thrust deep in his pocket, his eyes would be black and burning, filled with horrible intelligence, horrible *awareness*, and if you asked him to pass the Parkay margarine or the Welch's grape jelly he would pretend not to hear. Once, though, he forgot, and when Mom asked for the Domino sugar he let his right hand, attached to that horrible elastic limb of his, reach across the table. But he *misjudged the distance.* There was a thumping, splatting sound, the sound a car makes running over a dead animal on the road, and Chuckie's cereal bowl, still half full, went

OOOOOOOOOOoooooooooo

whooshing through the air, while, drop by drop by drop, his milk leaked down, cold and white and lifeless, upon the uncaring linoleum.

FAR, far from Maine, on the Atlantic, the Italian liner L'Avventura was a day out of Fort Lauderdale, on the second leg of a trip from New York to Kingston and back, when the mate, Guido Correlli, noticed that she was listing badly to port and taking in water through the third-class portholes. He rang the purser on the ship's phone and yelled, "*Marrone*, our ballast, she's shifting! Look at the *manifesto*. The cargo in Fort Lauderdale, we have taken on too much—too much *petrolio*, or *something!*"

"Manifest shows nothing, Signore,"



"He said we would marry after he had carved himself into the granite of New York."

the purser reported. "*Niente.* We take on nothing in Lauderdale, except—*un momento*—here it is. *Sì*, just a couple of members of the Book-of-the-Month Club . . ."

At that very instant, Chuckie Douglas, who had been asleep in his room in Weesquapeckett, awoke with a start. He had been dreaming a dream so awful he couldn't even remember what it was, but what was even worse was that now, even though he was wide awake, he seemed to have a bright-orange life jacket on over his pajamas.

MOM is going through Dad's briefcase. From somewhere she hears a voice calling *Stop, stop! You're violating his civil rights!* but she refuses to listen, she keeps searching. She locates what she is looking for, and there is only one way to describe the sensation she experiences in her head as she settles down with what she has found. It is as if she had turned on the refrigerator light in the deepest, darkest, coldest part of her mind—the place where leftovers are kept. It is not very bright, this little bulb. It wouldn't work as a Kodak flash attachment. It's not even as strong as the overhead dome light in a Chevy Camaro. But it does the job. On the wire racks there, down in that part of herself where she never looks, Mom sees things not meant to be seen: half-filled jars of gooey brown stuff, Saran Wrapped hunks of moldy, cheeselike crud, square Tupperware containers of some whitish-gray guck. Yecccch! Mom can't believe it. How did this stuff get *here*, inside her *mind*? She quickly slams the door and the light goes out. But she knows she'll be back. She tilts her head back and shivers, a wave of revulsion surging through her, a wave so powerful it makes her smile. She just might not get around to fixing dinner tonight.

NOW they are both up there all the time.

Mom and Dad
In bed

Chuckie tries to ignore them. He washes his own clothes in Woolite in the kitchen sink and he eats Chef Boy-Ar-Dee straight from the can. But he can't entirely keep his mind off that upstairs bedroom and what's going on up there, there on the bed with the Laura Ashley sheets and matching pillowcases and dust ruffles. Sometimes, if he listens carefully, he can hear his parents whispering in there, reciting multisyllable words in a language he has never heard before: "batrachian," "chitinous," "ichor." And there are other sounds, too: pants and groans and cries of pain and surprise. What are they *doing* in there?

"M-m-m-m-m-m-mom? D-d-d-d-d-d-dad?"

The entire house seems to be holding its breath, everything is going black, until Chuckie remembers something. He opens his mouth and begins to exhale, inhale. Then he pushes open the bedroom door and forces himself to look. They are both lying on the bed (*Mom, Dad*), his mother on the right side, his father on the left, their heads almost touching. Something heavy is pressing on Dad's chest, flattening him back against the mattress, causing him to heave with exertion. His face is red and sweaty, his eyeballs are bulging and feverishly flitting from left to right. Mom is leaning over him, rapidly moving her lips and tearing with her fingers at the thing on top of Dad—the heavy thing, shining and brownish in the light from the bedside table—and the thing seems to fly apart now into hundreds, thousands of fluttering white pieces.

Suddenly Chuckie understands. They will want him to do this, too, someday. They will *make* him. They will force him to do it for hours and hours until he says he likes it. The thing is a book, and Mom and Dad are

Oh my God

they are reading.

—CHARLES MCGRATH

REMEMBERING I FORGET WHAT

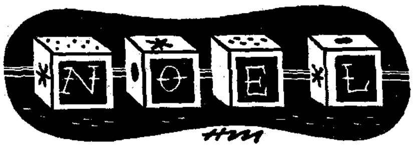
What were you doing on September 1, 1985? Do you recall? Do you recall what you had for lunch on the first day of September, 1985? Do you recall what time you went home? Do you recall filing a story that day? No, none of the above. So fairness for you is fairness for the President.—*Larry Speakes, White House spokesman.*

President Reagan is taking a bunch of heat these days from people who want him to "come clean" and "tell the truth" about *what* he knew and *when* he knew it. O.K., here's what I think happened with the whole weapons-to-Iran-and-cash-to-the-Contras rigmarole (in which, I hasten to point out, I have no direct personal involvement). My theory goes like this: The President *knew everything.* But then he forgot. So?

Believe me. Things like this happen. The thought that it had obviously happened to President Reagan occurred to me the other evening (well, technically, this all got started in the late afternoon, but it was already dark outside, you know how it does that this time of year), when what's-his-name (it'll come to me in a minute; he's my upstairs neighbor and a friend) called and said he'd locked his keys inside his apartment that morning and wanted to drop by my place to pick up the spare set he gave me quite a while ago (my guess is it was sometime last spring, but it might even have been last year; I seem to recall being heavily medicated at the time, trying to recover from either some painful periodontal work or a sprained neck) when he, my neighbor Randy (*Randy!*—of course, Randy), reluctantly decided to change his door locks, because he had somehow misplaced his keys and was afraid they might have fallen into the wrong hands. (It might have been that slipped-Mickey episode with the blond gal from Montreal—or was it Ottawa?) The point is, you know that feeling when your keys—so essential to your sense of domestic security—are just floating *around* and you're not sure *where.* Anyway, Randy called and said he was about to leave the office (he works for an insurance company—a big one; they advertise a lot on TV and radio, and if I heard the name I'd be a safe bet to recognize it—but I'm not sure just exactly what he *does* for the insurance company, almost as if he's been deliberately vague about it whenever I've pressed him for details about what it is that people who work for insurance companies do) and he wanted to be sure I'd be able to buzz him into the building and give him the spare set. I said sure, come on by, I'll be here. I went to the fairly small fancy-French-mustard jar where I keep spare keys when they're not directly on my person, and I removed Randy's set and put them (I *swear* I remember putting them) in one of my pockets.

As I was doing that the phone rang again, and it turned out to be my great good pal Bubba calling. (Bubba is a nickname, of course; the name on his birth certificate is almost certainly Clarence, or perhaps Rodney—I'd have to check with Bubba.) Bubba and I have been friends since boyhood, when we were in either Cub Scouts or ballroom-dancing class together. Bubba's an ex-marine (unless he's ex-Air Force; I have unusually flat feet and I drew a high lottery number back when I was eligible for the military draft, and I've never been able to keep the various branches of the armed forces straight in my mind) and a mighty fine person, who now works for a company that exports industrial-strength cleaners (let's leave it at that for the time being; if it's not cleaning supplies it's some kind of heavy-duty lubricating gel) to Third World countries, so he does a lot of travelling and often passes through town. Now, where was I?—oh, right, Bubba's phone call. See, whenever Bubba has some free time and I'm not busy (sometimes I am, sometimes I'm not; it depends upon certain factors I don't want to get into right now) we go out for a bite and a couple of drinks. So Bubba wants to know what I'm doing for dinner, and I say I've got no plans, and he says well, then let's meet at this "little French bistro" (my honest opinion is it's more Alsatian, or even Austrian, than straight French, which means it might not even qualify as a genuine bistro) near where he's staying, and I say fine, I'm on my way.

Maybe you can guess the rest. I go to meet Bubba for dinner and we start reminiscing about old times back in our home town (I *know* the name of the town, but what difference does it make?), and he tells that story he knows I love so much (the one about his father being called to testify before a legislative committee that was investigating the state highway commissioner, who was a good friend of Bubba's dad, and they asked Bubba's dad a bunch of questions and he kept answering, "I don't remember," and when it was all over Bubba asked him, "Dad, did you remember or didn't you remember?," and his dad said, "I remembered to say 'I don't remember' "), and that gets us in such a fine mood we end up putting away maybe one or two bottles of wine (red wine, almost definitely; we'd both ordered a veal something that was one of the specials) more than we normally would, and then I look at my watch and it says it's nearly midnight, and an alarm inside my brain starts going off and I realize, Yikes! Randy! He's *locked out!*



So I threw some money down on the table and shook Bubba's hand and beat it out of there and found a cab (a Checker, for sure—there are so few of those left), and I was home in eight minutes, twelve at the most. All the while riding downtown I was thinking, Boy, Randy's probably been sitting in front of my door for about five hours. Is he ever going to be *steamed!* But, as it turned out, he wasn't angry at all. In fact, *he* was the embarrassed party. I called him at work the next day (come to think of it, I don't know how I tracked him down, since the name of the company he works for still hasn't come to me), and before I could fall all over myself apologizing he told me, in a sheepish way, that he hadn't actually forgotten his keys—they were in his briefcase and he found them before he left the office. And then when he got home he forgot to ring my bell to tell me he didn't need my help after all. He said he hoped I hadn't waited around a long time or changed my plans for the evening. I decided not to mention at that moment that I had no idea where his spare set of keys was, the ones I *thought* I had stuck in my pocket (I might have inadvertently thrown them down on the table in the restaurant or I might have left them in the cab or I might never have had them). Instead, I recovered my cool very quickly. "Hey, Randy," I told him. "Don't worry about it. Busy, important people forget stuff. These things happen. We should be grateful that we live in a democracy, where anything is possible." I think he appreciated that. My recollection of his reaction at the time is that he pretty much appreciated that.

—Mark Singer

EARSHOT

AGNES, aged twelve, who hated her name distantly, standing back from it as if armed with a pair of tongs, was reading under the sheets after lights-out. So were many others in her orphanage dormitory in Northumberland. Gleams of illicit light glowed through the coarse-weave sheets. The children despised the earliness of the lights-out edict. They read anything they could lay their hands on by the glimmer of bedside lights dragged down from their tables and shrouded by the orphanage linen. Agnes's neighbor was reading a smuggled brochure on how to get your M.D. in your spare time. Agnes was reading the prayer book, trying to find something new in it. The General Thanksgiving had to be learned by morning, but she already knew it by heart. She spoke very little and had almost total memory of the speech of others, even the mutters of mutinous children lonely for slang. So far as the cloak of sheets allowed flicking, she flicked to a promising entry listed in the index: "Ministration of Baptism to such as are of Riper Years. Final Exhortation." For some riposte to all endings, she went on. "The Catechism: What is your name? N. or M."

She couldn't believe the fortune of it. Clear options to "Agnes."

Next morning, a Sunday, she and a friend named Cusp went to the headmistress, who was correcting Latin papers.

"This prayer-book response about N. or M.," Agnes said.

"Yes, dear."

"What does it mean, N. or M.?"

"A space to be filled in, the prayer book implies. The specificity isn't made."

"She needs to know," said Cusp.

"You'll both understand later. It comes from the Latin. N. for *nomen*. Girls?"

"Name," said Agnes impatiently. "N. would be a lovely name. So would M."

"The M. was probably a misprint in 1662 for N.N.," said the headmistress severely.

"Huh?"

"Meaning *nomine*. Girls?"

"Plural," said Cusp.

"Two names," said the headmistress. "Some monk not paying attention. Quite a lesson for you both. Don't let your minds wander down bypaths, dears."

Cusp plugged on. "If the church is so vague about letting her be N. or M., or anything, why does she have to be Agnes so unbudgeably?"

The headmistress gave a wan smile, with the prerogative of being eight inches taller than her questioners, and said, kindly enough, "You could hold that Agnes was God's choice. We gave it to you with His guidance, because of your surname in the records: Day."

"What records?" said Agnes. "You never told."

"Your dear father left you on our doorstep wrapped in a newspaper of recorded date."

"Some record," said Cusp.

"Hush, Cusp," said the headmistress with difficulty.

Cusp giggled. The headmistress counted ten and then said, "Newspaper for your warmth, Agnes. We marked his thought. It was the racing edition, the noon edition. So Agnes Day. Agnus Dei. Lamb of God. We like to launch you as well as we can. It will matter later more than material things."

"Everything's *later!*" said Cusp. "And you've never mentioned her father. She'd have told me. Where is he?"

"In prison, dear man, we believe. For his racing debts. Some of you children have a difficult birthright. We are here to help."

Cusp stood on a prie-dieu. "You might have said."

"That's tapestry, Cusp. Tapestry is not for tennis shoes. And a prie-dieu is not for impertinence." Cusp got off and made sailor's knots out of her tennis-shoe laces.

"Agnes, dear, so now everything's clear to you? Agnus Dei, remember. We like to say the surname Day with a little curl at the end of it to remind us of your name in Scripture. A little curl that you might have on your forehead if only you'd attend to your hair. Soft as unspun silk but such a mess, dear. Matron is at a loss. It looks as though you've slept in it."

"So does everyone. In their own particular hair." Cusp had a way with adults of getting them off track, Agnes a way of keeping them on it.

"Any hope in N. or M.?" said Agnes. "I really do hate Agnes."

"It's your name," said the headmistress.

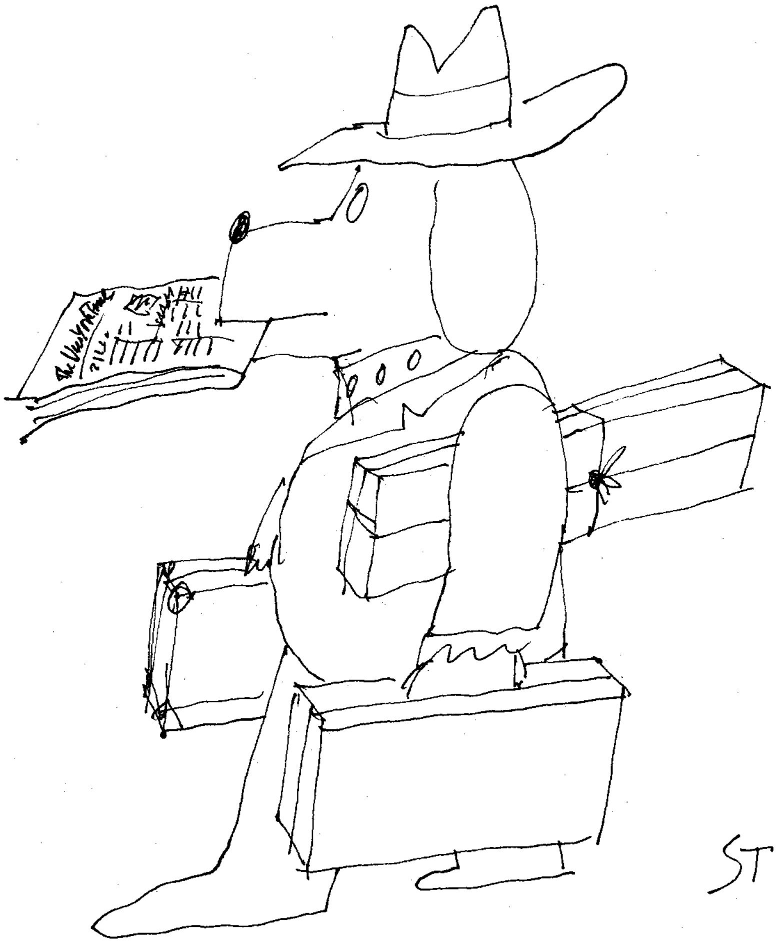
"There must be a way out," said Agnes.

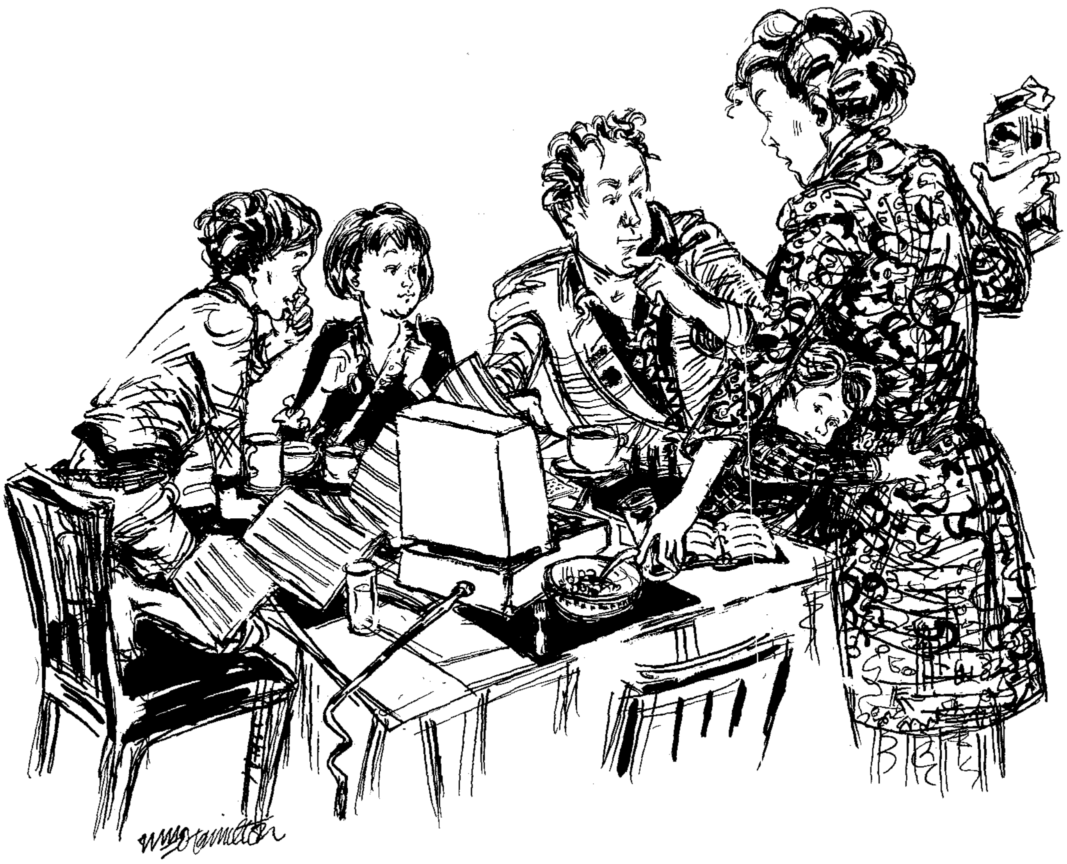
"Do you believe that?" said Cusp with a high heart. "In general?"

"You're not to talk among yourselves," said the headmistress.

"Why is she Cusp?" said Agnes.

"A pretty name. We had nothing to go by





"We are all fed up with you doing these damn power breakfasts at home."

• •

but someone's memory at the health-food shop. She was born at the cusp."

"Necromancy!" Cusp crowed.

"Where did you pick that up?"

"The thesaurus."

"A thesaurus knows nothing." The headmistress moved papers up against her chest as if she were closing a rolltop desk. Correspondence over. But Agnes smiled and forced a space.

"So you made up Agnes and you made up Day, and so she's free to be anyone," said Cusp. "Please?"

The headmistress's mind was now on the danger of being late for senior-common-room prayers. Agnes's continuing smile was too much for her to put up with. It lay in wait. It carried, as it was always to do, the implication that there was more for the other person to say. The headmistress defeated it and went her way without a backward thought in her head.

ON. Only on. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen for the Lamb of God. Those many years to go of reading under the sheets, of apprehension that she chose always to hide, of getting through by being a calm vessel for Matron's tantrums with her hair, of clearing the refectory tables after meals with the headmistress counting the number of knives and forks and plates in no need of washing up by the girls. The clean remnants were referred to as sunbeams. "That's ninety-three sunbeams today." At Agnes's last orphanage lunch she was told that there were only seventy-one sunbeams that day. "Which will mean more soap."

"We haven't got any," said the new orphan in charge of soap supplies. But Cusp was at the double sink in an ocean of bubbles.

"I smell shaving soap," said the headmistress. "You've been mixing with the boys at matins. We are an orphanage one but divided. Mixing with boys can lead to things."

That thought had also occurred to Agnes as a way out. In general.

FORTIFIED by exam certificates, Agnes came South and found a job with a hairdresser. The shop was in Croydon and run by Indians for Indians. In the silence she preferred, Agnes learned how they wished to look. Where Anglo-Saxons found Agnes's silkworm tangle of hair a mark of peculiarity, her clients found it beautiful. One of them, a widow, taught her how to use kohl. Another, an elderly man, sought her company in the evenings, and he silently gave her a present each time from his collection of Rajput paintings. It was many moons before he spoke at any length. She had always supposed they shared no language for thought. But it emerged that he had been educated in England long ago, at Eton, and if she looked away for a moment the effect was strange. Divorced from his face, the voice of a George V Cabinet minister; seen as a whole, a most Indian and synchronous man. He had gone to jail under British rule before Independence.

"I was the editor of our leading newspaper. I was guilty of understanding both sides," he told her. "I am also, misleadingly, very rich, so my staff took me to be subsidized, shall we say, by the English. My assistant editor was very fat, and the many photographs on my office walls of my friends in England, all fighters for Independence, showed them to be very thin. Even their umbrellas—rolled, of course—were suspiciously thin. The umbrella is a symbol of majesty in India. For my assistant editor, our English supporters' thinness and the disguised spread of their umbrellas proved to him a masked intent to rule."

"So you parted?"

"No, he was good enough to stay. A difficult man, but he had mind. Of course, I could never persuade him of the effect his position had on the editorials I wrote. He didn't believe the hours I spent awake at night considering his opinions. The potent reap of opposition. The little you have told me of your beginnings in the orphanage put me in mind of that. You must have spent many a night going through the thought of your deflectors." He paused, and then laughed. "My goodness. You know, once I saw some office graffiti saying 'The editor's indecision is final.' "

"You had it painted out?"

"No, I saw what they meant. My staff. Dubiety is not a favored state of mind in urgent times. People want the declarative. My fellow-Indians mistrusted me as a judge for seeing both sides. They mistrusted me about the preparations for Independence. One day the art editor came to me with a proposal for a graphic design for a front page. Insignia of the paper's attitude in its pieces anticipating Independence. A design of a handshake. I was tremendously pleased. 'Yes indeed,' I said. 'You mean that all Indian sects need to be in unity.' 'No,' he said, shaking with laughter like a dreadful school blancmange gone runny. 'No, it is a portrait of you: the one hand disagreeing with the other and shaking hands on it.' "

Agnes's nights of listening went on. She found out that her confidant was a man of immense scholarship and political import. He told her careful stories of negotiations, intrigues, bartered treaties, agreements in high places made under the guise of tea parties. She wrote nothing down at first but later found he spoke more freely when she took notes, even he not yet comprehending the phenomenon of her memory. She sent photocopies from her lodgings to the trusted Cusp, now a dental assistant in Kingston.

The old man turned out to be nearly a hundred. He did not die, he simply glided away. "Simply glides away," he said, voicing the end of a conjoined thought as he saw her to the door on what turned out to be their last meeting. He smiled amply, knowing that upstairs there was his will endowing her with a fortune, wondering if it would hamper her. His voice surfaced again. "I have old tales to tell, and forgiveness to ask."

AGNES, the tabula rasa of other people's memories, turned out to be beyond price to the BBC in a colossal series on India. Her notes of her friend's recollections were paid for at a high rate. Even before she knew of the will, she sent the fee to safekeeping Cusp. Putting the money by, Cusp went on to become a dentist with a practice of her own. The Croydon hairdresser had just acquired a Doreen. "With a Doreen you're far better off than with an Agnes," said Agnes, whose tangent to her lot remained undetected by the humorless shopowner. She moved to London and rented digs in Fulham. No one at the BBC had any idea of how to find her. Rootlessly named, she felt her place to be at large as well.

Contracts wanted her telephone number.

Agnes smiled and shook her head at the idea of such a thing. "My dentist's address always finds me."

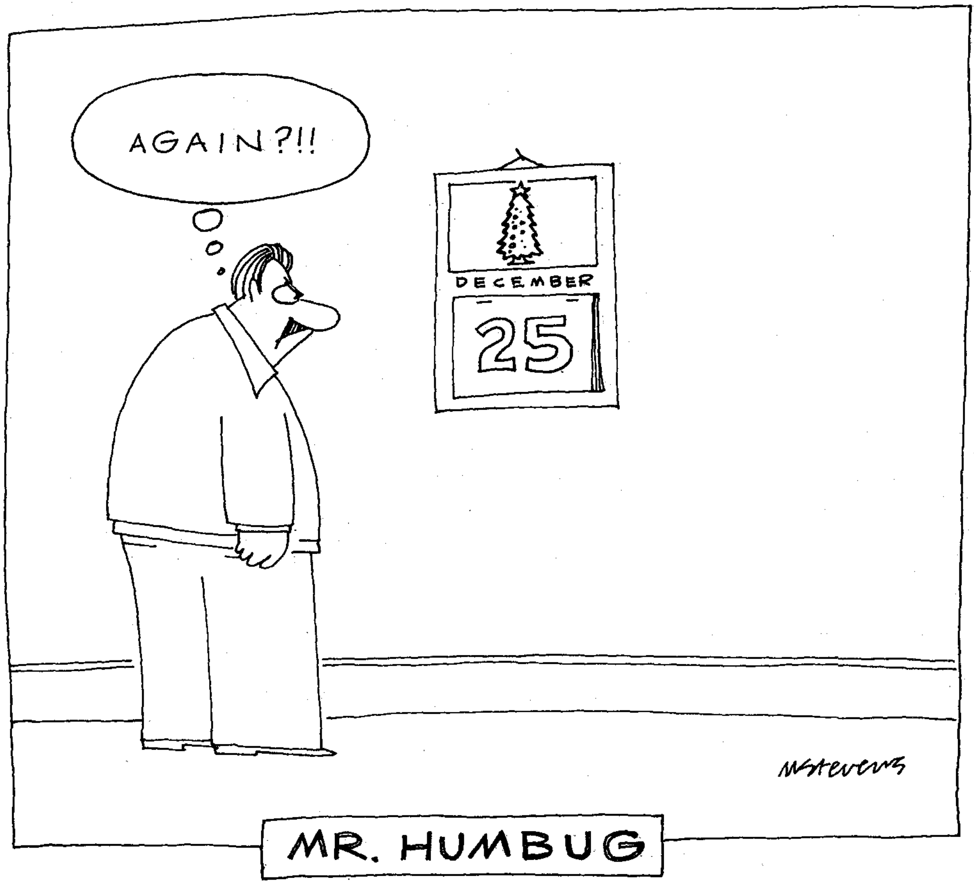
Contracts punched 00.00001 into its computer. "We need a signature for copyright purposes. Replay purposes. A signature wherever you see a pencilled cross. What our American colleagues call a check mark. You can remember it by thinking of cheques and balances."

"Or not?"

Agnes listened with the boredom that officials took for serenity, and rechristened herself by a remembered name: Crystal Clare, in halcyon wedlock to Thomas Hardy's Angel Clare, from "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," 1891.

Contracts said one to another, "Crystal Clare is obviously a syndication pseudonym."

So Contracts put Research onto it, but the memos remained in Pending.



AGNES, now to be thought of as Crystal, compiled a book of her Indian friend's memories. It went into paperback. One day in Contracts—a Contracts unwisely trying to reprogram its computer to enter an anti-paperback retroactive clause—Crystal found that she had somehow pinned her shoe heel under the shoe toe of a composer whose vagueness about deadlines had put Contracts out of sorts. The fact that he was a man of genius, without drive for celebrity, had no bearing to bureaucrats.

Crystal had a will of steel and determined that the composer be free of trappings to work at speed. She offered first to turn pages for him at the piano as he revised, something she had done often enough at the orphanage. The school's vapid

"Has your mother called yet on the international situation?"

• •

education having left her with the ability to learn any subject with the swiftness of a four-year-old and the concentration of a chess grand master, she picked up everything she needed to know about music as she went along. The composer, called Jeremy Frosch, was in the midst of a five-hour setting of the York Mystery Plays. His librettist was an impediment called Edwin.

"That's Edwin ringing," said Jeremy one day. "Now I've forgotten what I was planning." Crystal, become his memory, was already playing back the lost bar on a tiny tape recorder round her neck and writing on music paper. "Lord protect me from Edwin's touch on the phone. He knows more about dialling than about a simple tone row," Jeremy went on. "It's such a waste. He's a perfectly splendid musician. But I swear he plays double thirds on my number. He goes as fast as Liszt. As fast as Liszt would have done, given the wrong instrument. Edwin's got one of those blessed touch-tone telephones and tinkles the notes with the end of a pencil because his fingers are pudgy, he says. He loathes his fingers."

This mistrust of flesh, thought Crystal. Wartime rationing, perhaps? Much about trust to be learned from Falstaff, though.

"You're thinking," said Jeremy.

"No, I promise I'm not," said Crystal, on her guard forever after about questions probing her gift, which lay in the unfurnished state of her alert unconscious.

Jeremy declared that she was a genius. "When my work is finished," he said to a musicologist, "she will be seen as responsible for its last gasp. And for making me feel it's worth it. A born collaborator. Unearthly, her instincts."

Jeremy died, at fifty-one, the day he finished the work, leaving a note on the piano: "*È finito! Salute a Noi ed anche a Lui!!*" ("Finished! A salute to Us and also to Him!!") Crystal photocopied the wording and sent it to Edwin. No mention of Crystal, as she would have wished. Also no sign of the last five playing minutes of the full score, or even of the short score, the vocal score. Crying for once—no one was ever to see such a thing—Crystal called on her memory and the tape recorder around her neck and played, herself, on his piano, what she thought to be his best of the variants he had been inventing to complete those last five minutes. The village organist did the musical notation with her and wrote in the word-setting, which she remembered impeccably.

CRYSTAL'S life was an enigma of intense but fugitive interest to others. They wondered heavily about her, rumored, and then cared not at all. What was the motor of such a temperament? She heard the speculativeness, found it strange to be counted odd in a world peopled with the singular, and took recourse as always in interludes of disappearance. "N. or M. Which?"

After Jeremy's death, there was a while with Cusp, when she spent most of her time asleep. Cusp suggested sleep-learning. Crystal was an ideal subject. Speaking as little as she did in waking hours, acutely missing her dead friends, she chose to sleep convivially. From long-playing cassettes under her pillow, she learned every music-hall and radio routine she could find. Cusp knew better than to have to ask why on earth the ghostless world of old gag routines should be company.

Crystal surfaced after two months to find herself in a new aspect of the planet, in the Blackpool hotel suite of a blithe old hero of music hall and its offspring. Her quest, through many little shops of posters and film stills and prized stage props, had been simply to find and listen to him. She quickly became a constant of his life and moved into a room next door on the riches her Indian friend had left her. The hotel, though in Lancashire, was confusingly called The Essex; Contracts at the BBC, wanting her (through her dentist) for Replay, wearily fed "SX" into the computer.

Younger actors, great men and women, came to see the not at all faded figure of music-hall history. Everyone plied him for stories. Everyone wanted to hear him sing. Everyone wanted to see his act as the Flying Coat Hook ("It's all done with suction," said the old man, wearing something like a doubled plumber's plunger on his head and leaping off a bookcase to land quivering on the opposite wall). Few noticed that meals depended not on room service but on a hotel employee in a private kitchen, where the crusts were cut off wafer sandwiches for the sake of the old actor's teeth. The guests vaguely expected foie gras and perhaps a Grand Marnier soufflé, but grace reigned. One or two turned around and took in the presence of an unidentifiable but obviously close confidante with a cloud of fine pale hair. More raucously in attendance, there was the old actor's very young second wife, who racked him with references to boyfriends and interrupted his stories with complaints that she had heard them before. Cheek in the old man's cheerful tradition was brought by the attendance of a sumptuously bossy young nurse wearing, so far as theatrically engendered vision went, nothing much of import aside from a tight starched belt, a short-skirted uniform dress, and a cap like the frill round a cupcake. She was called Nelly, at least by her patient.

"Nelly, catch," said the old man, throwing an apple to the nurse, who fielded it with a high-heeled foot. "No, between your flippers, dear."

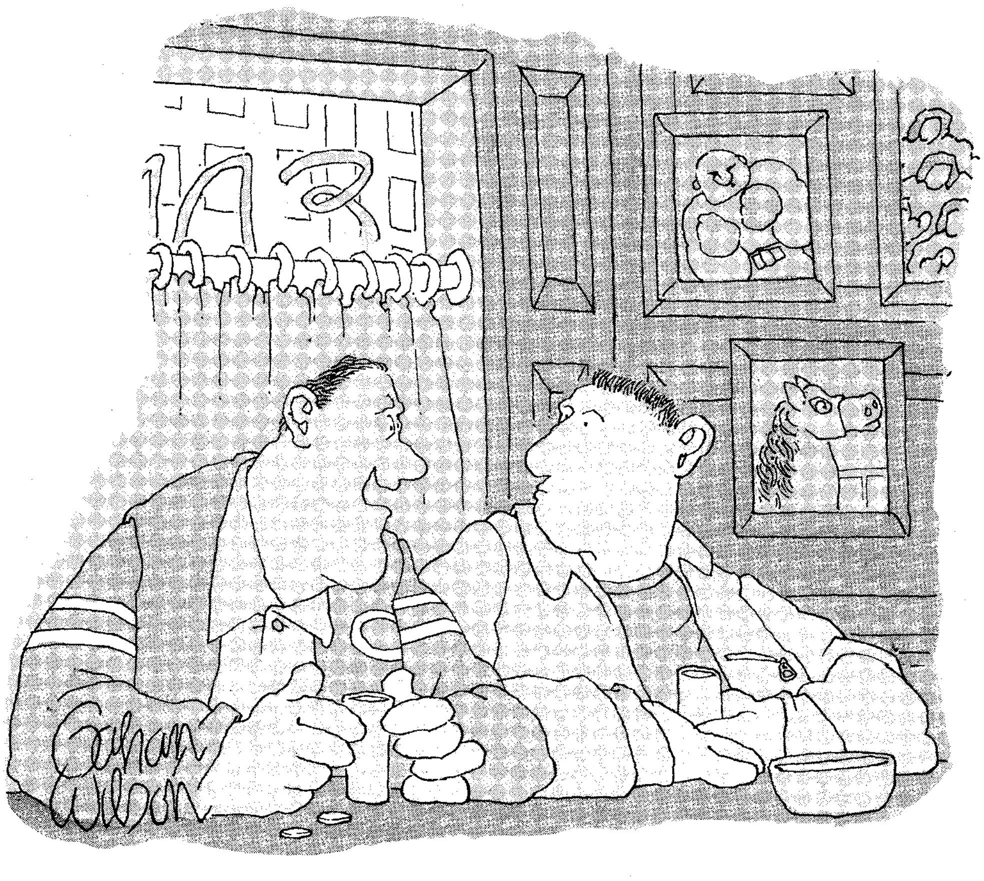
The young wife got up and lifted a telephone receiver to order a single helping of Beluga caviar and a white rose and hurry.

"Dear, you're the only beautiful girl I've ever known who could slam up a receiver." The old man picked up a banana and said into it softly, "And an order of alabaster on the side and don't forget the manna." The nurse put a thermometer into his mouth and he took it out to say, "Dear, look up manna and be quick about it. And then look her up and down and ask her to come over."

Crystal made a move to the stalled girl-wife and said something. No one noticed. The wife looked round to make sure of seeming unprompted and then shouted to the nurse, "This is Manna. If you're the answering service, ring room service and tell them to hold the alabaster and tell my husband Frank's incensed and he'd better send over Myrrh." The guests groaned with enjoyment. The old man blinked at her twice in esteem.

The nurse removed the banana and began again with the thermometer after the actor had finished a pretense of a fruity love wrangle with his wife. The nurse's part seemed to onlookers to be much like that of the girl in a circus act who keeps audiences' nerves on edge but unfrayed while athletes are on the flying trapeze. Showgirl legs and sequins definitely had their place in the vocabulary of the enjoyable, so far as Crystal had observed. Custodian to wonderments before the colors faded—that was her business in the world at the rare moments when she stood back to survey her life so far. "A very beadle to a humorous sigh" came into her mind clear and strong. Whose absent phrase had carried? Cusp, far away, linked to her as closely as anyone, had possibly just thought it?

—Penelope Gilliatt



"Do you mind if I use yet another sports analogy?"

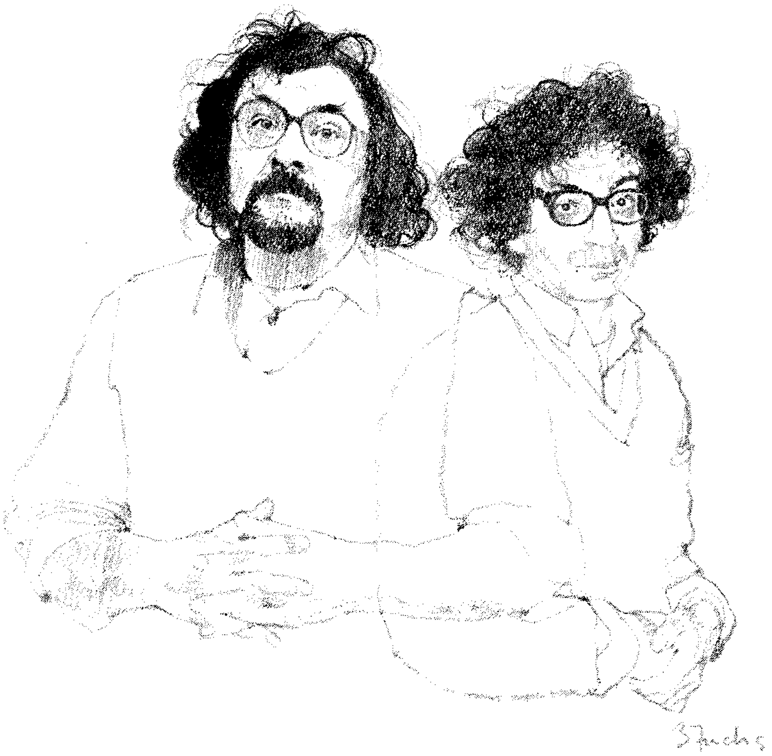
•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE IMPORT-EXPORT SCENE

[*Label on a packing crate*]
IKEA
Design and Quality
IKEA of Sweden
Made in
Yugoslavia

PROFILES

PARTNERS



TWO guys I wanted very much to like me are the Russian conceptual artists Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid. Vitaly Komar is heavyset, with horn-rimmed glasses and dark Tartar curls and a smile sparked with gold dental work. At doorways, with a brief and accurate bow he allows his companions to go first. He is a veteran of one year's service in the Soviet Army, where he painted signs and posters and hundreds of portraits of Nikita Khrushchev. Sometimes, for fun, he clasps his hands over his knit vest, fills his eyes with spurious warmth, and imitates a Russian policeman saying, "Dear citizens, *hhhhhow* can I *hhhhhelp* you?"

His partner, Alexander Melamid (the two began working in collaboration in 1965), is thin, and stands with an athlete's slope. His hair and the frames of his glasses are thick and black; his hair looks slightly electrified. He is forty-one years old, and Komar is forty-three. When Melamid is calm, he keeps his hands in the pockets of his pants or of his tan raincoat and gestures occasionally with his elbows. When he is excited, his hands fly from his pockets and fill the air, and his face is all mobility. In the presence of a woman he considers extremely beautiful, his eyes may shutter at the overload; he looks, he turns away, he puts one arm out to break his fall, he clutches at his heart. Shock is an emotion he registers in detail: "When we first emigrated to America, in 1978, I went to Times Square and I saw the movie 'Superman.' I thought it was just going to be about a big man. But when he started to *fly!* [Eyebrows shoot up.] When he made time reverse by flying so fast around the earth the other way! [Head jerks back.] My *God!* [Eyes widen.] In Russia, there is nothing like this—there is nobody . . . [Hands beseech Heaven.] In Russia, we have never seen—*incredible!* [Jaw falls to chest.]"

Komar: Yes, and since that movie have been two more, "Superman II" and "Superman III." So now we are in America eight years, or three Supermen.

Komar and Melamid have painted in classrooms in Moscow; in the streets of a village called Brodke, about two hundred miles from Moscow, where people stood watching them and spitting sunflower seeds; in apartments in the neighborhood of Moscow University; in a summer camp for children outside the city; in a studio in the Women's League for Israel building, on Ibn Gabirol Street, in Jerusalem, where the smell of their spray painting made the birds in the courtyard fall silent; and in an apartment on East Thirty-third Street, in New York. Today, Komar lives in that apartment, and Melamid lives with his wife of seventeen years and two children in Jersey City, and they work in a loft on Canal Street upstairs from a Chinese theatrical club. Often, they paint Stalin: Stalin by a red-draped desk smiling as he receives a book for revision from the muse of history, Stalin peering through red curtains in the back window of a limousine, Stalin seated at a red-plush-upholstered dressing table staring at himself in the mirror. Or they sculpt busts of Stalin, or paint themselves in red neckerchiefs and short pants blowing gold trumpets and saluting a bust of Stalin, or they sketch scenes in an unlikely Soviet ballet, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in a white marshal's uniform dancing the part of Stalin. (Komar: "Stalin and Baryshnikov look much alike, you know, especially in eyes and eyebrows.") Or they paint a young couple making love standing up beneath a portrait of Stalin on the day his death was announced, or they paint Ronald Reagan as a centaur, or they paint two Bolsheviks with a red flag and a lantern examining a tiny dinosaur baring its teeth at them in the snow, or they photograph themselves in togas and lighted halos going on a descent into Hell, or they make a hypothetical American propaganda poster of a black man and a white man in tuxedos standing next to each other and smiling above the legend "Black and White, Brothers Forever," or (lately) they make multipanelled works on wood or big canvases, using oil paints, acrylics, pencil, colored inks, newspaper scraps, aluminum bowls, New Coke bottles, working clocks, artificial flowers, and black plastic rats. Some people who view their work laugh out loud occasionally; others do not. At a group show in Brooklyn several years ago, a part-time radio-talk-show host and professed Trotskyite slashed their full-length, life-size portrait of Hitler, because, he said, he was "tired of irony."

KOMAR: Alex and I met in morgue. It was at Institute for Physical Culture, in Moscow, where we went for anatomy drawing.

Melamid: We were born in the

same hospital, we grew up in same neighborhood, but we met only in art school.

Komar: We went to art school at the Stroganov Institute. It was named after same guy as beef Stroganov.

Melamid: The full, official name was the M.V.Kh.P.U. (ex-Stroganov) Institute. Originally, it was named Stroganov, after the count who founded it for teaching trades of making silver and china for czar's court, then the Bolsheviks got rid of that decadent name when they converted it to modernist design workshop, then Stalin decided to put the name back when he wanted to return to ancient patriotic traditions after the war. M.V.Kh.P.U. stands for something like Moscow Highest Artist Industry for Art and Design.

Komar: For anatomy drawing, we went on Wednesdays in evening to Institute for Physical Culture, which is for athletes and teachers of athletes, because they had a morgue with many bodies floating in formaldehyde in tanks. You see, by Marxist theory if you want to develop your muscles you have to study whole structure of body. If you wish to draw muscles, it is the same. To class often we brought bottle of good Armenian cognac.

Melamid: It was bad cognac.

Komar: Alex, no, you are thinking of that bad cognac in Brighton Beach.

Melamid: Darlink, what am I telling you? I remember that cognac and it was bad cognac. Terrible.

Komar: And so we would sit with other students in the dim light in between the tanks with the bodies and drink this good cognac and discuss philosophy, politics, sex, and the problems of life and death.

Melamid: Pollock was a heavy drinker. We knew this. We wished to be like the heavy-drinking artists we admired. We came from very strict families, so much of our art education was learning to drink.

Komar: In Russia, just Jewish people don't drink. You can recognize them easily on the street, because they're not drunk. In art school, we became assimilated Jews.

Melamid: In art school, we learned to drink with eating. We learned that with vodka you need a strong snack like herring to punch you back into this world.

Komar: Art education is free in Russia. There are just maybe five schools. Twenty people like to get for one place. Artists are one of the best-salary people in Russia, and the Union of Artists is the best well-paying union. Also, art school is the only place in Russia you could look at naked girls.

Melamid: There were lots of models. They belonged to a union for naked models, which was part of Cultural Workers' Union. It was a union like here—seniority was important for power. So some of the models were very old. Drawing them was supposed to be good to work on big forms. They always remembered posing for famous Russian artists of twenties. Some of the models were men also, of course. Some of the girls were young and lost and trying to find what to do with their lives. By Russian standards, to pose naked it needs a lot of guts. Some were so beautiful.

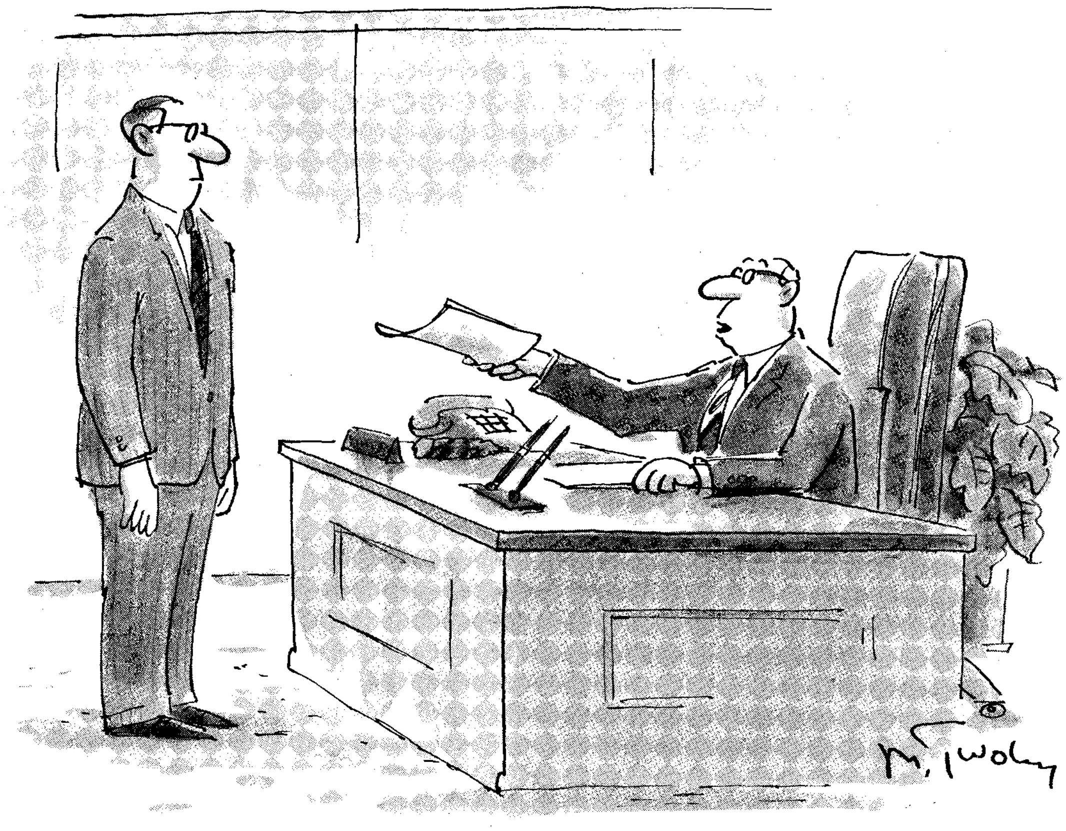
Komar: Each day of academical drawing was four hours. About eight people working at the time. Outside was winter, dark. Inside was light, electric fireplace, everybody sweat, model with sweat. There was a lot of noise. Russian pencil makes special noise, like young pig.

Melamid: Art school was eight hours of classes in the day, then homework. If you were a few minutes late in the morning, they would mark on a list. Some days were for drawing, some for painting, some for art history, some for sculpture. There were many statues in the Institute. I had a small income by betting people that I can jump up on the head of a stone girl, or on a big head of Apollo.

Komar: Alex was good jumper.

Melamid: Art school was the beginning of everything.

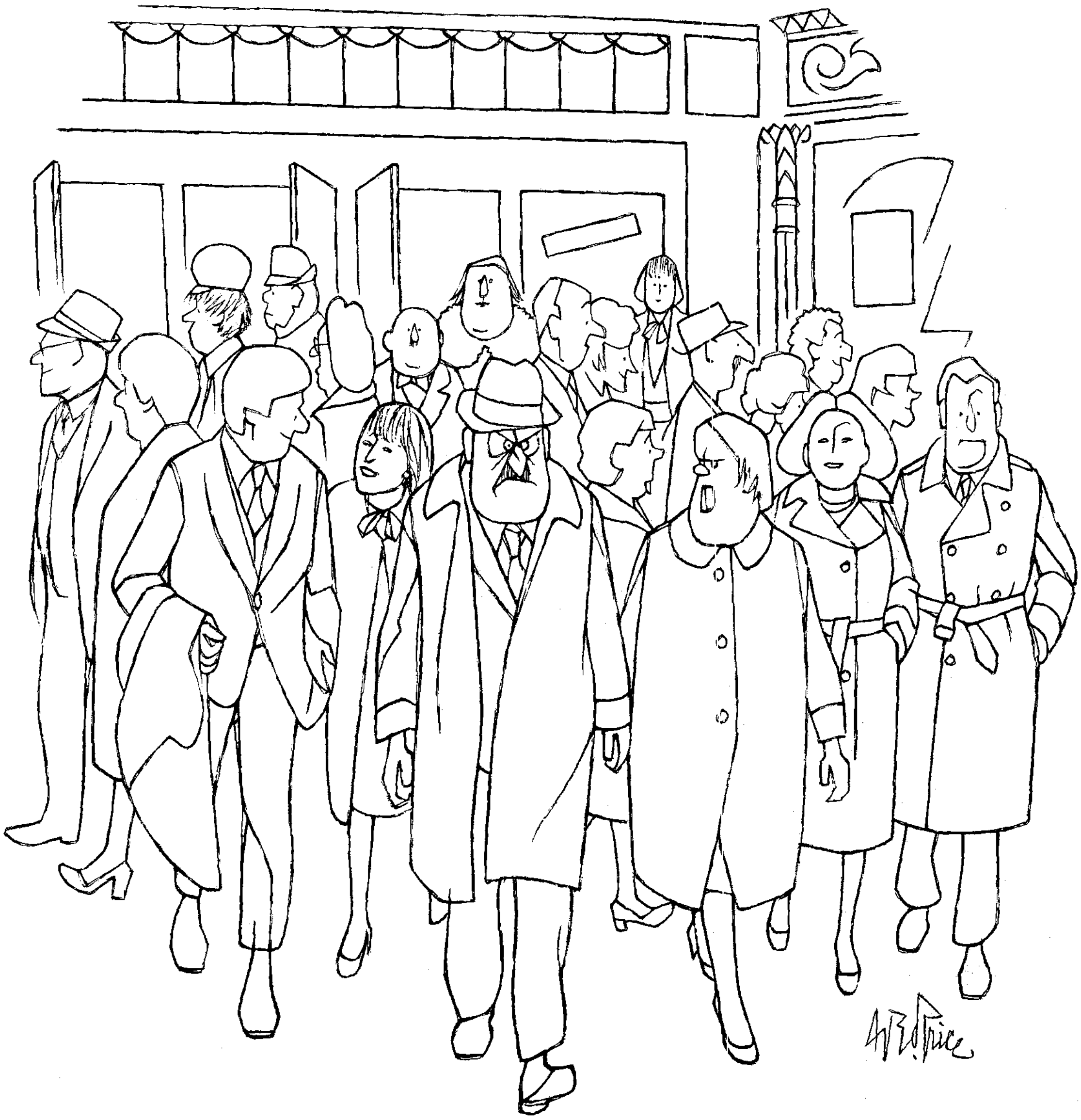
SUMMERS, Komar and Melamid went to museums, tutored kids preparing for the art-school exams in August, took vacations in the country or at the Baltic or in the Crimea, painted landscapes, read, sketched, and worked at jobs they chose from lists at the Stroganov Institute. One summer, for a



"*Run like a bunny and give this to Peterson.*"

change, they went to a small rural village and stayed with the mother of Melamid's nurse, Shura, for a month while they made abstract paintings outdoors in the village. The village, Brodke, had dirt roads, and houses with dirt floors, and electrical service only half restored since the war. It had recently erected its first outhouse. Every morning, Shura's mother would bring them big tumblers of home-brewed beet liquor warm from the still. The villagers who spat sunflower seeds while watching them paint wondered whether their abstract pictures might represent real objects, ones as yet unseen in Brodke.

Aside from tutoring, nothing Komar and Melamid did during the summers made them any money. The idea of students earning spending money at summer jobs does not exist in Russia. Like other students, Komar and Melamid got spending money from their parents. Komar's mother is a lawyer, and his father is a retired military lawyer. Melamid's mother is a book translator, and his father (also retired) is an expert on Germany who served in many high-ranking government positions.



"Let's face it. The only play you've ever liked is 'Stop the World—I Want to Get Off.' "

• •

Komar and Melamid graduated from the Stroganov Institute in 1967. Komar did free-lance work, like restoring church murals for the Department of Architecture. Melamid got a job as a stage designer in Arkhangel'sk, six hundred and twenty miles north of Moscow, near the White Sea. Komar worked part-time for the Artistic Foundation, which markets arts and crafts, and began teaching night classes in art to children. Melamid left Arkhangel'sk, came back to Moscow, and also found a teaching job. They both designed book and record jackets, free-lance, and they both married. Occasionally, they worked on paintings together, and in 1967 they took part in a joint exhibition at the Blue Bird Café, which had shown non-mainstream artists since the Khrushchev era. In 1972, they both got jobs at a summer camp for the children of aircraft-industry workers, where they did decorative paintings of Lenin and of youth heroes like Pavlik Morozov, the boy who loved his country so much that he turned his own father in to the police. One day, when the director of the camp was showing them around the grounds, suddenly he stopped, stamped his foot, smiled, and said, "Here he is!" Then he told them that they were standing above a big concrete bust of Stalin that had been buried there years before, and that many busts and statues of Stalin too big to destroy were buried all over the country.

The nostalgia for childhood that for people my age in America is scattered among hundreds of images, from Mamie Eisenhower to Milton Berle to Davy Crockett, is for Komar and Melamid more concentrated.

MELAMID: In our childhood time, each schoolroom, each bank, each lobby of apartment building, each barbershop had a picture or statue of Stalin. Then, one morning, he was gone—everything associated with Stalin was bad. In the summer at the camp with the buried Stalin, we suddenly

"I got it from Irma Shingle that the Casselberrys are no longer living together."

• •

realized that Stalin art isn't good art, it's not bad art, it's just art. This was a great discovery for us, like a sun came down. There were no taboos anymore.

KOMAR: This discovery was incredible, it was like a laser. Through Stalin art, we could re-create our childhood. We could paint Socialist Realism like a guy who is doing this just for his soul. After summer at the youth camp, I went back to Moscow and painted a portrait of my then wife and me holding up a child in heroic family pose like on May Day poster, and Alex did portrait of his father just like the image of Lenin on Soviet medal.

MELAMID: When we met again in the fall and saw these pictures, we decided, that's it—we should work only together.

LIKE many other young art-school graduates, Komar and Melamid belonged to the youth section of the Moscow Union of Artists. Youth-section affiliates are candidates for full membership in the union. There are a number of unions for artists and designers in Russia, but the Moscow Union of Artists is important, because of its good government contacts (which get its artists big government commissions), and also because it controls most of the gallery space in Moscow. A tradition or rule of the union was that it would hold a group show of the work of youth-section members at least once a year. The events in Czechoslovakia in 1968 produced a comic catchphrase among people in Moscow. "When the Czechs said they were going to have 'Socialism with a human face,' everybody thought that was the funniest thing they'd ever heard," Melamid said. "We all went around saying 'with a human face' about everything—'dinner with a human face,' 'breakfast with a human face,' 'falling in the snow with a human face.' "

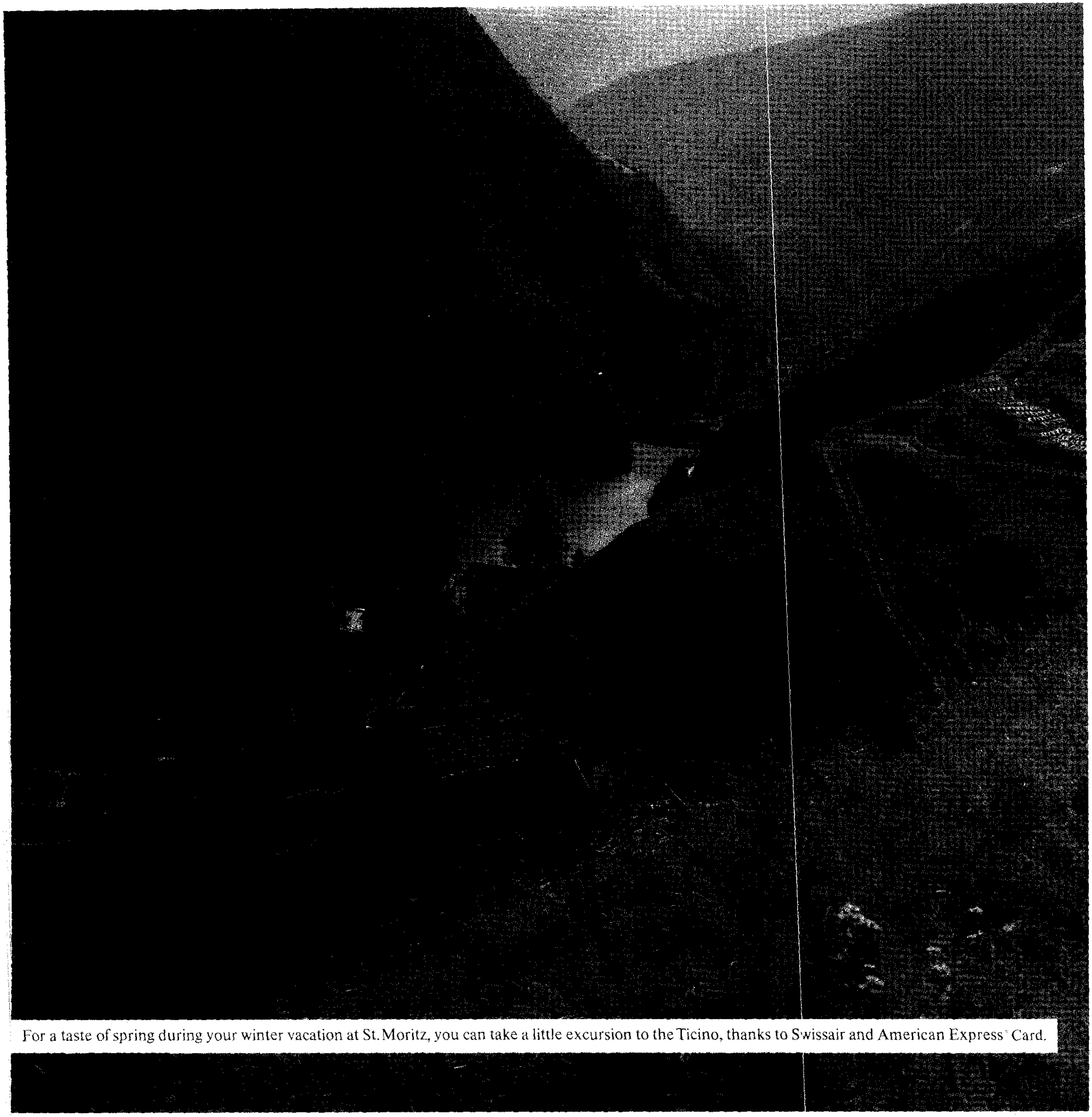
The events in Czechoslovakia also produced an almost complete shutdown in the world of Russian art. After the Soviet invasion, the Moscow Union of Artists stopped having group shows for its youth-section members, and official permission to exhibit new art work was just about impossible to get.

Komar and Melamid had a high-ranking friend in the union, and in 1968 he told them about one-night, invitation-only shows that the union sometimes held for young artists. Komar and Melamid applied for one of these shows, and then, like most other Russian artists, spent the following years without any public viewing of their work at all. In 1973, their friend told them that the union was at last ready to consider their application. They took their pictures in a taxi to the union building, set them up in a conference room, and then waited outside. Through the closed door they heard somebody say, "If we discuss every question like this, we'll be here all night." Finally, a union official came out and told them they would be informed of the decision by mail, and they picked up their paintings and left.

Weeks passed with no word, so they went back to the union offices. They talked to one secretary and then another, but nobody knew anything about their case. Eventually, a secretary told them to wait and she would go find out. When she returned, she told them that permission for their show had been refused. She said that, furthermore, they were now no longer members of the youth section of the Moscow Union of Artists. She told them that they had been kicked out for "distortion of Soviet reality and deviation from the principles of Socialist Realism."

In Stalin's time, this was a crime

In Switzerland, right after you enjoy the thrills of winter, you can enjoy the rites of spring.



For a taste of spring during your winter vacation at St. Moritz, you can take a little excursion to the Ticino, thanks to Swissair and American Express® Card.

Elevations in Switzerland vary from 643 to 15,203 feet above sea level. Which offers vacationers opportunities few other places can match, from March to May.

For a change of pace from skiing, ice-skating, sledding or après ski, go south. In no time at all you'll be dining under the sun. Shopping at an open-air market. Rowing upon a placid lake.

And since it's off-season, you can shop in a relaxed, unhurried style.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

American Express Cards®

Just board the Palm Express for a scenic bus and rail journey from St. Moritz south to Ascona. Then westward to Zermatt.

With the American Express Card you can pay for this journey as easily as you pay for your flight with Swissair from New York, Chicago, Boston, or Anchorage to Zurich or Geneva.

So even if you have trouble choosing between winter and spring, choose the American Express Card. It's the Card for all seasons.

For further information ask for the Alpine Experience. Call:
800 221-6644 Continental U.S.A.
800 522-6906 New York State
718 995-4400 New York City

swissair

that could have sent them to Siberia. In the early thirties, people say, it was what caused all the members of the Ukrainian nationalist art movement to be shot. Melamid thinks that, in fact, since Stalin's time nobody else had ever been charged with it. (Komar disagrees.) From their friend in the union they learned that their expulsion had been the last patriotic act of the retiring director of the youth section, who was dying of cancer. Komar recalled that when they were picking up the paintings this man had asked him several questions about a work that included an image of Laika, the famous dog that was lost in a Sputnik mission in 1957. Their friend told them that the whole thing was a lot of nonsense, and that if they were quiet for a year or two and didn't make a scandal they would surely be readmitted.

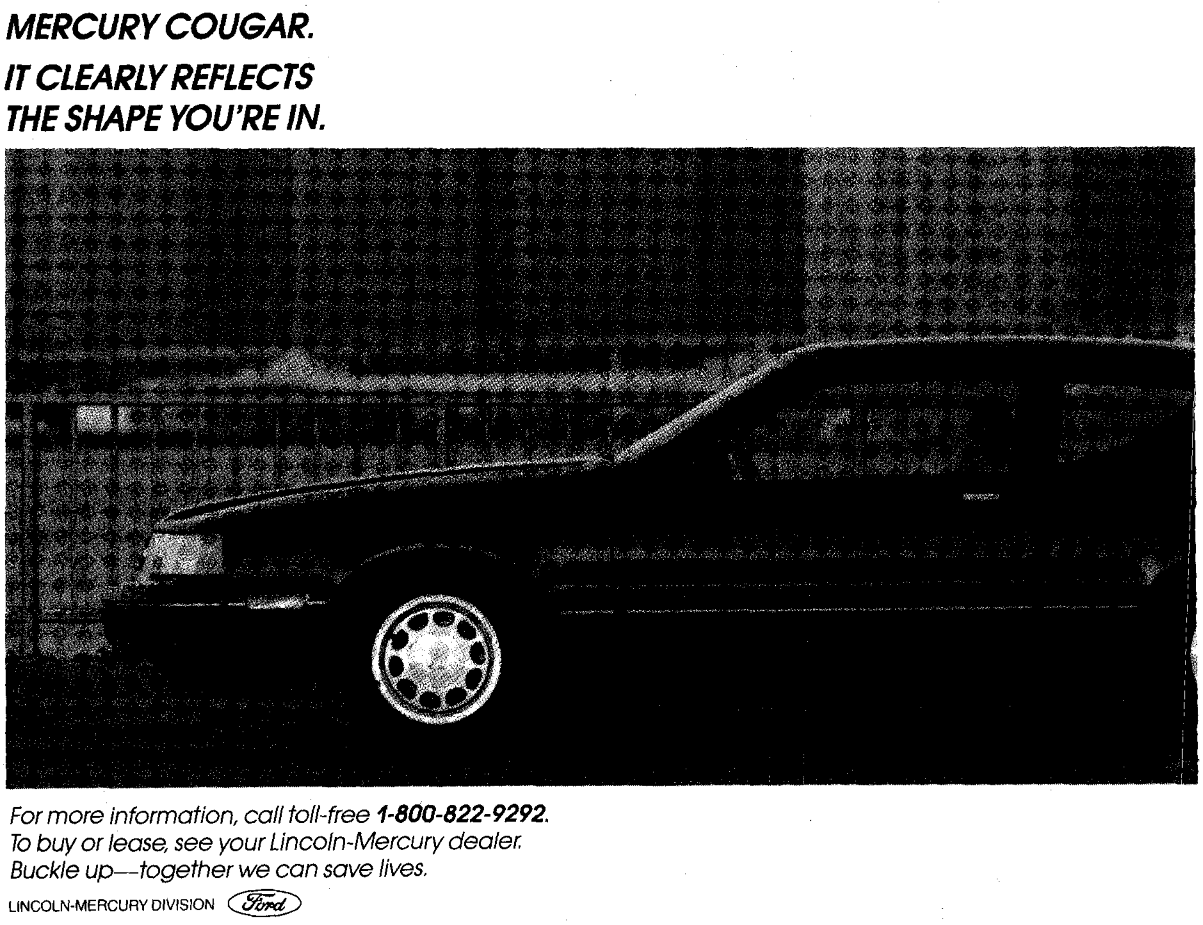
By 1973, with no place else to go, artists in Moscow had started to show their work in private apartments. After Komar and Melamid were kicked out of the youth section, they set up some of their paintings in a friend's apartment, where people came on Saturdays to look and talk and drink tea and vodka. On an evening of performance art that ended when neighbors called the police, Komar and Melamid met a painter named Oscar Rabine, who was known for his uncheerful landscapes and his Pop-art-inspired pictures of rubles. For some time, Rabine had been trying different ways to get permission for a show, and now he had the idea of holding it outdoors. Almost no one in Russia had ever heard of an outdoor art show. Komar and Melamid encouraged Rabine in this idea and told him they would join any outdoor art show he could arrange. They went with him on one of his many trips to Moscow City Hall, where he gave aides to Mayor Vladimir F. Promyslov a list of possible sites. Months and months went by. The officials Rabine met with advised him strongly against having any outdoor show, but none would give him a definite, written no. In September of 1974, the artists informed the City Council that they planned to hold the show in two weeks if there were no objections. The City Council asked that the Communist Party Committee of the Union of Artists review the pictures; the artists brought the pictures in; an official finally told them that their exhibition would be neither encouraged nor forbidden. Rabine typed up and mailed invitations for a show on Sunday, September 15th, at an open field in a neighborhood called Belyayevo, on the southwestern edge of the city. Komar and Melamid invited people over the phone.

From the roof of a high-rise apartment building near the field, Komar and Melamid checked out the site on the evening before the show. The next morning, carrying their paintings, they went by the building for another look. Now there was a man on the roof with a movie camera aimed at the field; another man followed them from the building.

Komar: I did not believe government would really do something *against our show. It was beginning of* time of détente. In Moscow was then just open an office of Chase Manhattan Bank. Also, we invite many foreign correspondents we know. We thought because of them our show would be protect.

Melamid: What we were doing was so legal. If the government wished to stop this show, we gave them already many opportunities.

Komar: Our psychological condition at the time is hard to describe. Art in Moscow was like a dead sea. We


MERCURY COUGAR.
IT CLEARLY REFLECTS
THE SHAPE YOU'RE IN.
For more information, call toll-free 1-800-822-9292.
To buy or lease, see your Lincoln-Mercury dealer.
Buckle up—together we can save lives.
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

were tired of fear. Even in prison would be better.

Melamid: This field in Belyayevo is a big, big place. No such thing in Russia exists like these cut-grass lawns in America. A drizzle was falling, so everywhere was mud.

Komar: Mud in Russia looks like mustard.

Melamid: Two or three hundred people were walking everywhere on this field. We could not see other artists. We took out our pictures to show them, but right away this guy came up to us and said, "No no no! We are going to be planting trees here!"

Komar: At first, was no police with uniforms. Was only volunteer helpers of police. I think many was students from police academy. They all had same blue raincoat.

Melamid: Many of these guys everywhere. Also, there was a big truck with young trees, dump trucks with soil, a truck for washing streets, and a bulldozer—

Komar: At least two bulldozers, perhaps four, with Moscow city colors—yellow and blue.

Melamid: We moved to another spot and tried again to put up our pictures. Again, these guys told us they were planting trees there, also. So again we moved. We were like robots going automatically by inertia. All day, I do not think one artist ever could show one picture.

Komar: This volunteer helper of police grab from me our double self-portrait as Marx and Lenin. I took neutral position: If you like my picture, have it. Then he put it on ground with his foot to broke it. I said to him, "That's not regular picture—it's masterpiece." That stopped him for a minute. He didn't want to be barbarian.

Melamid: Then it was such a mess. People were shouting, "Help, they are beating us!" The machine for washing streets was spraying at people, they were running all over. All the trucks were making noise with their loud motors.

Komar: We were very lucky. They did it good for us. Without these machines, there would be no event. It was very nice—like elephants in circus.

Melamid: Everybody was being beaten. A very nice girl from A.P. news, they punched her camera. A man from the New York *Times*, they chipped his tooth—

Komar: I was pushed down to mud. I was like Gandhi, I not resist. I saw our friend from the Union of Artists—he was there at beginning. Then he disappeared. Another friend, they put him into a car head down. First his legs was like this [two fingers straight up], then they beat him and his legs was [two fingers curled].

Melamid: This idea to look at pictures outdoors was exciting for people. Always were coming new, new, and new people. Suddenly there was in front of me this guy—this guy with a hat. He was very close to me but didn't touch me. He pointed his finger at me and said, "There's an artist—take him!"

Komar: I remember you was blue and shaked.

Melamid: My *God!* He was short guy, with him were two big guys. Where can I go? Where can I hide? I'm in the middle of a field. I ran—

Komar: He ran right to horizon.

Melamid: I'm running, my glasses were in water so I couldn't see properly what I am doing, I'm looking down at my dirty feet, these professional fighters of evil chasing me—

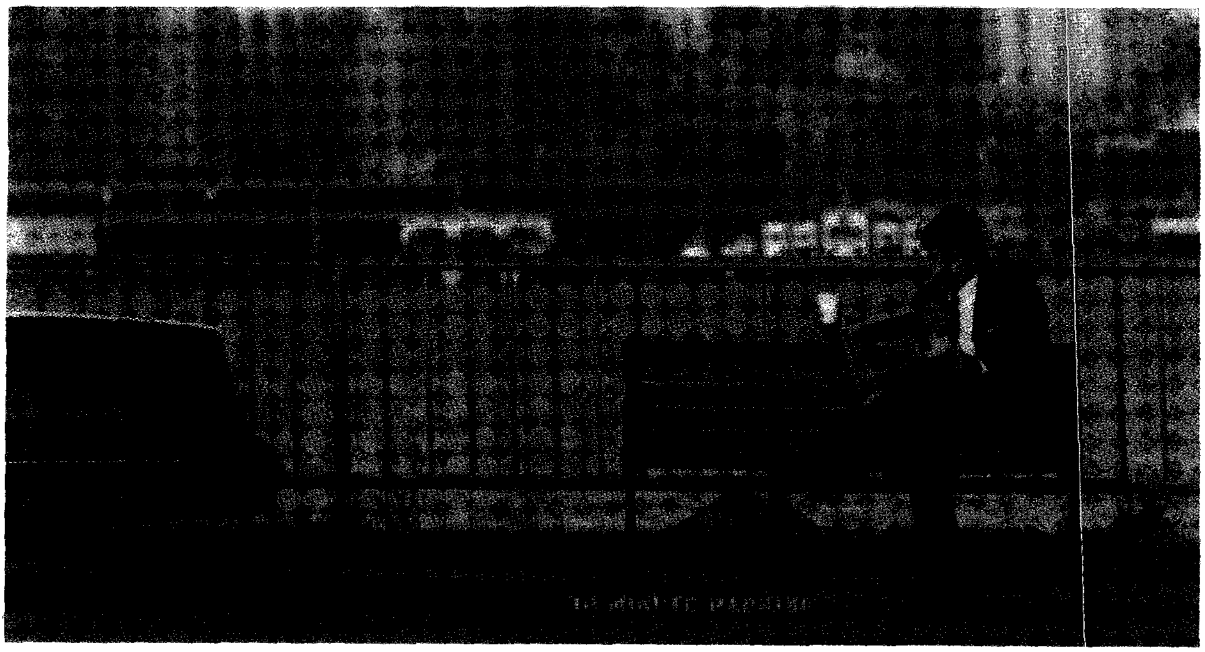
Komar: They look like gangsters in American movie.

Melamid: Finally, I ran into a crowd of people, the guys said, "Ahh

Success is setting goals, then achieving them. Our goal for Mercury Cougar was not only to improve the way it looks, but also the way it moves.

We've done it with aerodynamic headlamps, flush-mounted glass and subtle design changes. Together, these improvements have significantly increased Cougar's aerodynamic efficiency.

Mercury Cougar. A driving achievement. For those who are driven to achieve.



MERCURY. THE SHAPE YOU WANT TO BE IN.

—let him go,” and stopped chasing.

Komar: One of my students came, he was bent over. He said, “Somebody kick me in stomach.” I saw more of my students, and I gave them two of our pictures so they could keep for later. Then I went to Metro station and got on train.

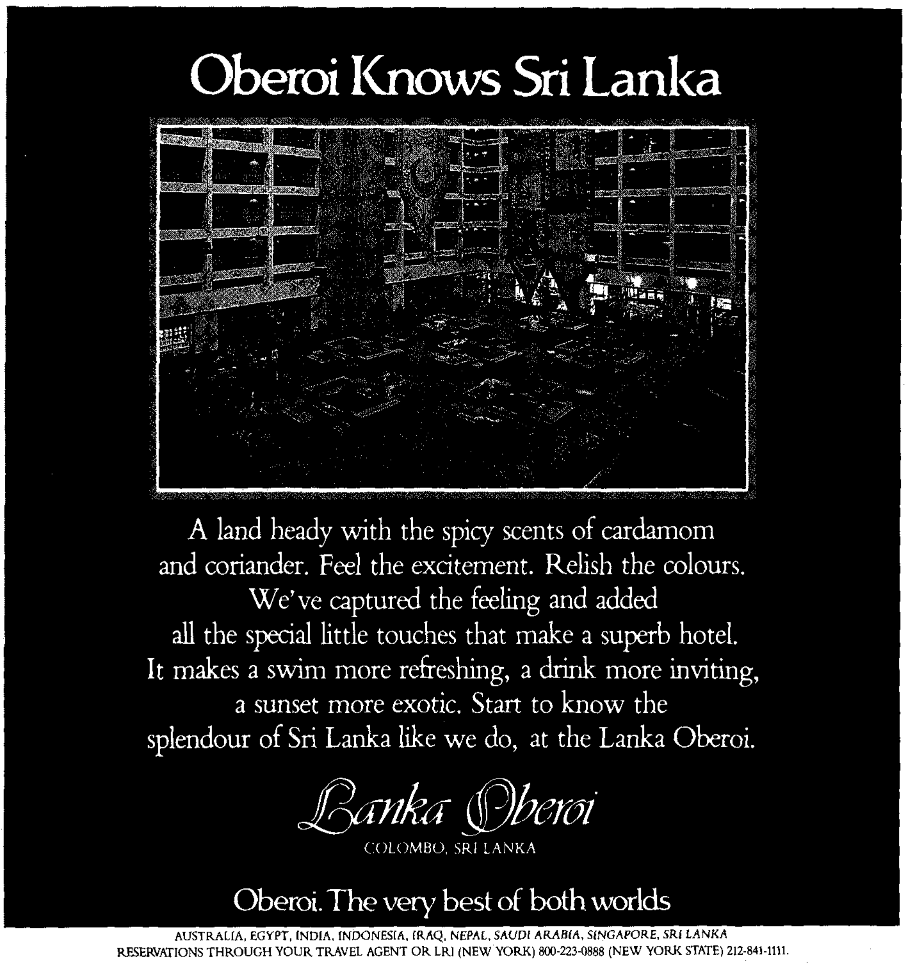
Melamid: I saw a bulldozer start to follow artists around to try to run over them. The driver was drunk or maybe he was just excited. I heard some pictures were put in a fire. Quickly I, too, ran to the Metro. We all met after at Rabine apartment. It was a hard decision what to do. We were all shouting. “We’ll write a letter to—to the whole city of Moscow! To—to all the whole Russian people! To the, the—whole people of all the *world!*”

Komar: We drank many litres of vodka.

Melamid: But this moment when he pointed—“Take him!” My God, it was a moment in my life.

The next day, a front-page headline in the *Times* read, “RUSSIANS DISRUPT MODERN ART SHOW WITH BULLDOZERS.” Five artists, including Oscar Rabine, were arrested, tried for petty hooliganism in a district court, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen-day prison terms or twenty-ruble fines, or both. A man in a trenchcoat who identified himself as a local Communist Party official explained to a Western correspondent that the exhibition was broken up because workers had volunteered to build a “park of culture” at the site. The official gave his name as Ivan Ivanovich Ivanov. News of the show instantly filled airwaves and columns of type all around the world; people called it the Bulldozer Show. The American government sent Moscow a protest over the beating of American correspondents. Tass called the show a “cheap provocation.” Norman Reid, the director of London’s Tate Gallery, cancelled a scheduled visit to Moscow. Gus Hall, the leader of the American Communist Party, said, “One would have to be totally naïve not to see the fine hand of the C.I.A. in this affair.” In its Russian-language broadcast heard in Moscow, the BBC commented that many Western governments would be happy to use bulldozers against modernism but only the Soviet Union actually did.

Within a few days, all the arrested artists were freed. Rabine did not pay his fine. He announced that the group would hold the same show again two weeks from the original date, on Sun-

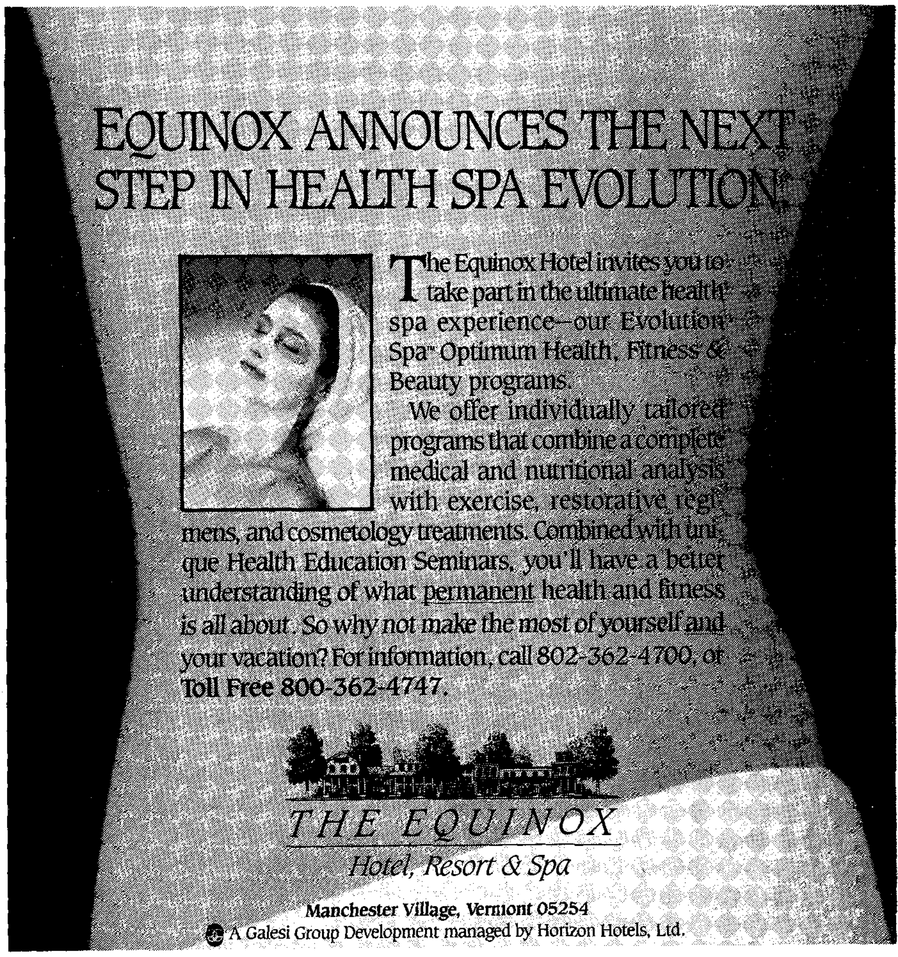

Oberoi Knows Sri Lanka

A land heady with the spicy scents of cardamom
and coriander. Feel the excitement. Relish the colours.
We've captured the feeling and added
all the special little touches that make a superb hotel.
It makes a swim more refreshing, a drink more inviting,
a sunset more exotic. Start to know the
splendour of Sri Lanka like we do, at the Lanka Oberoi.

Lanka Oberoi
COLOMBO, SRI LANKA

Oberoi. The very best of both worlds

AUSTRALIA, EGYPT, INDIA, INDONESIA, IRAQ, NEPAL, SAUDI ARABIA, SINGAPORE, SRI LANKA
RESERVATIONS THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR LRI (NEW YORK) 800-223-0888 (NEW YORK STATE) 212-841-1111.


EQUINOX ANNOUNCES THE NEXT STEP IN HEALTH SPA EVOLUTION.

The Equinox Hotel invites you to take part in the ultimate health spa experience—our Evolution Spa™ Optimum Health, Fitness & Beauty programs.

We offer individually tailored programs that combine a complete medical and nutritional analysis with exercise, restorative regimens, and cosmetology treatments. Combined with unique Health Education Seminars, you'll have a better understanding of what permanent health and fitness is all about. So why not make the most of yourself and your vacation? For information, call 802-362-4700, or Toll Free 800-362-4747.

THE EQUINOX
Hotel, Resort & Spa
Manchester Village, Vermont 05254
A Galesi Group Development managed by Horizon Hotels, Ltd.

day, September 29th. (Melamid: "This was absolutely smart decision by Rabine. When he pronounced this words, everybody knew it was right.") The Deputy Director of the Culture Administration of the Moscow City Council said the artists could have their show Saturday the twenty-eighth. The artists said that too many people had to work on Saturdays. The city authorities agreed to Sunday. Two days before the show, they announced that only "acquaintances" of the artists would be allowed to attend. This time, the show was in Izmailovsky Park, on the northeastern edge of the city. Sixty-five artists showed hundreds of canvases, with no censorship. More than ten thousand people came. Parents held children aloft to see paintings over the crowds. A French diplomat called the event a Russian Woodstock. The canvases included works of Surrealism, religious symbolism, abstract art, Pop art, and psychedelic art. The poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko was there. Plainclothes police made movies of the spectators.

Komar: It was beautiful sunny day. I was walking around seeing friends, talking, breathing—it was fantastic day. It was day of freedom.

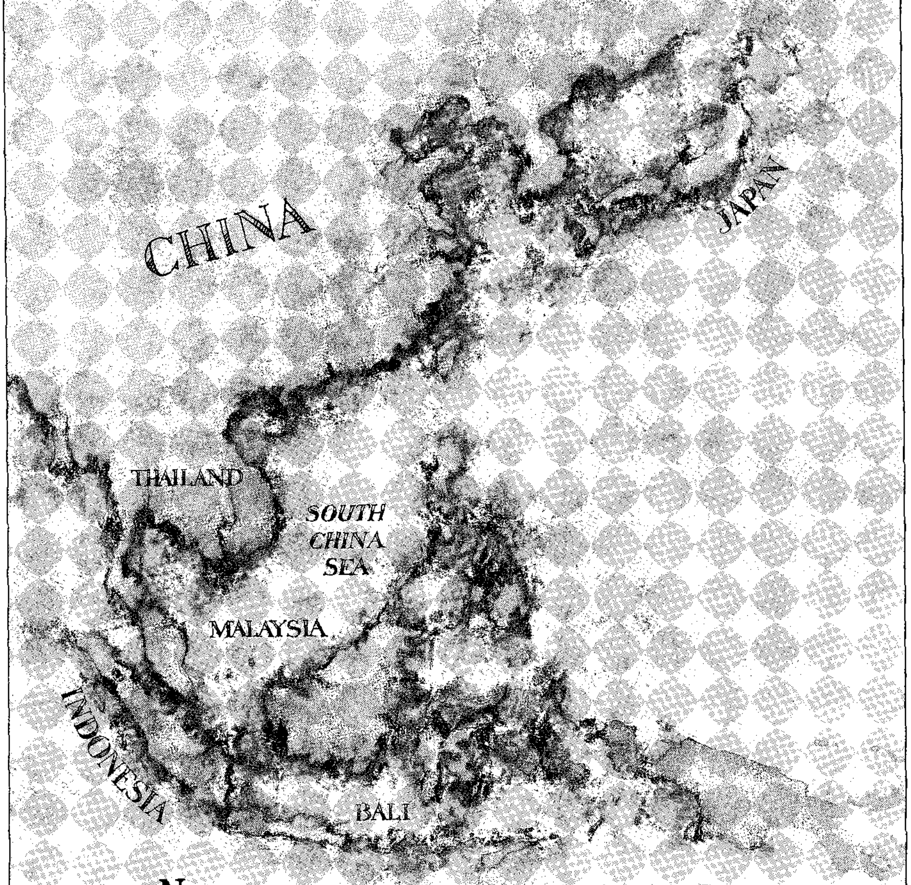
Melamid: Both shows were so unusual, so outrageous in Russian life. For an hour, we lived like real Western people.

Komar: After, was many shows. A lot of public went to shows—in Moscow, in Leningrad, in official galleries, in apartments. Imagine—our friend saw permission letter for show with signature of Kosygin himself. Everybody else was afraid to sign. Government let artists paint and show everything but religion and pornography. But they never said they was sorry for past.

Melamid: Bulldozer Show was something happened never before and never again. It was enormously embarrassing for government. It was most famous art show ever in Russia. It changed the society.

Boris N. Chaplin, first secretary of the Moscow district that included the Belyayevo field, was dismissed by the Communist Party in October; later, he was appointed Ambassador to North Vietnam. Certain artists, Oscar Rabine among them, were offered membership in the Moscow Union of Artists, and Alexander Glazer, a poet and art collector who often spoke for the artists, said that this was an attempt to divide the group. A painter who had done a many-headed portrait

This Land Is Our Land.



No one knows the enchanting lands of the Far East better than Pearl Cruises. We've been here longer than any other cruiseline. And unlike the others, we're here year round.

Our Bangkok, Bali & Beyond cruise explores the most exotic ports on earth. Our Great Cities of Asia cruise blends the best of Asia into one unforgettable voyage. And Pearl's China Explorers cruise calls at twice the number of ports others do.

For a free brochure, just see your travel agent or call our toll-free number.

NY6K1

Ship's Registry: Bahamas

Pearl's Far East

1(800) 537-9208. In California: (800) 632-7811.

Pearl Cruises, 1700 Montgomery Street, Suite 320, San Francisco, CA 94111

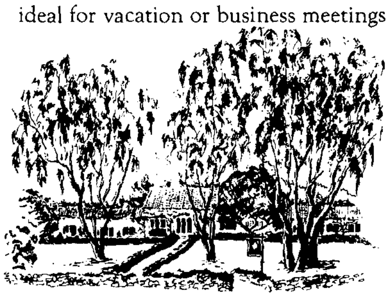
FREE CATALOG
HIGH QUALITY
CANES OF
ALL TYPES
Like this
stunning
Napoleon
Eagle

Standard heads plus unique heads in silver, brass, gold & wood. • Gadget canes • Flask canes • Lustrous hardwoods, blackthorns & costly exotics • World-wide sources
Send for your FREE catalog today.

GUARDIAN COLLECTION
Dept. 29
Caller Box 310
Kansas City, Mo. 64141

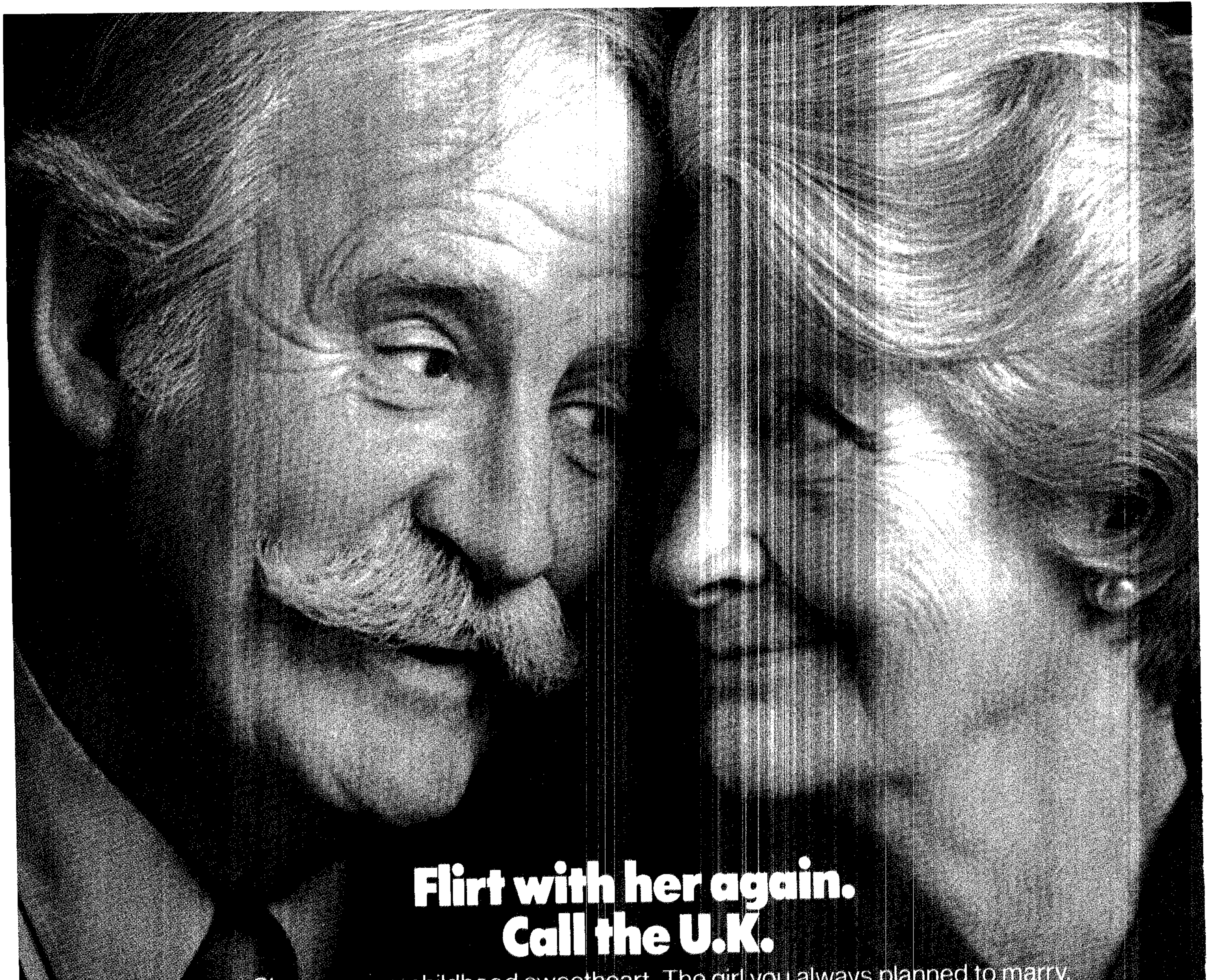
Winter Solace

Just north of San Diego, an elegant resort ideal for vacation or business meetings



The Inn

P.O. Box 869, Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067
(619) 756-1131



Flirt with her again. Call the U.K.

She was your childhood sweetheart. The girl you always planned to marry. And even though so much has happened since you left London, since you left her side, you still carry a torch for her. Why not give her a call and tell her?

With AT&T International Long Distance Service, it costs less than you'd think to stay close. So go ahead. **Reach out and touch someone.®**

UNITED KINGDOM	Economy 6pm–7am	Discount 1pm–6pm	Standard 7am–1pm
AVERAGE COST PER MINUTE FOR A 10-MINUTE CALL*	**$ .64**	$ .80	$1.06

*Average cost per minute varies depending on the length of the call. First minute costs more; additional minutes cost less. All prices are for calls dialed direct from anywhere in the continental U.S. during the hours listed. Add 3% federal excise tax and applicable state surcharges. Call our toll-free number for further information or if you'd like to receive an AT&T international rates brochure **1 800 874-4000.** © 1986 AT&T

AT&T

The right choice.

of Christ was taken to a mental hospital; another painter was evicted from his apartment; another was called up for Army Reserve duty; officials told another they would crush him like a grain of sand. In December, Alexander Glazer was arrested, and soon afterward was told he could leave the country. City authorities gave permission for a show of unofficial art at the Exhibition of Economic Achievements, but the site they offered was the Beekeeping Pavilion, which held only a few dozen people, and long lines had to wait outside in subzero weather. On the first anniversary of the Bulldozer Show, three artists, two without paintings, showed up at the Belyayevo field. The government allowed another indoor show in Moscow, and then took forty-one paintings from the walls the night before the opening. Oscar Rabine was detained, released, arrested, released again. Yevgeny Rukhin, a tall and lively painter who had been arrested at Belyayevo, died in a fire in his studio.

Alexander Goldfarb, a cousin of Melamid's who had emigrated to Israel, knew somebody who knew Ronald Feldman, a New York art dealer. Goldfarb described Komar and Melamid's work to Feldman, and he gave them a show in his gallery, on East Seventy-fourth Street, in 1976, and it was a hit. Some of the paintings were smuggled from Russia disguised as tablecloths. Early in 1977, Komar and Melamid applied for visas to leave Russia, and were then kicked out of the Graphic Artists' Organization, which they had belonged to for several years. In October, Melamid and his wife and children were allowed to emigrate to Israel; Komar, still in Moscow, said that now they would try to collaborate through telepathy. Eight weeks later, Komar was also allowed to leave. They built an aluminum temple on Mt. Zion and burned a Russian suitcase.

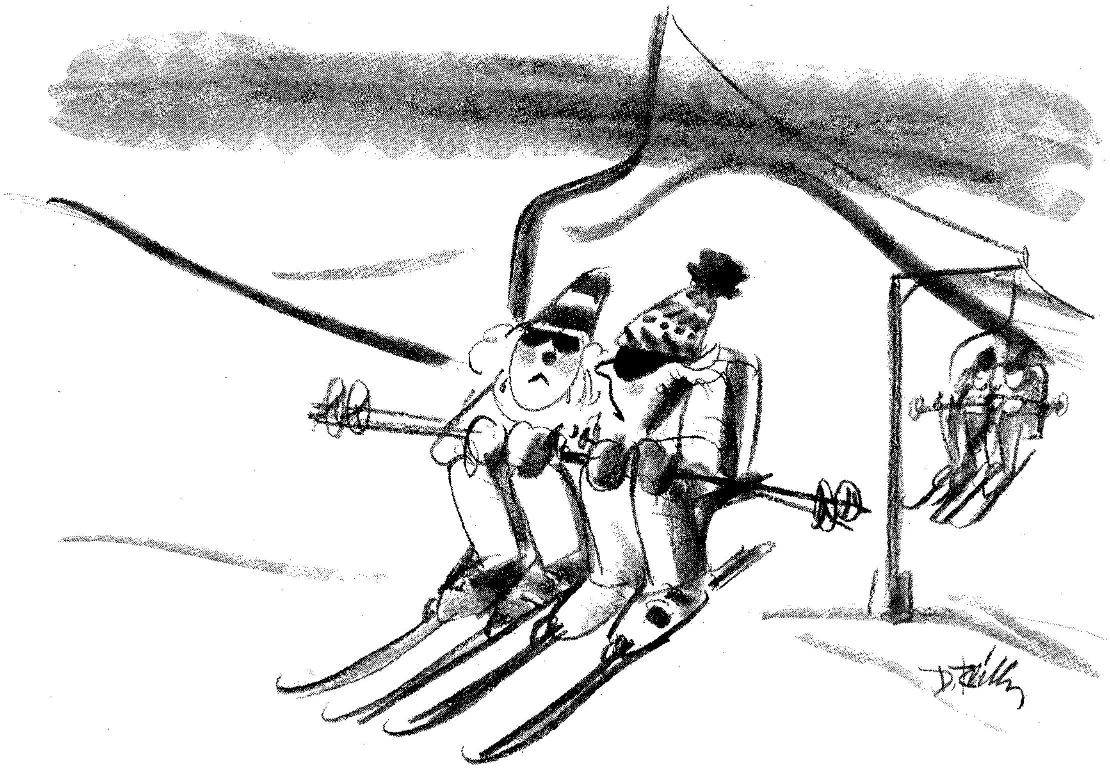
KOMAR: Today, every artist from Bulldozer Show is either emigrate or dead.

MELAMID: And our friends who come to visit us from Moscow tell us there are no trees growing in Belyayevo field to this day.

KOMAR and Melamid like New York, but they like London, Amsterdam, and Paris better. Jerusalem, where they lived less than a year, they did not like at all. Haarlem, Holland, is perhaps their favorite all-around city, and they think of moving there or to Amsterdam someday. In Paris, Komar enjoys walking under the trees on the avenues with beautiful women, and Melamid likes drinking and talking and staying up all night and getting dizzier and dizzier. As they were telling me how great Paris is, they said that a show of their pictures was opening in a week at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs there, and that they were going for a ten-day visit, and that I should come, too. To their surprise, I did.

The passport photographer in Grand Central, to get me to smile, said, "Say 'Money.'" And, in fact, when the desk clerk at my hotel showed me how to unlock the minibar in my room and I handed him a bill I picked at random from my new wad of francs he gave me the biggest smile I saw the whole time I was in France. I sat on the edge of the bed and drank a Sunshine-brand orange drink from the minibar. Then I called Komar and Melamid at the Hôtel de la Tamise, where they said they'd be staying, and Komar answered and said, "Ah. Yes." Then he and a Parisian friend, Irina Markowicz, a student of psychology at the Sorbonne, met me at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de l'Échelle, and Komar said he didn't know where Melamid was, and we went to a coffee shop and Irina ordered for us, and then we walked around and Komar pointed to a woman with an Alsatian that was better dressed than he and I put together and he said, "In Paris, dogs are different." Then we went into the Café des Deux Magots, and I told Komar that James Joyce supposedly used to go there and Komar said, "I remember like it was now," and then we walked by a statue of Danton and Komar said that when he was a kid much of the candy in Russia was named after revolutionaries and he remembered especially Marat chocolates, and then we went to a restaurant for lunch and Irina said she had a friend who wouldn't drink wine no matter how good if it was served in the wrong kind of glass and I said that I sometimes drank wine from a glass from the bathroom with a little toothpaste crescent on the rim and Irina's hand fluttered to her breast and she said, "Ohhh, *horrible!*" Then Komar told Irina that he was sure Russia would one day take over all of Europe,

"You the potted meatball?"



"He's cogent, but that's about it."

• •

and that having Europe would be good for Russia, and would civilize it. Then we walked around some more, and Komar said that once when he was in Novosibirsk, when he was in the Army, he lit a cigarette on the street and immediately drew a crowd of about thirty people all holding unlit cigarettes, because there was a shortage of matches in Novosibirsk at the time. Then we went looking for a café that Komar said had a bronze plaque at a table saying that Lenin used to eat there, but we couldn't find it. Then Komar left, and Irina showed me around the Pompidou Center art museum, and she asked me to explain what Thanksgiving dinner was in America, and why the American astronauts in the space shuttle had appeared on television eating it out of plastic packs, and then Irina had to go to a cello lesson, and I went to my hotel and hit the minibar, and then I went out to dinner and had rabbit stew, and then I went back to the hotel and went to sleep.

That was Thursday. For the next several days, I was kind of in shock. I had never spent more than an afternoon in a foreign country before. I thought I spoke French, but I don't. The times I called Komar and Melamid at their hotel, they were out. I sat in my hotel room and read the Paris phone book; it lists a Marcel Proust and eight Henri Rousseaus. At night, there were almost no sirens or horns, only bells on the hour. I went to see buildings where Turgenev and Hemingway and Gertrude Stein used to live, and I walked on Avenue MacMahon, named for Marshal MacMahon, a military hero of the era of Louis-Napoleon and a fifth-great-grandfather of the "Tonight Show" 's Ed McMahon.

Finally, I ran into Komar one afternoon in the Louvre. He was holding his camera sideways to photograph a Le Brun drawing, and I waited until he was through and went up and said hi, and he said, "Hello, how are you doink?" I gave him a lively account of the things I'd seen, and he said that I should go in a couple of hours to the gallery where their show was, because he and Melamid were meeting some French journalists there. So I left the museum, and somebody said, "Now, where's Mother got to?," and I did a few errands, and I went to the gallery. Komar and Melamid were just standing around. The journalists hadn't shown up. A hard rain fell and then stopped. So Melamid and I went to look again for the café with the Lenin plaque, and Komar said he'd meet us later at a show at the Museum of Modern Art, and men in blue jumpsuits with long brooms were helping small pieces of trash along the flow of rainwater in the gutters, and Melamid said that New York was becoming such an impossible place to live that soon all New York artists would have to decide between moving to Paris and moving to New Jersey. I told Melamid that I thought Paris was like a girl who wouldn't go out with me in high school. Rush hour started, and Frenchmen sped past us in little cars with their knees up around their ears. We crossed the Pont Alexandre III, dedicated by Czar Nicholas II and his wife in 1896, and Melamid said that since the Gorbachev anti-alcoholism campaign all the Soviet Russians in Paris had stopped drinking, which was spooky. The street lights on the bridge had columns with lions' feet at the base and, above, coats of arms, and oak leaves, and cattails, and more leaves. Tangled in the wrought-iron work of one of the lights were many yards of brown vinyl audio tape, which fluttered out over the river in the wind.

We never found the café with the Lenin plaque, and when we tried to walk to the Museum of Modern Art we went a long way in the wrong direction by accident, and at a taxi stand Melamid stepped in front of a woman holding a stroller, packages, and a crying baby, and I said, "But she's got a kid," and Melamid said, "So, I've got two kids," but we let her have the taxi and we took the next one, and the museum was full of people and the smell of wine-sweat and cologne, and you needed an invitation, which Melamid somehow got, and then he ran into his friends Michael Burdzelian, a Russian-émigré artist who lives in Paris, and Michael Gurvitch, a vacationing solid-state physicist who works for Bell Laboratories in New Jersey. The new works of art on display were empty picture frames hanging on a wall, and live women in funnel hats doing a minimal dance, and partly crushed automobile windshields arranged on a floor, and at each work Melamid exclaimed, "Ohhh—is pretty. Is so *pretty!*" We never found Komar, and on the way

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

JEWELS IN THE SUN

EASTERN AND
AMERICAN EXPRESS INVITE
YOU TO EXPLORE THE
MANY FACETS OF
THE SPARKLING CARIBBEAN
AMERICAN EXPRESS
AMERICAN EXPRESS
Cards
WE'RE THE ONE
TO THE SUN
EASTERN

CARIBBEAN

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Experience the Caribbean.
Sun. Sand. Sparkling shores.
Island magic.
And you.

Go ahead. Pack it in.

The days have grown dull, the temperature's taken a nosedive, and you're looking at three months of watching your breath freeze.

It's not that way all over. Just a few hours away, there's a place where gentle breezes caress warm blue waters, where the ocean is sprinkled with islands that glitter like jewels in the sun.

The Caribbean awaits.

Eastern and American Express make it easy and affordable. To bask in the Bahamas. Scuba in Aruba. Or tan in Trinidad.

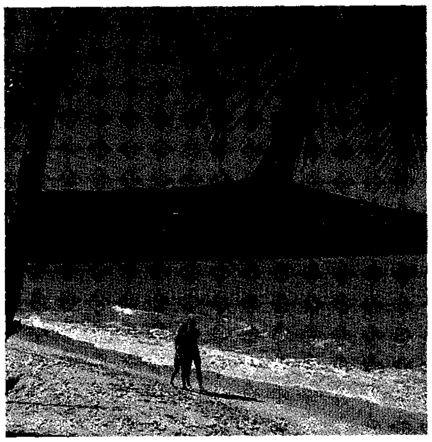
There are 16 Caribbean hideaways to choose from. You decide where you want to go and what to pack. Eastern and American Express will take care of the rest.

ADVENTURE AWAITS

Whether you're flying from New York, Boston, Philadelphia or any of the more than 70 North American cities Eastern services to the islands, you'll be flying with the airline most often associated with the Caribbean.

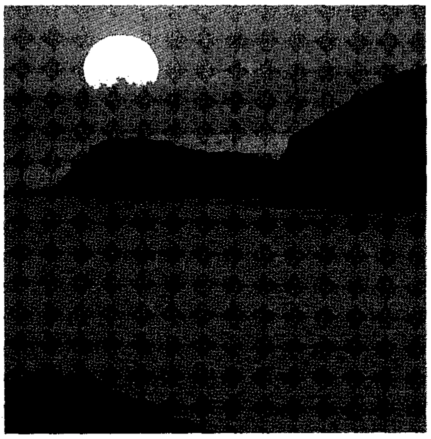
Why? Eastern has been flying to the Caribbean for more than 40 years. Now, they've got more planes to more places than ever before. You'll find more convenient departure and arrival times, more available seats and more flights from a dozen major U.S. cities.

Eastern recommends you use the American Express® Card when making all your travel arrangements. The American Express Card is the card rated best by frequent business flyers for travel and entertainment.



Use the Card to pay for your *airline tickets, hotels, car rental,* shopping and dining—practically everything.

So put your excuses in cold storage and start packing. You're going to the Caribbean for a vacation you won't forget.



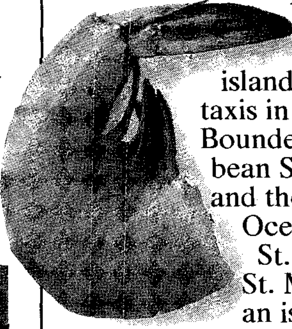
ST. MAARTEN/ ST. MARTIN: TWO CULTURES, TWICE AS EXOTIC

One of the most alluring islands in the West Indies, this half-Dutch, half-French tropic resort offers 37 square miles of grassy knolls, rolling hills and sun-bleached shores. Coconut trees and native blossoms flourish along the sandy coast, from Oyster Pond to Cupecoy Beach and everywhere in between.

While this international isle is shared by two European countries, there are no customs or *immigration formalities to hinder* travel between the French and Dutch seascapes. Most islanders speak English as well as their native tongue, Papiamento, a musical mix of Portuguese, English French, Dutch and African.

Vacationers will find the cuisine on St. Maarten/St. Martin a diverse as its cultures, with a dash of Caribbean flavor added in for good measure. Exotic creations influenced by Indonesian Rijsttafe and French Creole have made their way from the mainland into this island's very capable kitchens.

If it's an enviable tan you're after, this is the place to get it.



There are almos as many beach fronts on this island as there are taxis in New York. Bounded by the Caribbean Sea to the West and the Atlantic Ocean to the East, St. Maarten/ St. Martin is indee an island paradise.

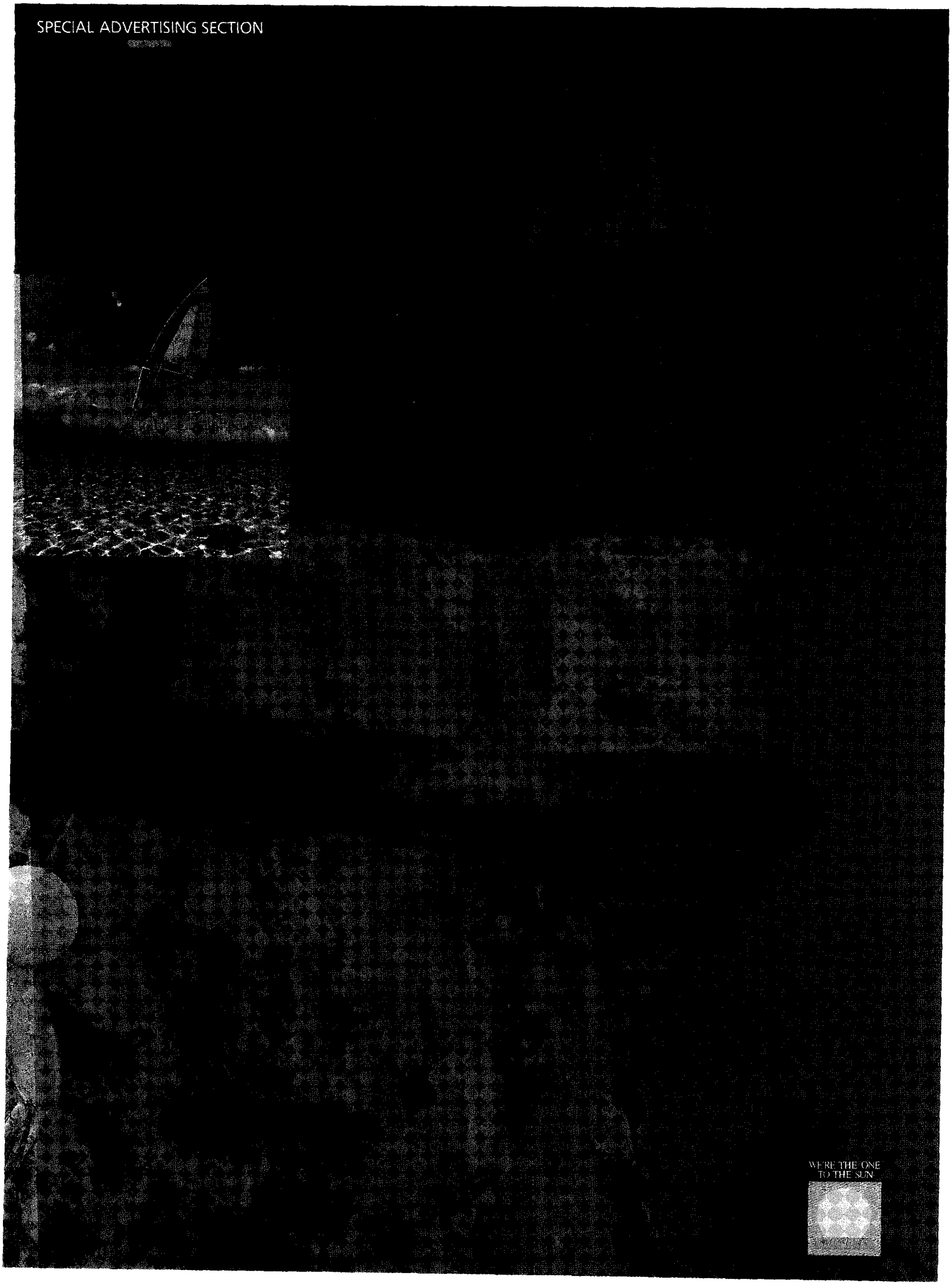
SCUBA IN ARUBA: SALTWATER SERENADE

If you believe in mermaids, you know this is the place they call home.

Aruba's warm turquoise water are the trademark of this Netherlands Antilles island. There are fe places in the world as inviting to water sports fans as this country' southwestern shoreline.

Name your game and you'll fin it here. Snorkeling. Swimming. Fishing. Shelling. Sailing. More adventurous? Windsurf with the trade winds or jet-ski atop rippling saltwater waves.

AMERICAN EXPRESS


WE'RE THE ONE
TO THE SUN

EASTERN

Under the water, you'll find another paradise entirely. Divers glide through the clear Caribbean waters, scouring the sea floor for starfish and coral or exploring the remains of the *Antilla,* a German warship scuttled during World War II. Tropical fish add their color to a fantasyland where mermaids don't seem that unlikely, after all.

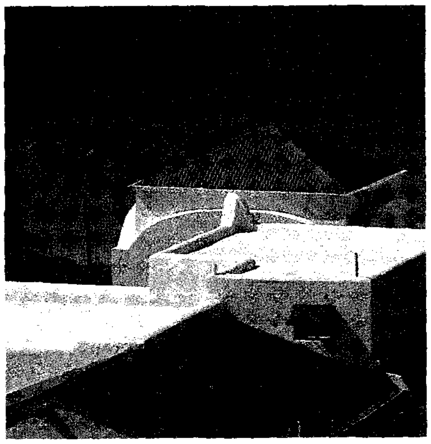
If water sports aren't your game, perhaps blackjack is. Most of the luxury hotels on the island house casinos. Whichever "sport" you choose, Aruba is a sure bet for an exciting winter getaway.

ST. THOMAS: A HARBOR OF HISTORY

Some 46,000 U.S. citizens call it home. In an earlier century, so did villains Captain Kidd and Blackbeard, the pirate.

St. Thomas, middle sister of the U.S. Virgin Islands, is rich with such romance and folklore. While it's sometimes difficult to sort historical fact from hysterical fiction, the colorful tales surrounding this bustling seaport keep the allure alive—and the tourists coming back.

Trading ships and billowing schooners have been replaced with sailboats, yachts and magnificent cruise ships. The harbor capital of Charlotte Amalie now bids welcome to vacationing families and honeymoon couples instead of Civil War blockade runners and European explorers. While the clientele has changed dramatically, the port remains a vibrant waterfront town.



More than half of the island's structures have stood proud among the capes and bays for the past 100 years. Others, like Fort Christian, which has served as a church, prison, courthouse and governor's residence, have weathered more than three centuries.

But despite its Old World charm, all is not old in St. Thomas. First-rate hotels, fashionable restaurants and shopping malls stretch from the shores back to Main Street for an interesting mix of old culture and new—the best of both worlds.

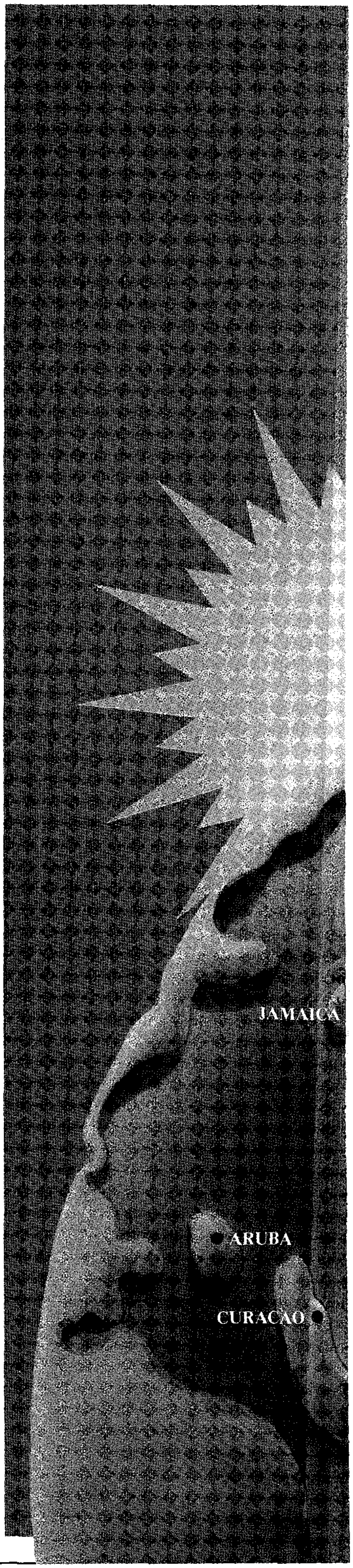
JAMAICA: ISLAND OF REGGAE AND ROMANCE

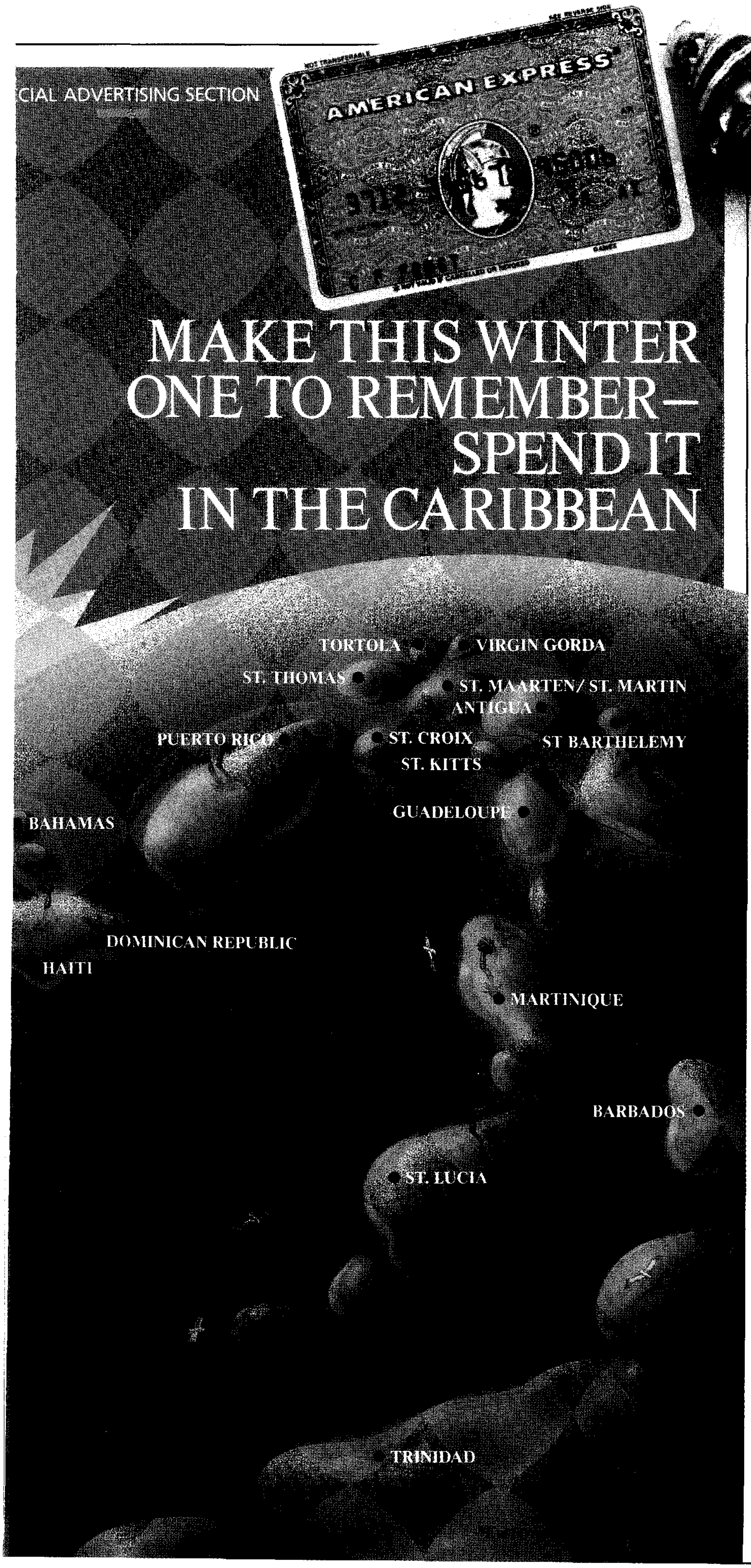
Most people don't think of agriculture or mining when they talk about Jamaica. But this rich oasis is more than a resort island. Its natural products—sugar cane, molasses, bananas, pimento, coffee, limestone, marble, alabaster and sandstone, to name a few—provide many nations with a wealth of precious foods and minerals.

But the Jamaica most visitors have come to know and love is indeed one surrounded by romance, legend, music, sun and surf. The third largest of the Caribbean islands, this tropical paradise offers everything in large quantities: 200 miles of snow-white beaches, an intricate network of rivers and streams, and mist-covered mountains and hills that cover more than half the country.

Nestled above the northwest corner of the island is beautiful Montego Bay. Beachcombers and globe-trotters cavort along this coastal resort near the famous windswept Doctor's Cave.

If it's sights you're seeking, be sure to tour the Rose Hall Great House, a restored 18th-century plantation home. It's a beautiful




AMERICAN EXPRESS
TORTOLA
VIRGIN GORDA
ST. THOMAS
ST. MAARTEN/ ST. MARTIN
ANTIGUA
PUERTO RICO
ST. CROIX
ST BARTHELEMY
ST. KITTS
GUADELOUPE
BAHAMAS
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
HAITI
MARTINIQUE
BARBADOS
ST. LUCIA
TRINIDAD

MAKE THIS WINTER ONE TO REMEMBER– SPEND IT IN THE CARIBBEAN

ALWAYS TRAVEL WITH THE AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD.
This winter, plan your escape to the Caribbean with the American Express Card. Always travel with the American Express Card and you'll travel with the comfort of knowing that you have the many benefits and services of American Express.

Greater spending flexibility. With the American Express Card, you have greater spending flexibility because there is no preset spending limit. Purchases are approved based on your ability to pay as demonstrated by past spending, payment patterns and personal resources. Use the Card to pay for all your travel arrangements and virtually all your purchases while in the Caribbean.

Emergency Medical and Legal referrals. American Express' new Global Assist℠ service provides worldwide emergency referrals. Wherever your travel may take you, Cardmembers can call toll-free, 24 hours a day, to find local lawyers, doctors, dentists or other health professionals.

Worldwide acceptance. The American Express Card is welcome in many fine establishments in the Caribbean. As a matter of fact, American Express is the Official Card of Antigua and Barbuda, and St. Maarten.

Guaranteed personal check cashing, emergency card replacement and American Express® Travelers Cheque refunds. When you visit the islands, remember American Express Travel Service Offices* are there to help with guaranteed personal check cashing, emergency card replacement and American Express® Travelers Cheque refunds, as well as travel arrangements.

No other card can do all this, this fast, in as many places. The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.®

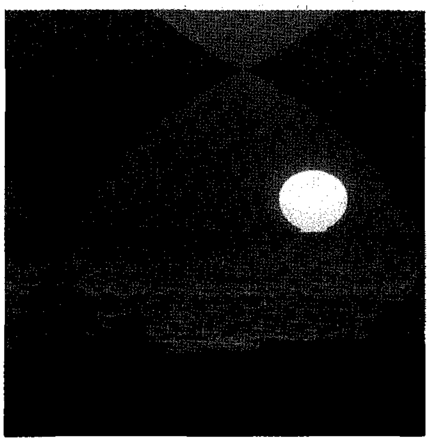
*Offices of American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc., its affiliates and representatives.

EASTERN

place to visit, but you wouldn't want to call it home. Local legend has it that, in earlier times, the lady of the house murdered her three husbands and her lover there. Guided tours are available, and you can even sup on the grounds—by the torture chamber.

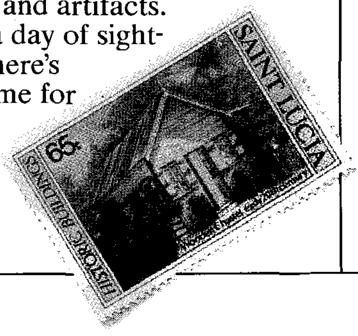
ANTIGUA: A BEACH A DAY KEEPS WINTER AWAY

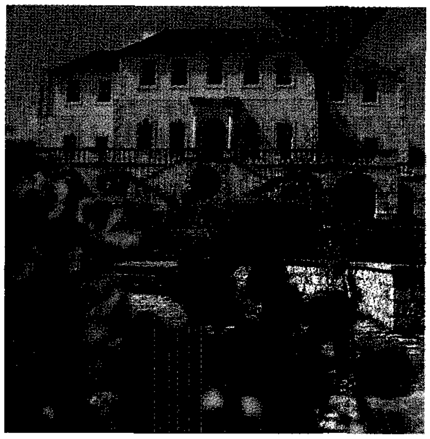
Islanders who make their home on Antigua, the largest of the British Leeward Islands, boast an enviable wealth of beaches—365 in all—a different one for each day of the year. Match the coral-colored shores with your moods: a pink playground for partying or picnicking, a warm white waterhole for wading or a balmy beige beachfront for, well, just about anything.



Sandy shores along the southern coast lead to the island's biggest attractions, English Harbor and Nelson's Dockyard, named for Admiral Lord Nelson and his British naval fleet. Skillful restorers have returned both living museums to the 18th century, allowing visitors to step back in time while exploring the shipyard buildings and artifacts.

After a day of sightseeing, there's always time for cricket, the West Indies' answer to baseball, and you'll find plenty of it here. As with calypso and limbo dancing, you can participate (how low can *you* limbo?) or just sit back and enjoy the show.





BARBADOS: INVITATION TO THE WEST INDIES

Flying fish and festivals. Fun and folklore. Healing waters and fertile soil. Welcome to Barbados.

Often called England's little sister, this West Indian island has drawn many European and American visitors to its sunbaked shores since the 1700s for more than just a vacation.

For many centuries—and some still believe—the warm sparkling waters near Bathsheba were said to have cleansed its bathers of all illness and disease.

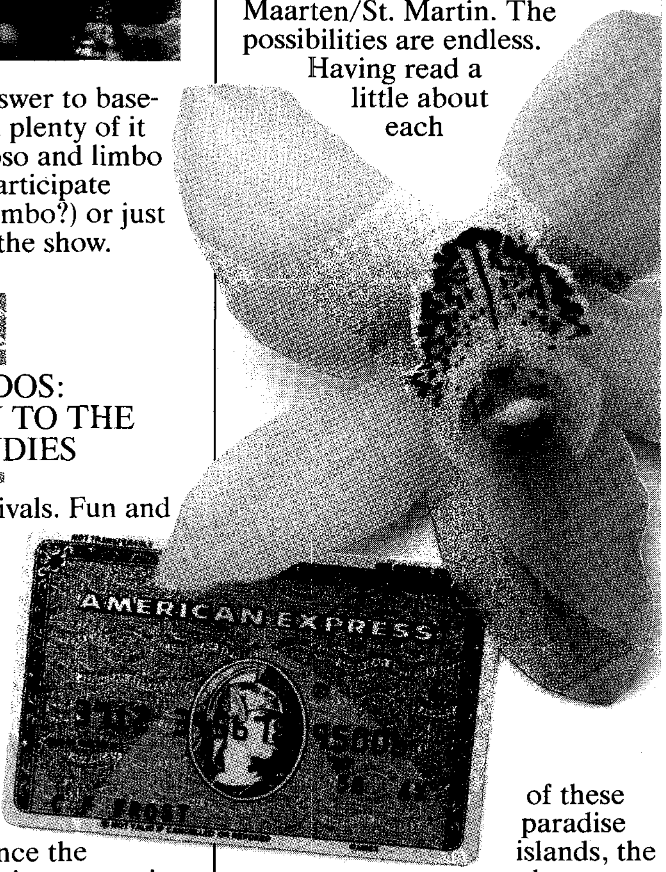
Although Barbados has been independent of British rule for the past 20 years, the island has retained much of its English heritage. Commonwealth holidays are celebrated here, and motorists hug left, not right. Even the legal system emulates that of the motherland.

Barbadians aren't all tea and crumpets, however. Natives love to entertain visitors with fire-eating demonstrations, folk dancing, Caribbean pop music, and carnivals and festivals. And to show how well the two cultures get along, they've even formed the Steel Band Orchestra, one of the best of its kind.

MAKE THIS WINTER ONE TO REMEMBER. SPEND IT IN THE CARIBBEAN

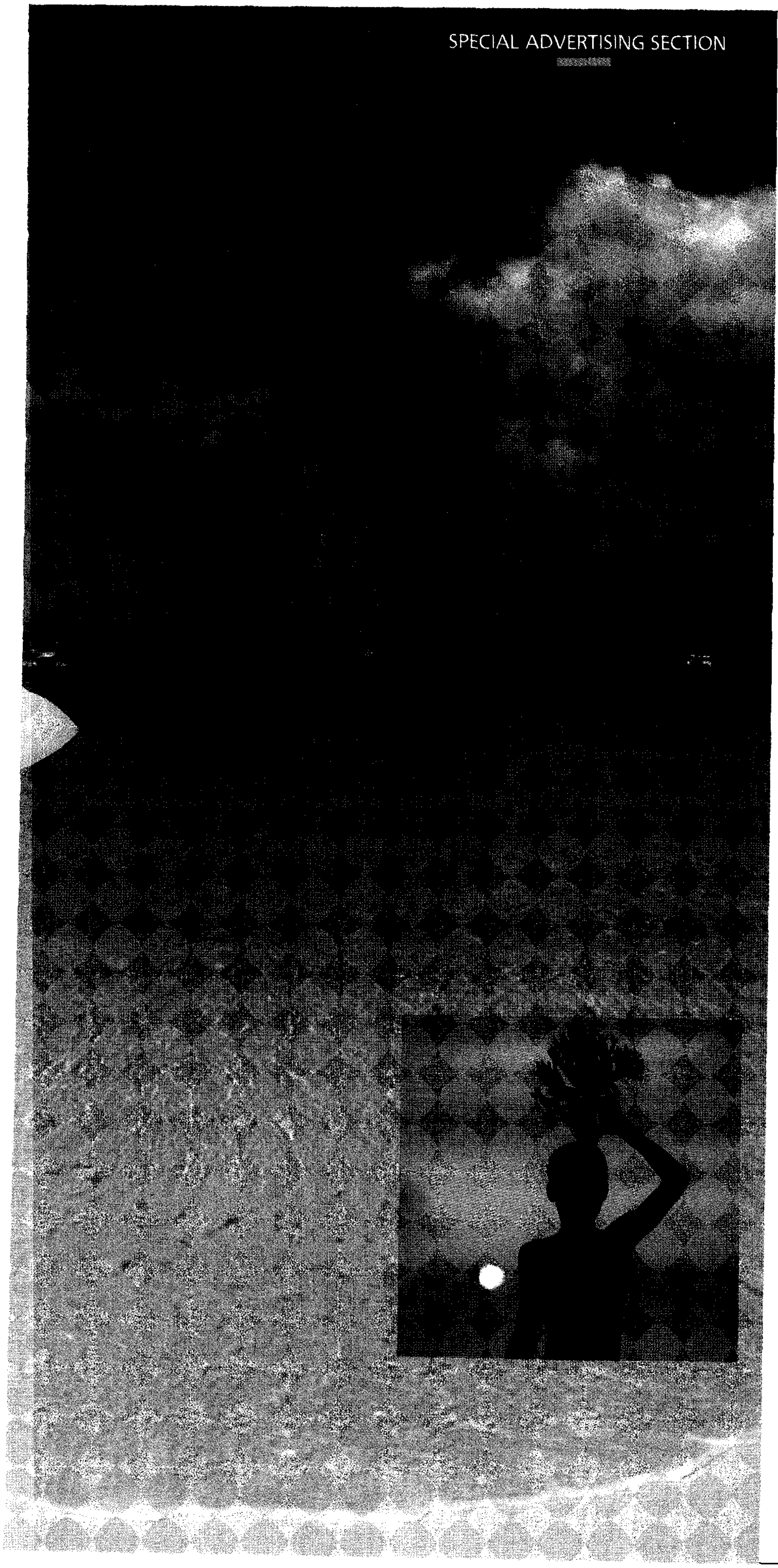
Aruba. Bahamas. Jamaica. St. Maarten/St. Martin. The possibilities are endless.

Having read a little about each of these paradise islands, the only reservations you should have at this point are with Eastern to begin your adventure.



If you're having a difficult time deciding which island—or how many—to visit this winter, don't despair. Contact your Travel Agent, Eastern Ticket Office or any American Express Travel Service Office for more information and helpful suggestions.

However, if you're still not ready to pack it in for the Caribbean after all you've just seen and read, you deserve all the winter you're going to get.



WELCOME TO PARADISE.

Satisfy your appetite for adventure with one of Eastern's vacation value packages listed below. Prices provide for three nights' hotel accommodations. Airfares change frequently so they are not listed here. To find the lowest applicable airfare, simply contact Eastern, your Travel Agent or any American Express Travel Service Office.

ANTIGUA—Prices range from **$126** to **$320.**

ARUBA—Prices range from **$117** to **$265.**

BAHAMAS—Although these islands are in the Atlantic Ocean and not the Caribbean, they have as much to offer as the rest of the jewels shown here. Prices range from **$79** to **$366.**

BARBADOS—Prices range from **$92** to **$640.**

CURACAO—Explore the 4,000-acre wildlife preserve, located on the highest point of the island. Prices range from **$80** to **$160.**

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC—Covers the lion's share of Hispaniola with its western partner, Haiti. Prices range from **$112** to **$298.**

GUADELOUPE—Deep-sea fish for barracuda, kingfish, dolphin and tuna. Prices range from **$193** to **$319.**

HAITI—Traverse the *Champs de Mars,* a beautifully landscaped park set in front of the National Palace in Port-au-Prince. Prices range from **$64** to **$218.**

JAMAICA—Prices range from **$75** to **$366.**

MARTINIQUE—Please your palate with spicy Creole concoctions, Chinese cuisine and Indonesian, Spanish and even French specialties. Prices range from **$122** to **$247.**

PUERTO RICO—Span the centuries visiting Old San Juan and the new city, marveling at the offerings of both. Prices range from **$99** to **$288.**

ST. CROIX—Join the underworld—experience the underwater snorkeling trail off Christiansted Harbor. Prices range from **$103** to **$227.**

ST. LUCIA—Shop the unusual, choosing from silkscreen designs, handmade batik gifts and wood carvings made by natives. Prices range from **$149** to **$267.**

ST. MAARTEN/ST. MARTIN—Prices range from **$147** to **$301.**

ST. THOMAS—Prices range from **$145** to **$304.**

TRINIDAD—Celebrate the Carnival in the capital city of Port of Spain. Prices range from **$103** to **$243.**

Booking requirements: Package prices shown here are per person based on double occupancy and require seven days' advance reservations and ticketing. Prices subject to availability and may change without notice. Airfares, airport/hotel transfers in some instances, meals and gratuities not included. Blackout dates and other restrictions apply. All travel must be completed by March 31, 1987.

EASTERN

EASTERN AND AMERICAN EXPRESS ARE GIVING AWAY THE CARIBBEAN

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Eastern and American Express are starting the holidays early this year. Starting December 1, 1986, you can be eligible to win one of 16 round-trip tickets for you and a companion to the Caribbean—plus $1,000 in American Express® Travelers Cheques to use on your trip. Sound incredible? It is.

There are 16 weeks in all. Sixteen chances to win. Sixteen tropical paradise islands, and $1,000 in American Express Travelers Cheques. [illegible] 1986, through [illegible] 1987, every time you fly Eastern and charge your ticket to your American Express Card account, you're automatically entered. Or you may also enter by simply writing your name, address and "American Express/Eastern Airlines Caribbean Service" on a card and sending it to American Express/Eastern Airlines Sweepstakes.*

Grand Prize winners can choose round-trip tickets for two on Eastern Airlines to these sun-sational destinations:

- Antigua
- Aruba
- Bahamas
- Barbados
- Curacao
- Dominican Republic
- Guadeloupe
- Haiti
- Jamaica
- Martinique
- Puerto Rico
- St. Croix
- St. Lucia
- St. Maarten/St. Martin
- St. Thomas
- Trinidad

In addition, 1,600 Eastern beach towels will be awarded.

So get ready for winter. This one could be different.

*OFFICIAL RULES

1) ELIGIBILITY: NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR CLAIM PRIZE. Open to [illegible] 18 years of age or older who are residents of the U.S. except employees of American Express Travel Related Services Co., Inc. and Eastern Airlines, their subsidiaries, agencies, affiliates, and members of their families living in the same household. 2) ENTRIES: Each time you charge your Eastern ticket to your American Express® Card account between [illegible] you are automatically entered [illegible] by PMSI [illegible] also enter by [illegible] Service [illegible] PRIZES [illegible] First Prizes [illegible] will be drawn [illegible] entries [illegible] 16 weeks of the sweepstakes period. A total of 16 Grand Prizes and 1,600 First Prizes will be awarded. Grand Prize winners may choose from the following trip destinations: Antigua, Aruba, Bahamas, Barbados, Curacao, Dominican Republic, Guadeloupe, Haiti, Jamaica, Martinique, Puerto Rico, St. Croix, St. Lucia, St. Maarten/St. Martin, St. Thomas, Trinidad. Grand Prize consists of round-trip [illegible] and $1,000 in American Express® Travelers Cheques. All other [illegible] winner's responsibility. Value of trips will vary [illegible] to destination [illegible] home location. Approximate retail value of each Grand Prize is $2,500. [illegible] Airlines' beach towel will be awarded to 100 First Prize winners each week of the sweepstakes period. Approximate retail value $10. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. Winners will be notified by mail. 4) GENERAL: Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of winners. By participating, entrants agree to these rules and decisions of judges. Affidavits of eligibility [illegible] required [illegible] winners. [illegible] returned [illegible] substituted. One prize per household. Void where prohibited. All federal, state and local laws apply. Travel must be completed by 12/16/87 and is subject to availability and certain restrictions. 5) WINNERS LIST: For a list of Grand Prize winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to be received by 5/15/87 to: American Express/Eastern Airlines Winners, [illegible] Station, P.O. Box [illegible], Southbury, CT [illegible]

AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

EASTERN

WE'RE THE ONE TO THE SUN

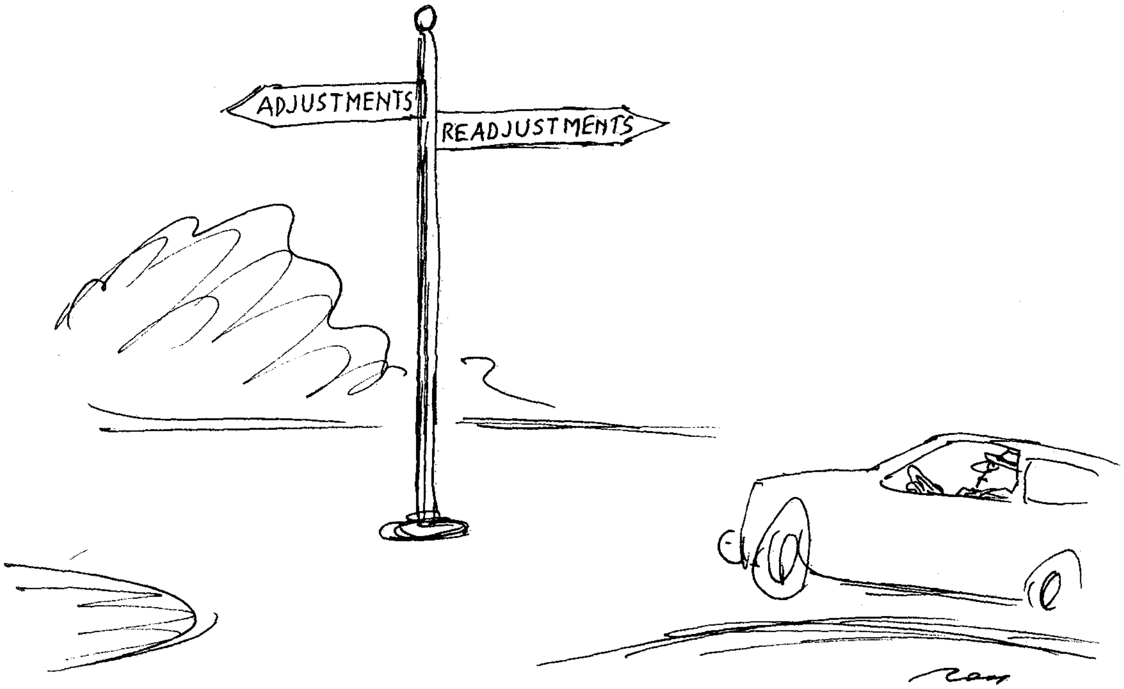
but Melamid stopped at a sculpture that consisted of a smashed-up grand piano, and Melamid said, "This I like." Then Michael Burdzelian, Michael Gurvitch, Melamid, and I went to a restaurant near the Pont Louis-Philippe and ordered escargots and pâté for appetizers, and the waitress turned pale and explained how the *huile* of the escargots would clash with the taste of the pâté, and when we left I gave her a ten-dollar bill and Michael Burdzelian said, "That was an enormous tip. Don't do that again." Then we took some taxis and went to some bars, and at one point we were sitting at a round table with four Polish women and a Polish folksinger in a restaurant called Anna Karenina, and one of the women told me I looked like the designer Karl Lagerfeld, which I guess was a compliment, and Michael Gurvitch said that his theory about the novel "Anna Karenina" was that the short, grimy man muttering French who appears in Vronsky's nightmare, in Anna's nightmare, at the train station, and then just as Anna goes under the wheels is in fact Tolstoy himself, and then a Polish woman with a big black purse with about a dozen clasps and latches on it told me that when she came to New York, as she hoped she would someday, she wanted first to go up to the top of the Empire State Building and eat an omelette, and then go down into a dark underground bar and listen to an old, old black man play jazz. Finally, about three in the morning, I was walking by myself. In a silent square with black windows all around and a floodlit statue in the middle, there was a man sleeping on a flattened box on the sidewalk with his coat buttoned up to the neck. Beside him, an umbrella was neatly furled.

The next morning, I flew back to Kennedy Airport, and when the Carey bus to the city stopped at a light in Queens I saw by the curb a late-model Pontiac with its windows shattered to powder and its interior burned out and its hood up and shreds of black metal corkscrewing off all over. The only object as badly damaged which I saw the whole time in Paris was a piece of sculpture.

BETWEEN January of 1985 and April of 1986, Komar and Melamid made more than fifty paintings, in a variety of styles that omitted few of the major movements in the history of art. The Ronald Feldman Gallery had a show entitled "Anarchistic Synthesism," featuring forty-one of these paintings—more than sixteen hundred square feet of panel board and canvas. So many people came to the opening that you could not stand in any one place for long. Eyes looked at paintings and paused and thought their thoughts and moved on. A woman leaned against a painting for a moment, talking. A man in a black leather jacket said something to another man in a black leather jacket and gestured with a pink plastic baby bottle in the shape of a Teddy bear. A woman in a black suit smoked with her palm upward. A man held his glasses by one temple and swung them at a painting. In the forest of legs, a little boy stamped to pieces one of the plastic cups the wine was served in.

In Komar and Melamid's empty studio, the mice now had no stacks of paintings to hide behind. When I stopped by a couple days after the opening, they were zipping back and forth across the floor like beams of light. Komar has not had a drink in over a year, so after a while just Melamid and I went to the 3 Roses Bar, on Canal Street. Melamid loves this bar. Especially on weekdays, it is a favorite of black people who work downtown. Occasionally, the bar is crowded and Melamid is the only white person. Vanessa, the barmaid, has fingernails maybe eight inches long on one hand, and taped to a cabinet behind her is a photograph of them at an earlier length.

"Here I am not Russian, not immigrant, not Jewish, not famous artist," Melamid said. "Here I am just white. Or Puerto Rican, maybe. I enjoy very much the romanticism of this place—the lights of the beer advertisements, the colors of the drinks, the paper decorations. The romantic school is still alive in American bars—maybe only there. For the most part, New York City is not romantic. The surfaces are all straight, like mathematical, architectural drawing. In Moscow, the builders were not so skilled, and the lines are always a little bit crooked. Moscow—'Москва,' the word—is feminine, and everything in Moscow has a curve or it bulges out, and I was always wanting to rub against the buildings. I believe this 3 Roses Bar exist because of the paintings of Hopper—not the other way around. In Russia, in last century, a landscape painter named Levitan invented the famous picturesque Russian countryside with churches and birch trees. Before Levitan, birch trees were invisible, and so did not exist. I do not believe Russian today would understand Komar and Melamid paintings, no. Sometimes in our work we are describing Russia to West, and this makes us very Western to Rus-

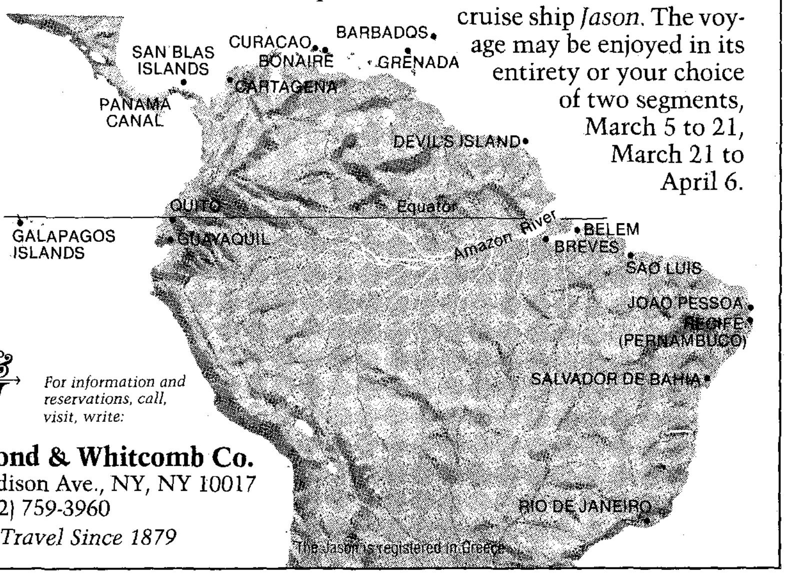


American Geographical Society/Raymond & Whitcomb

South American Discovery Voyage

Brazil to Ecuador via the Amazon, Panama Canal and Galapagos Islands. March 5 to April 6, 1987.

Follow routes of the earliest European explorers of America. Discover wonderful worlds of nature, still much as they were a thousand years ago. Observe traditional lifestyles and colonial splendors of Portugal, Spain, England and the Netherlands. Compare famous beaches from the Atlantic to Pacific, and in hidden corners of the Caribbean. Good company, comfort and superb amenities are assured aboard the cruise ship *Jason*. The voyage may be enjoyed in its entirety or your choice of two segments, March 5 to 21, March 21 to April 6.



R&W

For information and reservations, call, visit, write:

Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
400 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10017
Tel: (212) 759-3960
First in Travel Since 1879

La France EN CASSETTES

Keep current with trends in contemporary French language and culture with ***Champs-Elysées***, the unique "audio magazine" hosted by top European radio and television personality, Georges Lang. Produced entirely in modern idiomatic French, ***Champs-Elysées*** features conversation about current affairs, travel, cuisine, the arts and entertainment along with interviews and a sampling of today's best French popular music. As an aid to comprehension, each 45-minute cassette program comes with a complete printed French transcription and a special French-English vocabulary section.

Champs-Elysées
PASSPORT

Champs-Elysées®

Subscribe now and receive the Spring & Autumn '87 series (a total of 14 editions) for just $112. Or, if you prefer, order only the Spring '87 series for $59 (7 editions). *You'll receive a new issue twice-monthly beginning the week of January 12.*

Please send me:
☐ Spring & Autumn ☐ Spring only

To order by VISA or MasterCard or for more information call: 1-800-824-0829
In Tennessee and Alaska call collect: (615) 383-8534

Print Name ____________
Address ____________
City/State/Zip ____________

* *Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax*

TO: ***Champs-Elysées***, Dept. Y9
P.O. Box 158067
Nashville, TN 37215

Do not send cash. © 1987, Champs-Elysées, Inc.

sians. Our dealer told us today that from our show we sold paintings to Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger. So we are selling well to musclemen—I do not know why.

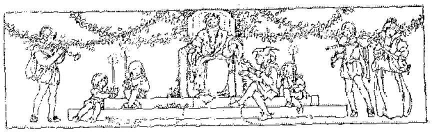
"All my life, I try to be free. I do not feel freer in America—I have a family, responsibilities. These are more burdensome to the world than any state. Last year, I crashed my car, and I was so happy. I said, 'I don't need a car.' But I live in New Jersey, so of course I had to get another one. When Vitaly and I first came here, we discovered that American artists can make for themselves the most unfree situations. Many times they are creating stylistic solitary confinements. A man paints one line on a canvas for his whole life and it is an unthinkable decision to make it across instead of up-and-down. In this New York art business, we are on a conveyor belt—shows, paintings, sales, galleries. I'm a bum by definition. At least once a year, I must sleep in my dress—my clothes. I'm afraid every day that something will stop me from painting and then I'll be real bum. The best description of an artist is he was born in this year and he died in this year. We do not think ahead when we paint. We spend no more than one day on a picture. Splash one, splash another, put straight lines. You must work every day and work everything you can do. We paint in styles, yes, like Stone Age man or Botticelli or Jasper Johns or whoever, but really it is because we *are* Botticelli. We are a cocktail of all artists who have lived. This is our greatest discovery: according to Marxist theory, there is on one side the enormous, powerful force of history and on the other side the helpless, tiny individual. What we discover is that there is no difference between the two. The individual is the history of the world, the history of art. At a show at the Palazzo Vecchio, in Florence, several years ago, Vitaly and I saw a show of watercolors by Hitler—cityscapes, mostly, which I thought were bad and Vitaly thought were not so bad. Hitler was rejected from art school for these pictures, so he went on to make real city ruins. When I paint, I see I have Hitler in me."

—IAN FRAZIER

•

"My future husband has never seen me work so he's in for a real surprise," laughed Bach, who is getting married for the third time in 10 days.—*Karen Douglas in the Lansing (Mich.) State Journal.*

Marriage is full of surprises.



Celebrating in the City

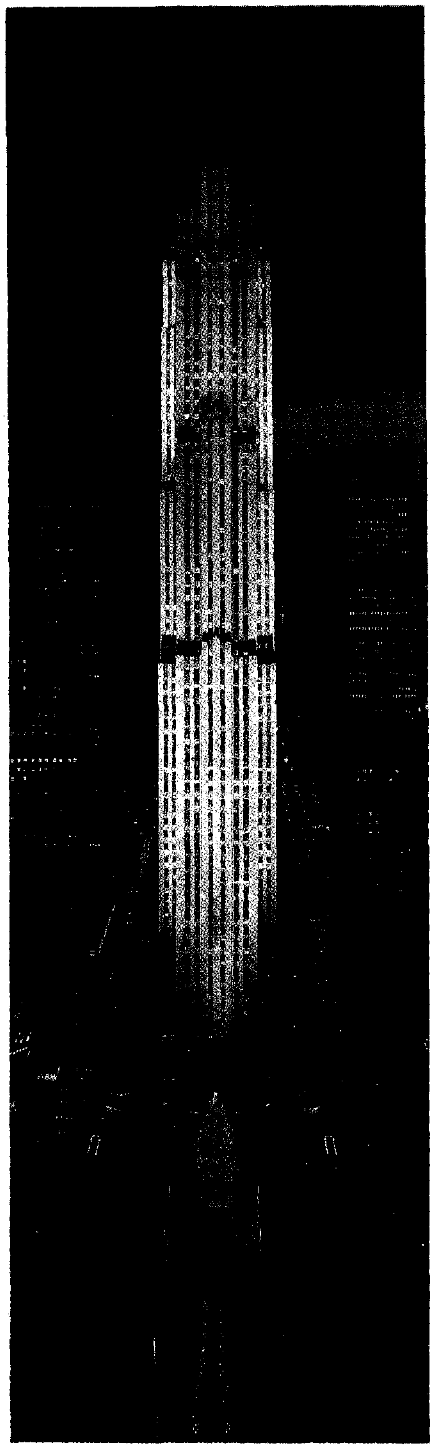
A GUIDE TO NEW YORK'S NOTABLE HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES

From across the nation and around the world they arrive! An estimated three million visitors descend upon Manhattan from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day. They come to celebrate in the city—could any place be as enthralling as New York at this time of year? Christmas decorations set Manhattan aglow, store windows display fantasy-spun holiday scenes, and vendors hawk chestnuts on street corners. Performers take to the stage in perennial favorites—"The Nutcracker" at Lincoln Center and the "Magnificent Christmas Spectacular" at Radio City Music Hall. Even the Empire State Building joins in the celebration, serving as New York's most visible Christmas ornament with its red and green holiday lighting.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
THE CENTER OF THINGS

New York's most exhilarating holiday traditions are centered at Rockefeller Center, located just west of Fifth Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets.

The formal entrance is the Channel Gardens promenade off Fifth Avenue. Twelve graceful angels, sculpted out of wire and lights, stand heralding the holidays with brass trumpets held high. Surrounding them are sparkling clusters of wire-sculpture snowflakes and lush evergreens leading to Rockefeller Center's Lower Plaza.



It is at this Lower Plaza each year that New York's holiday season officially begins with the lighting of the city's most photographed holiday landmark: the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

This year marks the 56th year of the tree. The first, a much smaller spruce, went up on an empty lot that is now the promenade. Construction workers who were building Rockefeller Center in 1931 put it up as a show of gratitude for being employed during the Depression.

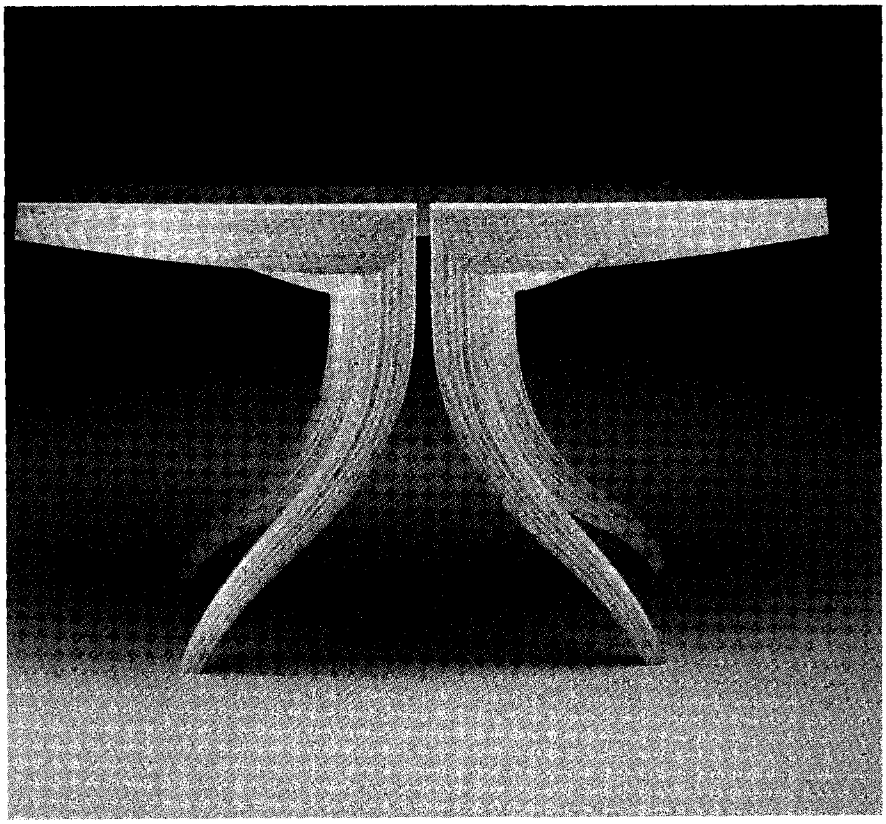
The Christmas tree towers over Rockefeller Center's world-famous ice-skating rink, which celebrates its golden anniversary this year. Each year, more than 100,000 skaters try out their figure eights here. Watching over them all is the majestic statue of fire-bearing Prometheus, made of bronze but dipped in dazzling gold leaf. For details about skating sessions, call 757-5731.

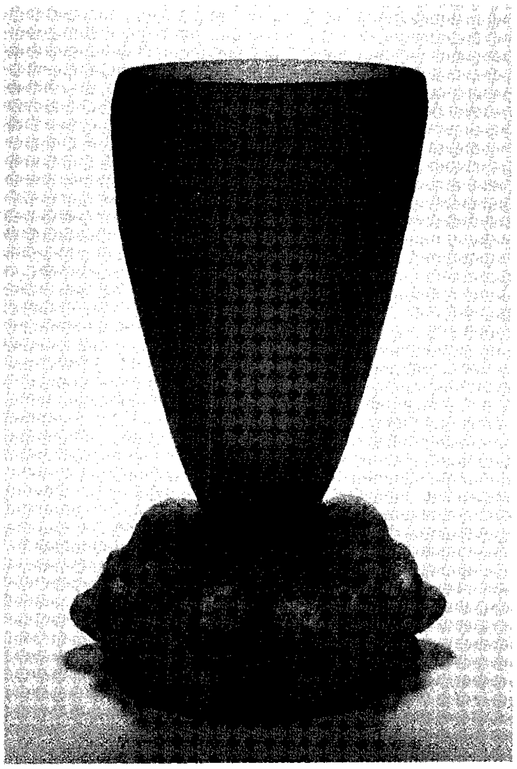
DECK THE HALLS...
HOLIDAY LANDMARKS

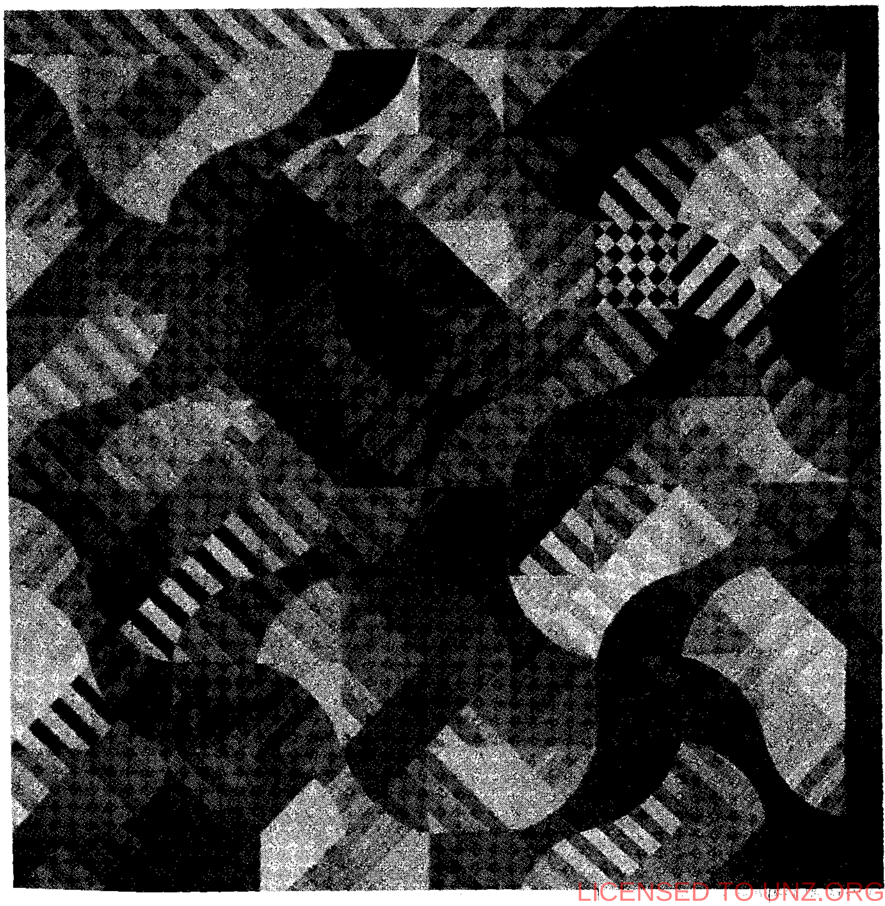
Looking ever-so-distinguished for the holidays are the New York Public Library's two marble lions, now donning 60-pound holiday wreaths that provide a welcome shock of color in front of the stately building they guard. The library, located at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, is more resplendent than ever due to its recent renovation.

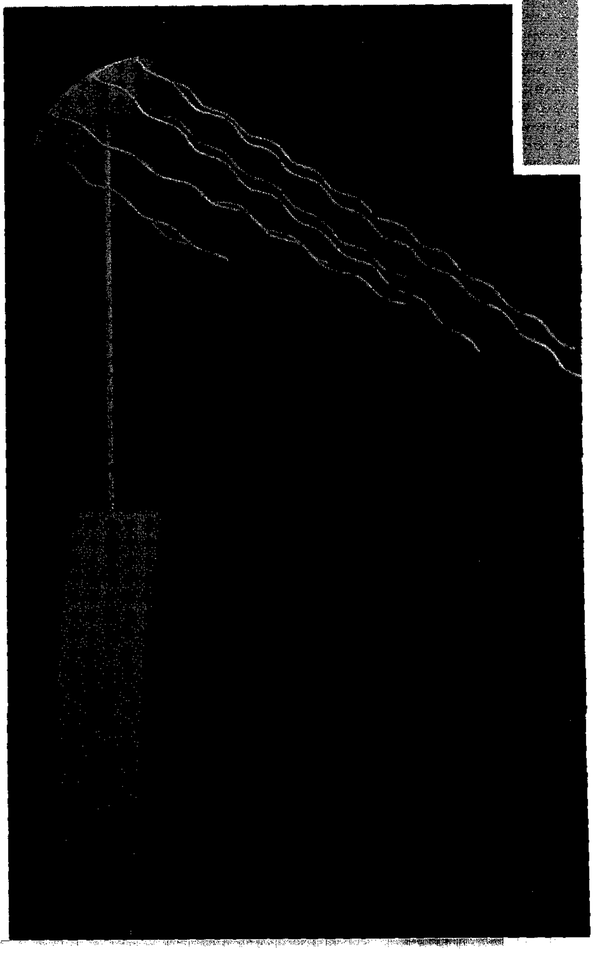
On view at the opulent Pierpont Morgan Library through January 11 is a ghost of Christmas past—Charles

Hand-made

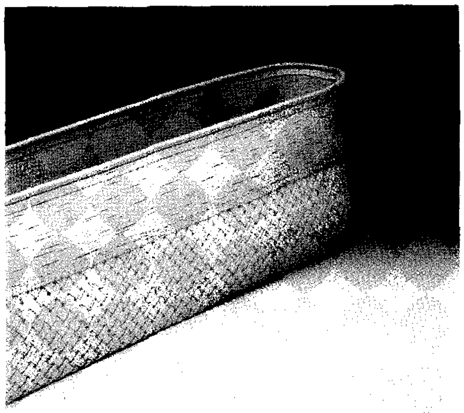


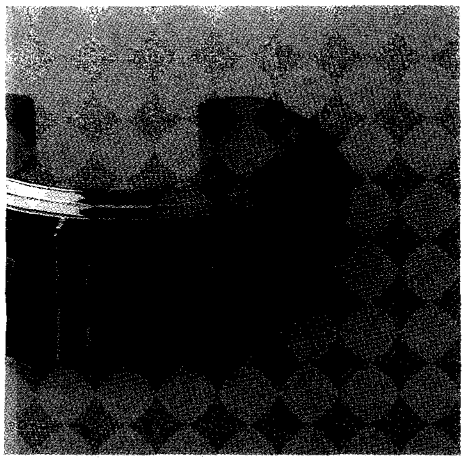


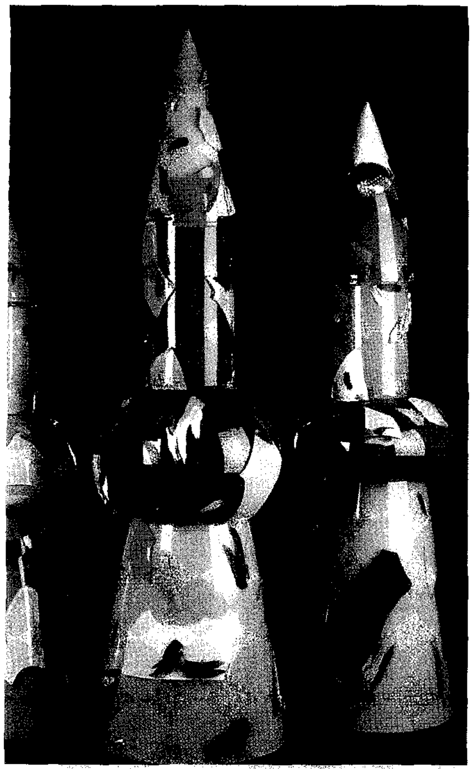




n the USA.







If you've been lamenting the death, or at least the dearth, of American craftsmanship, these objects bring some reassuring good news. They are from an inspiring inaugural exhibition titled "CRAFT TODAY: Poetry of the Physical" at the handsome new American Craft Museum at 40 West 53rd Street.

In a world of the "look-alike" and the "throw-away," these are the unique and the irreplaceable. So are the people who make them: not merely the 286 outstanding artists selected for the show but the increasing numbers of professionals like them. In finding ever-fresh expressions of the human spirit in the most traditional of materials and the most ancient of skills, they give us new evidence of our one inexhaustible national resource, our native creativity and craftsmanship.

That's one reason we sponsored this show and why we urge you to see it. In our business, as in yours, we are in tough competition with the rest of the world—and our essential edge is the individual creativity, individual imagination, individual innovativeness of the American spirit. The more we foster it, the more it will flourish.

PHILIP MORRIS

© Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1986

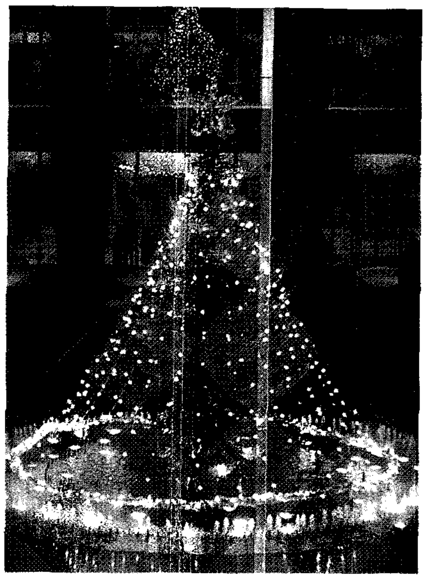
Philip Morris Companies Inc.

It takes art to make a company great.

PHILIP MORRIS INCORPORATED
PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A. PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL
GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
MILLER BREWING COMPANY
PHILIP MORRIS CREDIT CORPORATION
MISSION VIEJO REALTY GROUP

National Tour: American Craft Museum, New York, NY, October 26, 1986-March 22, 1987; The Denver Art Museum, Denver, CO, May 16-July 5, 1987; Laguna Art Museum, Laguna Beach, CA, August 7-October 4, 1987; Milwaukee Art Museum, Milwaukee, WI, February 12-April 10, 1988; J.B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, KY, May 16-July 10, 1988; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, VA, August 9-October 2, 1988.

Recent works appearing in the exhibition and tour: (top left) DESK, bubinga and ash, 59″ long, by Jere Osgood. (top center) RITUAL VESSEL, glass, 18″ high, by Mark Abildgaard. (top right) BASKET, birch bark, 19½″ long, by Dona Look. (center right) HOPI KACHINA, gold, lapis, coral, turquoise bracelet by Charles Loloma. (bottom right) SHARD ROCKETS, glass sculpture, 55″ high, by Richard Marquis. (bottom center) WEATHERVANE, copper with wood base by Jonathan Bonner. (bottom left) RHYTHM/COLOR: THE CONCORD COTILLION, cotton and silk quilt by Michael James. Photographs: DESK by Andrew Dean Powell, others by George Erml.



Dickens' original manuscript of "A Christmas Carol." The Pierpont Morgan Library (685-0008) is located at 29 East 36th Street.

A favorite holiday symbol of New York's Jewish community, the world's largest Hanukkah menorah stands in front of Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street. Every day at sundown, from December 26 through January 2, a rabbi lights another of the eight candles in celebration of the "Festival of Lights."

The Hayden Planetarium's Christmas show, "The Star of Christmas," explores the skies of the first Christmas nearly 2,000 years ago. With celestial visuals and melodious holiday music, this intriguing program runs through January 4. The Hayden Planetarium (873-8828) is located at Central Park West and 81st Street.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art's Christmas tree and baroque crèche display have become firmly established holiday traditions. On view through January 4, the 20-foot blue spruce is enhanced by angels and cherubs, and a Nativity scene with Neapolitan crèche figures. The Metropolitan Museum of Art (879-5500) is located at Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street.

Back and better than ever is Central Park's Wollman Memorial Rink, which reopened last month after a six-year shutdown. Nestled next to the Central Park Pond and surrounded by trees, the rink is a short walk from the park entrance at Avenue of the Americas and Central Park South. For details about skating lessons, call 517-4800.

COUNTDOWN TO THE NEW YEAR TEN, NINE, EIGHT...

The biggest New Year's bash of all is Times Square's 82nd annual blowout, which reaches its frenzied peak at midnight with the lowering of the ball—now a red apple. The descent begins one minute before midnight, but crowds start gathering in the streets hours before.

New York's silliest New Year's Eve tradition takes place in Central Park at the seventh annual midnight run. The evening begins at 11:30 p.m. with a party and costume contest outside Tavern on the Green restaurant. At the stroke of midnight, off they run, some wearing tuxedoes and evening dresses, others in bizarre costumes, as they admire the brilliant fireworks display above the park. Half-way along the five-mile course a watering stop serves champagne. About 5,000 are expected to run this year, with participants ranging from Olympics medalists to tipsy revelers. Anyone can join by pre-registering with the New York Road Runners Club at 860-4455.

Carnegie Hall annually heralds the New Year with an evening of Victorian song and music. Beginning at 8 p.m., this year's concert features violinist Isaac Stern, cellist Yo-Yo Ma, clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, harpist Nancy Allen, tenor Robert Tear, and baritone Benjamin Luxon. Carnegie Hall (247-7800) is located at Seventh Avenue and 57th Street.

At Lincoln Center, the New York Philharmonic provides a classic farewell to 1986 with its annual New Year's Eve concert. Joining the symphony for the 8 p.m. concert are guest conductor Erich Leinsdorf and pianist Yefim Bronfman. Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424) is located at Broadway and 64th Street.

Next door at the Metropolitan Opera House (362-6000), the Metropolitan Opera is staging the annual New Year's Eve favorite, "Die Fledermaus," appropriately jubilant with its Viennese setting and masked ball.

Many Manhattan hotels also kick off the New Year with glitzy affairs, but the only one that's televised live from coast to coast is the Waldorf-Astoria's annual gala. In the Grand Ballroom, where Guy Lombardo once held forth, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Helen Gelzer, and the Jerry Kravat Orchestra will perform until 2 a.m. Dress is black tie. The Waldorf-Astoria (355-3000) is located at Park Avenue and 49th Street.

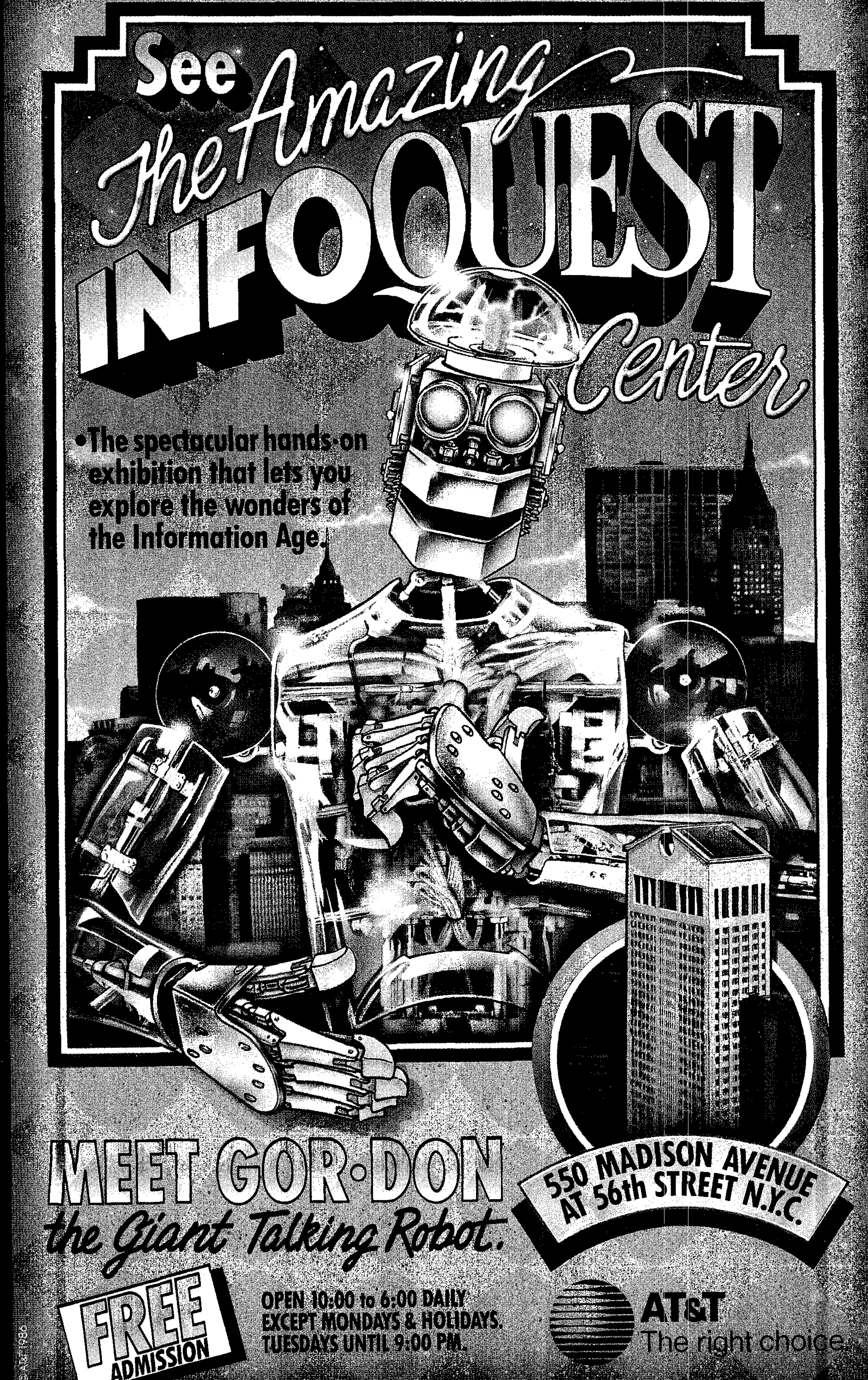
East Siders will clink champagne glasses at Cafe Carlyle, where Bobby Short will be playing, along with bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Robbie Scott. The evening includes a six-course meal, half a bottle of Bordeaux and French champagne per person, and an enamel Battersea box with a reproduction of one of the cafe's lovely Vertès murals. Dinner

TEATRO ALLA SCALA OPENS IN NEW YORK FEBRUARY 1.

The dramatic new fragrance from Milan's Krizia
will debut at Saks Fifth Avenue.

TEATRO ALLA SCALA
BY

[illegible]



See *The Amazing*

INFOQUEST *Center*

- The spectacular hands-on exhibition that lets you explore the wonders of the Information Age.

MEET GOR-DON

the Giant Talking Robot.

550 MADISON AVENUE
AT 56th STREET N.Y.C.

FREE
ADMISSION

OPEN 10:00 to 6:00 DAILY
EXCEPT MONDAYS & HOLIDAYS.
TUESDAYS UNTIL 9:00 PM.

AT&T
The right choice.

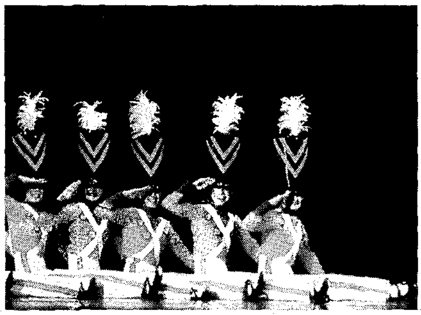
© AT&T 1986

starts at 9 p.m., and guests are invited to stay for both shows. The Carlyle (744-1600) is located at Madison Avenue and 76th Street.

A few blocks south, at Maxim's (Madison at 61st Street), Peter Duchin's Orchestra will entertain black-tie-clad couples—ringing in 1987 with just the right note of elegance. (For further details about Maxim's New Year's Eve celebration, call 751-5111.)

For many members of New York's theatrical and literary communities, the only place that will do for New Year's Eve is the Algonquin. Singing in the hotel's Oak Room is song-stylist Julie Wilson, who, with pianist William Roy, will perform songs of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. At midnight, following an old Algonquin tradition, bus boys and waiters—looking like ghosts, with tablecloths over their heads—form a snake line and bang pots and pans to exorcise evil spirits from the hotel's nooks and crannies, allowing only benign spirits to remain for the New Year. Michael Feinstein will be returning to the Algonquin on January 6. The Algonquin (840-6800) is located at 59 West 44th Street.

The city of New York is offering free bus and subway service New Year's Eve night from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. More champagne, anyone?



A Return to Elegance

Dining and Dancing to the Peter Duchin Orchestra
Our new menu, now served à la carte
Private rooms for banquets

Dinner Monday thru Saturday from six Saturday, black tie
Madison Avenue at 61st Street Reservations: (212) 751-5111

Celebrating In The City

ADVERTISER LISTING

AT&T
550 Madison Avenue
644-1000

The Algonquin
59 West 44th Street
840-6800

The Art of The New Yorker
New York Public Library
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street
340-0849

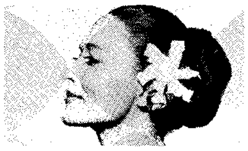
Krizia Fragrances
Sanofi Beauty Products
600 Third Avenue
697-1550

Left Bank Restaurant & Bar
442 Amsterdam Avenue
362-4429

Maxim's
Madison Avenue at 61st Street
751-5111

Philip Morris, Inc.
120 Park Avenue
880-5000

"HOORAY FOR LOVE!"
Julie Wilson
CELEBRATES THE MARVELOUS
MUSIC OF HAROLD ARLEN



BILLY ROY AT THE PIANO
Shows 9:15 and 11:15 P.M. Tues. thru Sat.
Supper reservations from 8 P.M.
THE Algonquin
59 W. 44th St., New York • Reservations: 840-6800

Michael Kelly Tucker is the editor of Where *magazine in New York, and has written articles on New York City for* Travel & Leisure, *the Associated Press,* Playboy, Billboard, *and other publications.*

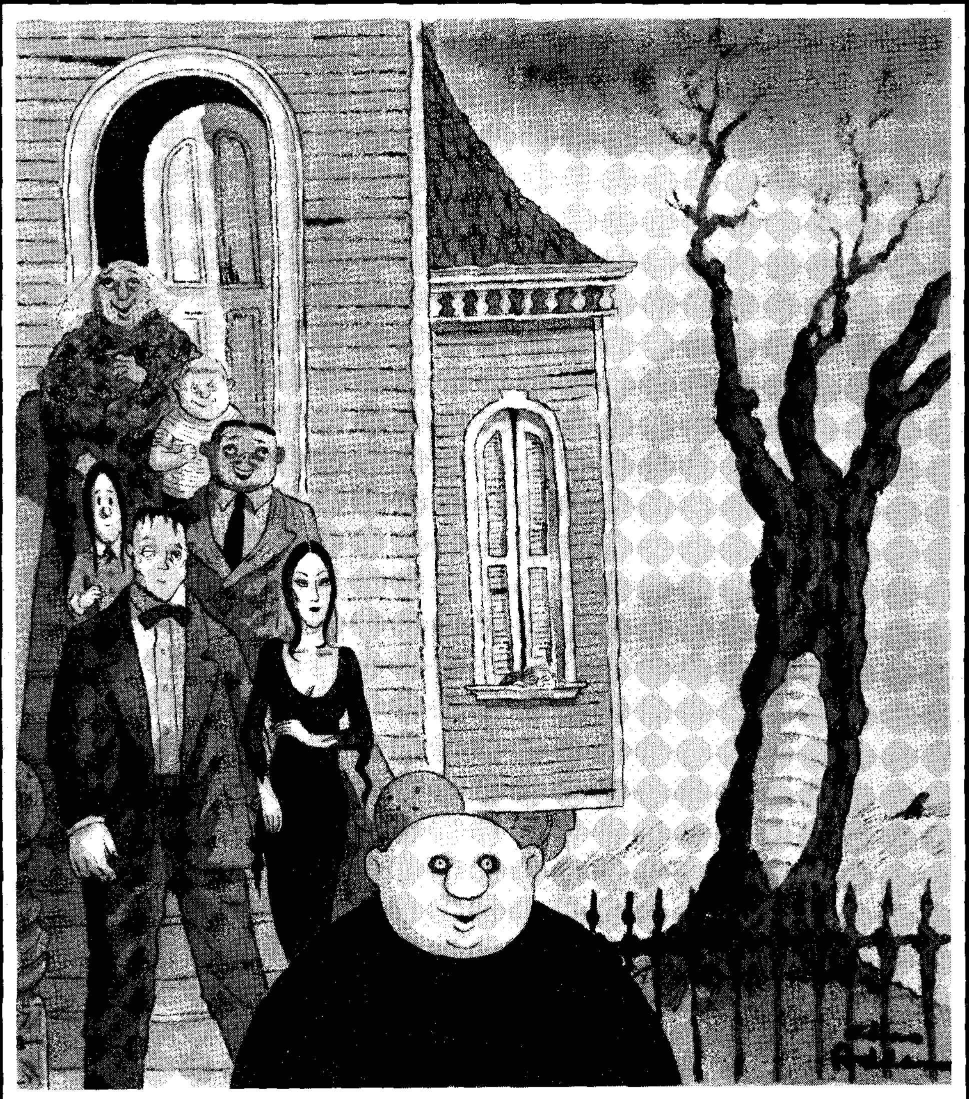
left bank
RESTAURANT AND BAR
442 Amsterdam Ave. (81-82 St.)
362-4429
French Nouvelle Cuisine • Live Music
Dinner Nightly from 5pm

THE ART OF

THE NEW YORKER

A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE

© Copyright 1986 Charles Addams



"We're On Our Way To The New Yorker Art Show"

November 18th through January 31st
The New York Public Library
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TWINS

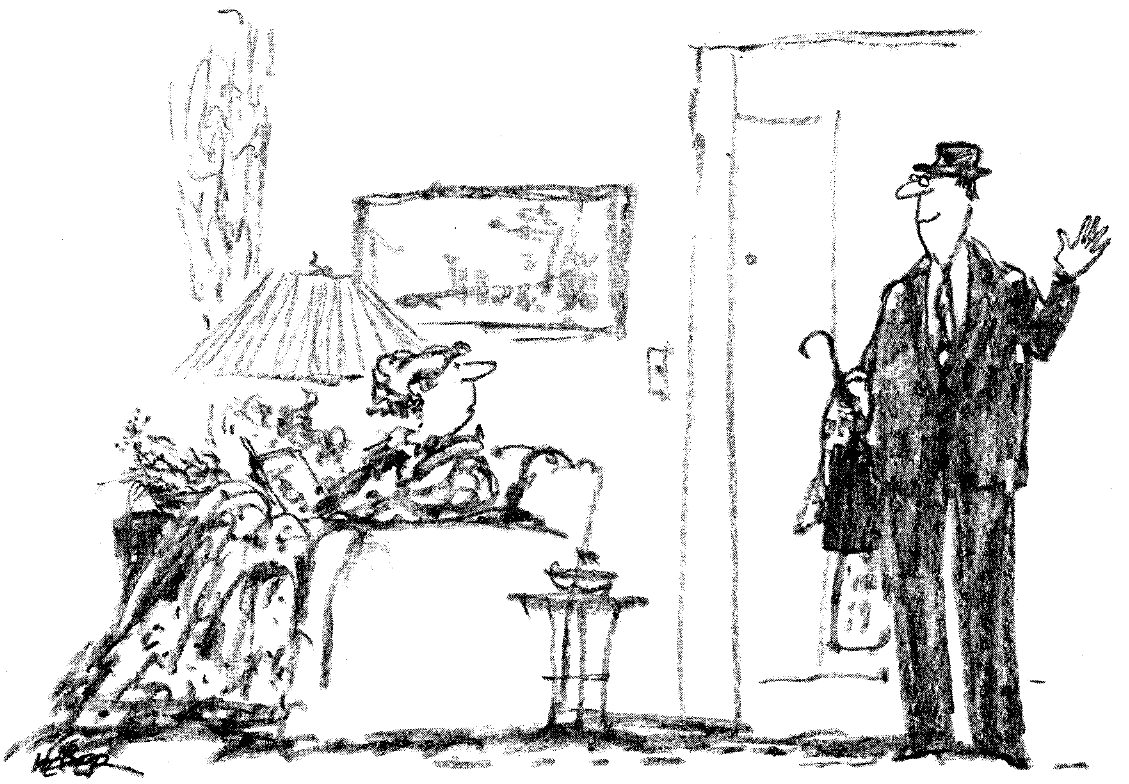
An outbreak of malaria in San Diego County last summer took most people by surprise. Not that it hadn't happened before. Every year, about a dozen cases are reported in the area, but usually they are scattered through the county and don't make local headlines or get talked about on the evening news programs. This time, however, it was reported, on August 16th, that eleven people had been infected pretty much during the same period and probably at the same spot—the eastern side of a swampy lagoon named the Agua Hedionda, near the town of Carlsbad.

Malaria victims in Southern California often turn out to be either people who have just returned from trips to tropical Third World countries or visitors from those countries. It is unusual for stay-at-home residents to contract the illness, even though the climate and the terrain of that part of the state are favorable for the survival of the anopheles mosquito, the insect that transmits the disease from one person to another. The coastline of this southernmost section of California consists essentially of mountains and mesas, with a series of small streams flowing intermittently down through narrow valleys and emptying into saltwater lagoons protected from the ocean by dunes. During the dry months, from April to November, the rivulets dry up and the lagoons stagnate, producing a harvest of insect life that feeds a startling variety of migratory birds. Before the development of insecticides, malaria was not uncommon in the region, but for the past thirty years there had been very few local outbreaks, and none apparently stemming from a single small section of one lagoon. Although Dr. Georgia P. Reaser, the acting county health officer, declared that she still lacked "conclusive evidence" of the origin of the reported cases, she decided to act. The authorities began fogging the lagoon area, in order to kill the adult mosquitoes, and spraying for larvae.

No one became unduly alarmed, partly because the type of malaria afflicting the eleven victims was a mild form called vivax, which is rarely fatal and, at worst, produces high fevers, chills, and headaches. It is usually successfully treated over a span of about two weeks. The surprise expressed by people in the area had to do solely with the fact that such a concentrated outbreak of the disease could occur at all in a part of the world considered safe from such primitive afflictions. What no one commented on, or was in the least astonished by, was the identity of the majority of the victims. Two of them were people who lived near the lagoon, one of whom, it was reported, liked to stroll along the shoreline at dusk to observe the animal life in the vicinity. The nine others, however, were Mexican men from the Oaxaca and Cuernavaca areas, who were described as "field workers." They lived near the south side of the lagoon in a cluster of shacks, lean-tos, and hovels without plumbing or other facilities. None of the stories about the malaria outbreak commented on the fact that all of them were almost certainly aliens, who had crossed the border illegally from Mexico in order to find jobs. The presence of a great many Mexican nationals scrounging for work in Southern California has long been an accepted fact of life there, as much a part of the landscape and as intrinsic to its continued development as the thousands of American citizens moving into San Diego County every month.

Nobody knows exactly how many Mexicans are living illegally in the county. During March, for example, the Border Patrol, an enforcement arm of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service (I.N.S.), reported that it had arrested 64,475 "undocumented aliens" in the area and that at least as many were evading capture. Since then, the numbers have been steadily on the increase. The influx of aliens is part of a nationwide phenomenon that has been described by various public figures and commentators as an incipient disaster. Donald Huddle, a professor of economics at Rice University, in Houston, maintains that there are now about nine million illegal immigrants in the country as a whole, about two-thirds of them employed, mostly in menial jobs. According to Huddle, they are a drain on the economy, because several billion dollars a year is spent on them

"To sentient beings everywhere!"



"Yes, dear, you shall return. I know."

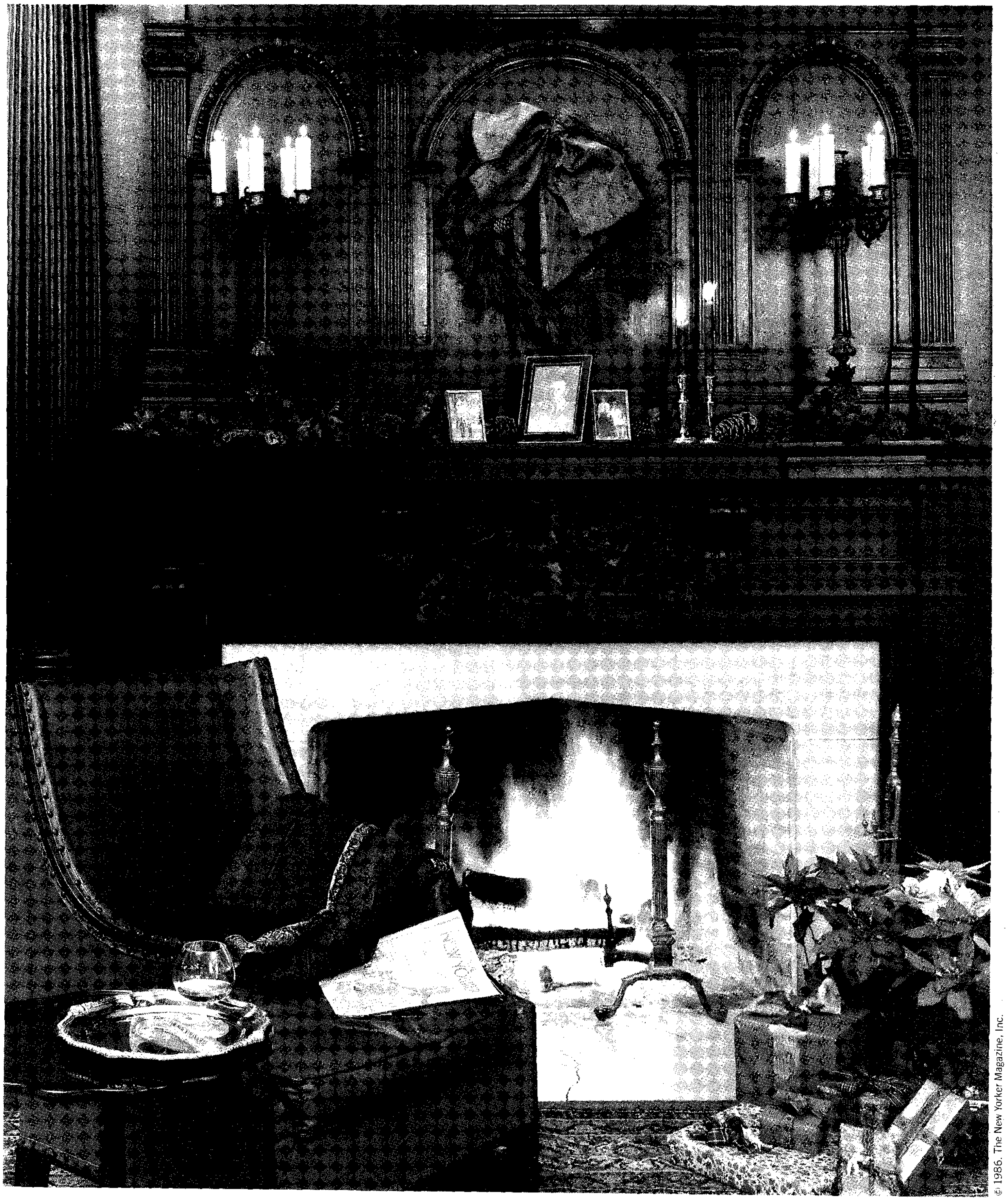
• •

in unemployment and welfare benefits and in educational and other government services, and because, he says, they displace American workers. One of his studies on the subject declares that for every hundred jobs filled by undocumented aliens sixty-five Americans lose theirs.

Governor Richard D. Lamm, of Colorado, and Gary Imhoff, a writer who specializes in immigration issues, have written about the problem in a book called "The Immigration Time Bomb." In it they point out that the United States can no longer take in all the people all over the world who want to come here. The nation simply doesn't have the space to accommodate so many immigrants, and they foresee a future in which foreigners and native-born Americans struggle bitterly to survive in an ambience similar to the one portrayed in the movie "Blade Runner"—a smog-enshrouded, rundown urban environment teeming with predatory human refuse. "It will take perhaps seventy-five per cent of the work force to do one hundred per cent of the work," Lamm recently told an interviewer. "We'll have more people than we have jobs—a terrifying imbalance. At the same time, the Third World will be bankrupt and all those people will want to come here." According to Lamm, who is a Democrat, this dreary scenario will become a reality largely because of an unlikely alliance of old-fashioned liberals, Hispanic groups myopically focussed on preserving their civil rights, and unscrupulous businessmen and farmers bent on exploitation. "Americans must rid themselves of the dream of unrestricted immigration and must face the reality behind the dream," Governor Lamm declared. "Illegal immigration is the greatest thing for American business since slavery."

This point of view is fervently endorsed by the federal officials most heavily involved in immigration problems. Harold Ezell, the Western regional commissioner for the I.N.S., evidently believes we are under invasion. He was recently outraged by the sight of several hundred people he described as "illegals at the border just standing there, laughing and talking, on American property, eating tacos," and he added, "They don't have any respect for America. They don't care about us." To prove his point, Ezell invited senators and representatives from Arizona, Nevada, Hawaii, and California to spend part of the September congressional recess touring the border with him and his embattled officers. "The problem is so severe that they need to see it firsthand," he told the press. The invitation was timed to remind the legislators that Congress would soon be asked to deal with several bills aimed at slowing down the tidal wave of illegal immigration. Over the years, Ezell had supported all such measures, including the one passed by the Congress last fall and signed into law by the President in November, which will soon legalize the presence of many aliens already in the country and provide for fines and other penalties against people who knowingly employ those who are newly arrived and undocumented. There is considerable confusion about how this law, with its complicated amnesty provisions and special dispensations for agricultural workers, will eventually be implemented and whether it can be made to work at all. (There has always been a brisk trade in counterfeit documentation going on along the border.) Furthermore, it is hardly likely to prevent continued illegal immigration by mostly desperate people and is certain to cause problems, primarily for Americans and United States residents of Hispanic descent, who may have a harder time finding work because of it. Politicians in border states understand this situation very well, and have always trimmed their sails to whichever way the wind was blowing. In Southern California, Americans of Hispanic descent are well organized and vocal about protecting their rights. They are quick to react to any hint of racism by the Anglo establishment and are articulate about what they perceive to be abuses by the I.N.S. and other government agencies in the name of safeguarding the frontier. "He's politicking on taxpayers' money," Herman Baca, the chairman of a San Diego group called the Committee on Chicano Rights, declared in response to Ezell's attempt at border tourism. "If he wants to politick, let him politick on his nickel, not on the taxpayers'. What is this, Disneyland?"

Such reactions have tended in the past to make the people's representatives cautious about whom they of-

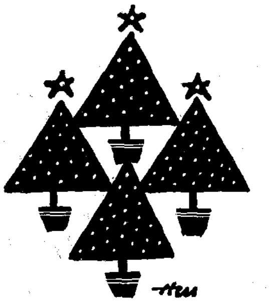


© 1986. The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Give The Pleasure Of Reading

THE NEW YORKER
25 West 43rd Street New York, New York 10036

fended. Chicanos vote, and in many California communities they constitute a majority. There are well over a hundred thousand Americans of Mexican descent in San Diego. No local politician wants to be caught endorsing actions that his constituents could find offensive. The I.N.S. and the Border Patrol are aggressive in their attempts to catch illegal aliens, and they are frequently under attack from civil-rights organizations and from minority groups, whose members often find themselves being detained, questioned, and, occasionally, actually deported simply because the color of their skin makes them suspect and they happen not to be carrying identifying documents, such as a Social Security card or a driver's license.



Last summer, San Diego's police chief, William Kolender, decided that his department would no longer coöperate in the hunt for illegal aliens. In the past, officers apprehending people who were suspected of having committed a crime were asked to check a box on their standard arrest forms marked "Undocumented Person" if for any reason they believed their charges to be illegal aliens. If the suspects could not speak English or give a local address, they would be detained for twenty minutes or so even for such violations as jaywalking, to allow agents of the Border Patrol to come and pick them up. The practice had been under constant fire from the American Civil Liberties Union and the Chicano community, and their protests may have been what finally caused Kolender to abandon it. His action followed an earlier decision by Roger Snoble, the general manager of San Diego Transit, not to permit the city's bus drivers to inform the Border Patrol about passengers they suspected of being illegal aliens, as some of them had been in the habit of doing. "We are not a law-enforcement agency," Snoble said in pointing out that his drivers were not trained for the task and that some legal residents had found themselves being grilled by the Border Patrol as a result of having been erroneously singled out. Southeast San Diego abounds with citizens of Mexican descent, and they are understandably touchy about what they perceive to be discrimination on the part of their public officials.

Chief Kolender's decision angered Alan Eliason, who, as the head of the Border Patrol in San Diego, is regarded as the area's top immigration-enforcement officer. He announced that he would withdraw his special unit, of about twenty agents, from downtown, despite recent complaints about "marauding bands of illegal aliens who are responsible for burglary, auto theft, and break-ins." San Diego, he declared, had its head buried in the sand, and seemed to be indifferent to the problem. "We need a flow of information," he said. "We will do the best we can to stop the onslaught at the border, but those who get past us and into the city will be free to do their own thing."

There are indications that this alarmist view of the situation is shared by an increasing number of Americans, including people who don't live in downtown San Diego or in communities with large populations of Latinos. For months, the local press and television news stations have been regularly running stories of one sort or another that feature the presence of what are usually referred to as "illegals," "transients," and "undocumented migrants." In some of these pieces, as in the report of the malaria outbreak, the aliens emerge as victims, but most often now they are central figures in a drama of growing crime. They are accused of being involved in everything from burglary and auto theft to drug smuggling, rape, and murder. "MIGRANTS LINKED TO CRIME RISE" is a typical recent headline; it ran in the San Diego *Union* over a story about a City Council meeting in Encinitas, a newly incorporated town about twenty-five miles up the coast from San Diego. The area is one in which large numbers of men like the nine malaria sufferers have been living, mostly in undeveloped scrubby terrain beginning a mile or two inland. According to the story, Mayor-Elect Marjorie Gaines, whose house had recently been burglarized by a couple of men who had stopped at her door to inquire about work, presided over the session, at which a number of witnesses testified to having been similarly victimized. "After the first three burglaries, I felt sick and violated," a woman named Karen Klock had written earlier in a letter to the *Union*. "However, words cannot describe the total fury I felt at opening my door for the fourth time to find my home torn apart."

Encinitas, like Carlsbad, is one of a string of small towns in the so-called North County area which are rapidly being developed into mostly white suburban bedroom communities. The Latinos in North County do not constitute a large voting block, and so the residents there are not as circumspec as their officials in commenting on what they perceive to be a crisis.

"I felt like driving to the neares illegal's encampment . . . and burning their hillside hovels to the ground," Klock wrote.

"I'm surprised that there have no been more complaints," a sheriff's lieutenant named Pat Kerins observed during the meeting. "The sheer numbers involved are staggering."

During the past year, the network news programs have brought the issue before the American public by broadcasting special reports on the topic and viewers across the country have become used to the sight on their screens of Border Patrol agents hunting down fleeing men caught in the glare of spotlights as they attempt to cross the Mexican frontier, or intercepting them at checkpoints, sometimes with suitcases full of contraband or drugs. The general impression being conveyed is that of a small, heroic band of dedicated Customs and Border Patrol officers trying to hold the line, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, against a vast horde of invading foreigners, many of whom are criminals bent on mayhem and committed to subverting the American way of life.

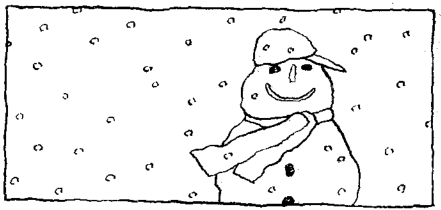
The discontent manifesting itself in the North County area is beginning to penetrate the indifference normally displayed by most San Diegans in regard to the presence of aliens—especially Mexicans—in their midst. (Southern Californians, like other Americans, are well aware that refugees from other nations besides Mexico are trying to find sanctuary and work here, but in this part of the state the word "alien" immediately conjures up the image of a shabbily dressed Mexican man laboring in a field or standing on a street corner waiting for someone to pass by and offer him a day's employment.) The discontent is also becoming a political question. Assemblywoman Lucy Killea, whose district encompasses mostly middle-class sections of San Diego, inhabited by relatively few Latinos, has found her constituents showing increasing concern over the situation. "There is a general attitude in areas of San Diego that we ought to build a Berlin Wall," she recently said to me. "There's a feeling that it's going to be the ruin of San Diego if we don't stop the illegals." While campaigning for reëlection to office in November, she discovered that she had to be extremely cautious about expressing even moderate views on the complexity of the problem: "It's become a really emotional issue, and very hard to deal with in a rational way. Most people say, 'We've got to do something about this.' "

Less scrupulous politicians than Ms. Killea have been quick to wave the flag, and to call for a possible closing of the frontier. California's Senator Pete Wilson, an ex-mayor of San Diego, recently declared that this policy seemed an acceptable "last resort" if Mexico proved unable or unwilling at east to slow down its nationals' rate of llegal emigration. "Our options are imited," Wilson said. "What we are ooking at is a situation where the deal solution—the ability of the Mexcan economy to employ its own people —is not likely to come about, both because the Mexican government has not taken steps to bring it about and who knows how many years [it would take] anyway." He expressed doubt that the legislation then being considered in Congress could deal with the magnitude of the problem. The border situation is "out of control," he said, and he added that shutting down the border, though "politically repugnant" and "extraordinarily painful," might soon have to be tried.

No one seems to know exactly how that could be managed. The border with Mexico is 1,933 miles long and adjoins the southern rims of four states —Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Obviously, building a wall, or even a high fence with manned watchtowers, would be both impractical and incredibly costly. Wilson himself has admitted that he has no clear idea how to accomplish a border closing. "Some sort of barriers, some sort of manned group," he has suggested. Other public officials have proposed calling out the Marines or the National Guard, but, as a few cooler-headed observers have pointed out, not even a million men, strategically placed and supplied with the latest technological hardware and electronic detecting equipment, would be able to control such an extended area. And there is also the question of what sort of spectacle this would present to the rest of the world—especially in the aftermath of our celebration of liberty in New York Harbor last July. Besides, as Ms. Killea observed, "the only purpose of moving armed troops to the border is to shoot people."

Still, the sentiment for doing something drastic is prevalent in many quarters. At least three times before in the nation's history, Americans have reacted violently to mass immigration, with vigilantism, deportations, and violations of civil rights. According to Professor Wayne Cornelius, of the University of California at San Diego, who is an expert on the topic, we are on the edge of another such manifestation—if, indeed, it hasn't actually begun. As a symptom of what may be in store, he and others have mentioned such indications as a proposed constitutional amendment being sponsored by Senator Steven Symms, of Idaho, and Representative Norman Shumway, of California, both Republicans, to establish English as the nation's official language. (Although such legislation had failed to pass before and Governor George Deukmejian had declared himself opposed to any such measure in California, an initiative called Proposition 63, making English the official tongue of California, was overwhelmingly adopted by the voters last November.) Citing a duality of languages as one of the ills afflicting such countries as Canada and Belgium, Senator Wilson had commented, "As a national question, I think we should have English as the official language, because I think we ought to discourage any thought that we will have a duality."

DURING the three terms he served as San Diego's mayor, from 1971 to 1983, no one can remember Wilson's expressing concern about the corrupting influence of the Spanish being spoken on the streets of his city. He was the most popular mayor in San Diego's history, having twice been reëlected practically by acclamation, with over sixty per cent of the vote in the primaries. A slender man with brown hair and bright-blue eyes, Wilson projects an aura of Wasp respectability that perfectly symbolizes San Diego's traditional view of itself, as a conservative, easygoing area inhabited largely by the white middle class, including a sizable representation of retired persons, and dominated by the presence of the military. (The city is a major port of the United States Pacific Fleet, as well as the site of several large Marine Corps and Navy bases.) Before Wilson's election, the image that San Diego projected was so bucolic and relaxed that a reporter writing about the city in the Los Angeles *Times* described it as "a body of land surrounded on two sides by water, on two sides by mountains and on all sides by apathy."



Wilson's tenure in office, however, coincided with an explosive growth in population. Attracted to the area by the mild, mostly sunny climate and the availability of open land, about thirty-five thousand people have been moving into the vicinity every year for the past decade, about forty per cent of them taking up residence within the city limits. By last January, the population of San Diego was estimated to be slightly over a million; in the early seventies, it surpassed San Francisco and became the state's second-largest urban center. The figure does include an allowance, which amounts to educated guesswork, for the continuing influx of illegal aliens, thousands of whom have slipped into the county during the past few years, and some of whom have been absorbed into the community. A recent study conducted by the Southern California Association of Governments predicted that by the year 2010 six counties in the southern part of the state will have undergone a forty-three-per-cent increase in population, with Latinos constituting about forty per cent of the inhabitants—a percentage attributable not so much to illegal immigration as to a birth rate five and a half times that of blacks and more than eight times that of Anglos.

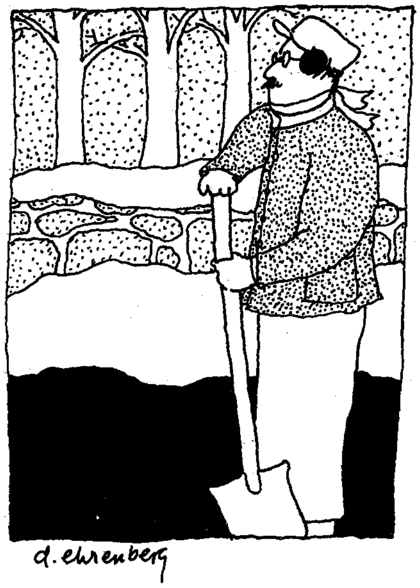
The percentages are at least as dramatic in San Diego itself, where even in the early nineteen-seventies the southeastern portions of the city were populated largely by Latinos, many of whom voted. While serving as mayor, Wilson understood and adapted very well to the reality of the Mexican presence in his bailiwick, especially as it was reflected in the politically active Chicano groups. With Spanish the only language heard in some parts of town, it was clearly not politically expedient to offend them. Now that Wilson has become the Republican senator from California, however, he tends to speak up more often for his basic constituency—the largely suburban, white middle-class families who still constitute a voting majority in the state as a whole, and who have expressed themselves in no uncertain terms about what they perceive to be an overwhelming flood of foreigners pouring across the border. Wilson, an astute politician, likes to say what people want to hear and manages to do so in a cheerful, upbeat way, as if he were addressing a gathering of the Kiwanis. Even when he was suggesting a shutdown of the border, he managed in person to sound reasonable, balanced, and as resolutely optimistic as ever about the chances that something constructive would be done about a very difficult problem.

This attitude is typical of the spirit that created San Diego, which originated mainly as a real-estate speculation. A fifty-four-year-old onetime gold miner, merchant, and entrepreneur named Alonzo Erastus Horton arrived there by steamer from San Francisco on April 15, 1867, and declared himself delighted by his surroundings. "I thought San Diego must be a Heaven on earth, if it was all as fine as that," he proclaimed. "It seemed to me the best spot for building a city I ever saw." Seventeen years earlier, another San Franciscan, William Heath Davis, had tried to build a city there and had failed. He had put up several hotels and a wharf at the foot of what today is Market Street, then had persuaded the United States government to help settle the area by garrisoning troops on the spot. A village calling itself San Diego nestled in the foothills about four miles away, on the site of an old Indian encampment, but Davis, understanding the potential of the area's great natural harbor, had gambled on a quick success. Within two years, however, thwarted by fire, a lack of water, and public inertia, he had been forced to abandon his site. By the time Horton landed, the new city had become the domain of jackrabbits and fleas.

Horton was a born promoter, and his enthusiasm was infectious. Undeterred by the fact that the town he had bought for a few hundred dollars consisted of three dilapidated old houses and a barracks that had become a pigeon roost, he opened an office in downtown San Francisco and began peddling lots. For a while, he offered free land to anyone who would build on it. Hustling and talking incessantly, he steamed up and down along the California coast, and trumpeted the virtues of San Diego to such effect that by the end of 1869 the population numbered about twenty-three hundred. He was his new city's principal employer, and he decreed that in addition to being qualified at their trades his workers should vote Republican. In the general election of 1871, the city and the county duly went Republican, setting a precedent in local politics that has persisted to this day.

Horton's venture was not an unqualified success. The early history of San Diego is a tale of booms and busts, with Horton and his allies being continually frustrated in their more ambitious schemes, mainly by the tumultuous flowering of Los Angeles, a hundred and thirty miles to the north. His greatest failure was his inability to persuade the railroads to make a hub of his potential metropolis, and in 1909 he died almost penniless. By that time, however, he was ninety-six, sported a long white beard, and had become the beloved patriarch of his community. His greatest attribute seems to have been a resolutely cheerful outlook on life, which he once summed up by saying, "My principle is to be as happy as I can every day, to try to make everyone else as happy as I can, and to try to make no one unhappy."

It was a recipe for a way of life that has become identified with Southern California in general but is particularly true of San Diego. Most of the city's residents think of it as a pleasant place to live. They speak often of the ocean, the beaches, and the climate. They enjoy their splendid public parks, are proud of such tourist attractions as their zoo and Sea World, and revel in the broad spectrum of recreational activities available to them the year round, from boating, fishing, and swimming to riding and tennis. Most American city dwellers, when they are asked to define what they like best about their environment, will mention such benefits as an active cultural life, a sense of historic tradition, their careers, and the joys of communal living. An urban-planning survey conducted in San Diego in the early seventies by Kevin Lynch, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Donald Appleyard, of the University of California at Berkeley, revealed that San Diegans are fondest of the terrain itself, and this fact is reflected in local tourist brochures. The joys of San Diego are inevitably epitomized in such phrases as "tropical greenery," "aquatic recreation," and "leisurely pace."



Although there are plenty of signs that the city's rapid growth may one day turn it into a second Los Angeles, complete with smog, polluted beachfronts, jammed freeways, and crime-ridden neighborhoods, San Diego, which calls itself America's Finest City, is still an attractive place to live, with an endearingly friendly small-town atmosphere. The heart of downtown is a cluster of high-rise glass-and-steel towers girdled by freeways, but otherwise there is little to suggest the existence of a metropolis. Balboa Park, fourteen hundred acres of lush foliage amid which nestle plazas, arcades, the famous zoo, and public buildings designed in Spanish Colonial style, sprawls like a huge oasis above the business district and overlooks the shoreline, with its spectacular harbor and flat white beaches. The city is unlike downtown Los Angeles in that many older houses have been preserved; the hills overlooking San Diego Bay are peppered with Victorian mansions and frame bungalows, some with spacious front porches and leaded windows. From above, as one swoops in toward the city by air or along the coastal freeway, the sight can seem unreal, like an idealized portrait of an adult playground.

Within the Centre City, which is what San Diegans call their downtown area, the view is less Arcadian, but cheerful enough. To combat the familiar American phenomenon of white flight to the suburbs, with the consequent decaying of the inner city, Wilson's administration began in the early seventies to pump money into, and provide other support for, a number of redevelopment schemes designed to revitalize what had begun to look like a bombed-out zone—a sterile wasteland of office buildings and hotels surrounded by parking lots and blocks of tumbledown structures containing flophouses, adult-movie theatres, pornographic bookstores, massage and tattoo parlors, sleazy night clubs, junk-food restaurants, grimy stores, and rescue missions. The idea was not only to make the Centre City a desirable place to be during office hours but also to lure people back into the neighborhood at night, and even provide appealing new residential facilities for citizens who were tired of commuting to work or simply enjoyed urban living.

The effort has succeeded, at least in part. Horton Plaza, the city's Times Square, has been cleaned up and anchors a privately built eight-hundred-and-sixty-thousand-square-foot complex that contains a multitude of department stores, specialty shops, restaurants, and theatres, all housed in a cheerful, multihued postmodernist structure that looks like the sort of medieval castle, complete with drawbridges and flapping pennants, depicted in children's books. Adjacent to it, in a part of town once known as the Stingaree—a sixteen-block section near the original port which was notorious at the turn of the century for its opium dens and bordellos—the authorities promoted a renovation that led to the salvaging and restoration of a number of the city's most colorful old buildings. The result was the creation of the Gaslamp Quarter. This has languished since the opening of Horton Plaza but has at least succeeded in bringing a semblance of normal pedestrian street life back to a once sordid area.

These projects, together with similar ones along the waterfront and the continued construction of condominiums and apartment houses, have helped to justify San Diego's view of itself as one of the country's most desirable places to live, and Wilson's and subsequent administrations have tried to enhance this image by promoting the creation of jobs in electronics, the sciences in general, and corporate white-collar sectors—all businesses that do not require the building of factories that could pollute the environment. It is the kind of commercial growth that nicely complements San Diego's traditional reliance on the military presence and the tourist trade, which between them still provide over two hundred thousand jobs. "We have a shining example in Los Angeles of what not to do here," a member of the city's Planning Department recently told me. "We want to keep San Diego the best place in America to live."

THE question of what to do about the illegal immigration, which is now considered the major threat to San Diego's self-congratulatory version of the good life, marks the first time that much official attention has been paid locally to the affairs of the city's neighbor to the south. Though the Mexican presence has been an important reality in the area ever since Horton landed, one would never guess it either from reading the best-known early histories or from a casual perusal of the contemporary press. Mentions of Tijuana, the Mexican city directly across the border, have usually been limited to sensational accounts of the prohibited pleasures available there, such as gambling and prostitution, or to editorials on the necessity of eradicating those evils. (Attempts to close this part of the border have been made several times in the past, but usually to keep the Americans in, not the Mexicans out.) The sensationalizing and moralizing often blend well together into the sort of titillating fulminations characteristic of a topnotch tub-thumper like Ovid Demaris, whose book "Poso del Mundo," published in 1970, purported to expose the horrors being perpetrated from one end of the frontier to the other. "Tijuana is the toughest, roughest, gaudiest, filthiest, loudest—the most larcenous, vicious, predacious—the wickedest bordertown of them all," he wrote. "It is all bordertowns wrapped into one smelly reefer and freaked out on its compulsion to 'skin the gringo.' No bordertown hates the gringo with the intensity of Tijuana, and no bordertown does a better job of separating him from his bankroll."

It is certainly true that Tijuana came into existence largely because of the proximity of San Diego and the tourist trade, much of which was of the seamy variety, and that it has had a checkered and colorful past. Nevertheless, it seems extraordinary that until quite recently few people on the American side of the demarcation line thought of Baja—Lower—California in general as anything but a convenient playground. The notion that the two areas might possibly have anything in common has only begun to take root. Lynch and Appleyard discovered twelve years ago that all the

PURE
NOB HILL,
PURE
SAN FRANCISCO

HUNTINGTON
HOTEL

NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO 94108
Member of Small Luxury Hotels
(415) 474-5400

ORIENT
CULTURAL TOURS
Travel from Kathmandu or Inner Mongolia to Lhasa, visit the Valley of Tibetan Kings; view China's imperial cities, cruise through towering gorges on the Yangtse River, or on China's Seas. Small groups accompanied by expert tour director. For information, please call or write to:
TILLER INTERNATIONAL
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 397-1966
800-992-1299

PHILOSOPHY
A practical approach
Designed for thoughtful men & women,
a course of twelve evening lectures.
For free brochure:
Boston: (617) 665-6665
New York: (212) 744-0764
Toronto: (416) 532-9135

Come to Scotland...
Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland. Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

official maps they were given to work with for their survey went blank at the border, and that news from the Mexican side took up no more than four per cent of the space in local newspapers. “To see the border from the air is a visual shock,” they reported. “The fence runs ruler-straight and heedless across valleys and mesas: open fields on one side, crowded settlements pressed right against the fence on the other. The Tijuana River dies in a muddy pool just by the big border crossing, which, with all its slots and lanes for cars, looks for all the world like a giant starting barrier at the dog track.”

They pointed out that the fence was an anomaly, a completely artificial imposition upon a single natural terrain—“and a connected social landscape as well.” San Diego and Tijuana were not separate entities facing each other across a border but a single metropolitan region. This is even truer today, with about three million people living in an urban area along a forty-mile length of the border. Thirty-eight million persons cross back and forth every year at San Ysidro, San Diego’s main port of entry into the United States, of whom sixteen and a half million are Americans going south, mainly to shop or to seek recreation. The Mexicans, for their part, go north to shop, to work, and for a variety of other quite legitimate reasons. “San Diego and Tijuana comprise a functional megalopolis . . . linked by socioeconomic, environmental, historical and cultural ties,” the San Diego City Council was informed last spring in a report by its newly formed Department of Binational Affairs. The report also revealed that visitors from Mexico were spending well over fifty million dollars a year in San Diego alone, and predicted that by the year 2000 the population of the area would number about four million.

Such statistics tend to confirm a trend that was first noted in the Lynch-Appleyard study. Tijuana, which was even then growing at a faster rate than San Diego, had begun to function as a pool of cheap labor, not only for day work north of the line but for various United States industries under pressure from foreign competition. “It plays a role in the San Diego region which is not unlike that of the larger inner-city slums of any big U.S. city,” Lynch and Appleyard noted. “Only, in this case, the poor area is down at one end of town, rather than in the middle, and it is masked behind a border screen.” If San Diego could lay claim to being unique among the nation’s big cities, they concluded, it was because of Tijuana, not in spite of it.

The connection goes back to the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, on February 2, 1848, which, in effect, returned Baja California to Mexico thirteen months after the bulk of the fighting had stopped over the American annexation of Texas, California, and other Mexican territories. The document specified that “to avoid all difficulty in tracing on the land the limits that separate Upper and Lower California, it is agreed that the limit should consist in a straight line drawn from the middle of the Gila River, at the point where it meets the Colorado, to a point on the Pacific Coast, one marine league distant to the south of the most southerly point of the port of San Diego.” The terms insured that the United States would retain the fine natural harbor that was the chief prize being contested in the area, even though it would be some years before Horton arrived to begin developing it.

Tijuana then consisted of about three thousand acres of orchards, with a handful of inhabitants living in a cluster of adobe huts. Some were descendants of an Indian tribe that had lived there for centuries; they called their village Ti-Wan, meaning By the Sea. It wasn’t long before the gold rush brought visitors to both sides of the border, which was then merely a line on a map. Businesses were built straddling it, and people strolled back and forth across it unhindered. After boxing was outlawed in the United States, matches were staged on the Mexican side, and so were horse races and bullfights. The town then began to acquire its reputation as a bawdy pleasure fair for sporting bloods, but by the early years of this century tourists had also begun to cross the border merely to shop and to get acquainted with what a local reporter described as a “quaint little Mexican village.” In 1910, the population of San Diego was about forty thousand, and about ten thousand Mexicans lived in all of Baja, fewer than three hundred of them in Tijuana.

After the end of a Mexican insurrection in 1910-11, during which th border was closed briefly for the firs time while Tijuana was being contested by government and rebel forces Americans began to cross over in sizable numbers. The Panama-California Exposition of 1915-16, in Balboa Park, brought thousands of visitors to San Diego, and many of then sought a respite from the heavy emphasis on culture and industry by dropping down to Tijuana for a few hour of bullfighting, boxing, and gambling all of which were then illegal nort of the line. At about the same time five enterprising American citizens three of them night-club owners force out of Bakersfield, California, by reform movement, became partners i a corporation to bring racing, booze and gambling to Tijuana on a scal that would establish it as the fun an vice capital of the world. This enterprise was interrupted by the Firs World War, when tension betwee Mexico and the United States again resulted in the closing of the border, thi time for about two years. By 1920 however, with the war over, Tijuan was becoming a boom town. Sunn Jim Coffroth, a boxing promote from San Francisco, reopened his Agu Caliente racetrack on January 16th, t a crowd of about ten thousand, including such improvers of the breed a Eddie Foy, Mack Sennett, James J Jeffries, and Frank Chance, the celebrated first baseman of the Chicag Cubs. The date was a propitious one fo the forces of fun, because it coincide with the first day of Prohibition. Within a matter of weeks, Tijuana ha established itself in the public eye as mecca for pleasure seekers everywhere

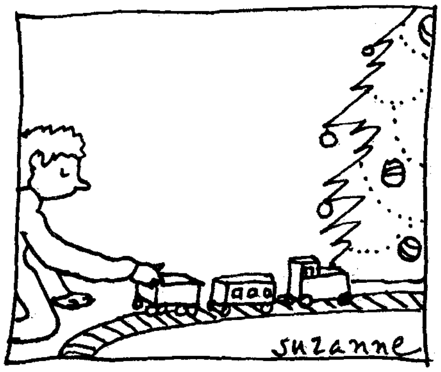
It was viewed as something muc worse by such organizations as th Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodis Church. “Everything goes at Tijuana,” it proclaimed. “There ar scores of gambling devices, long drinking bars, dance halls, hop joints cribs for prostitutes, cock fights, booz sellers, gamblers and other America vermin.” In San Diego, the mayo called a special meeting of local businessmen, one of whom declared tha “the race track, opium dens and casin at Tijuana are endangering the mora and social condition of San Diego.” A prominent San Diego citizen named George Marston called Tijuana “a menace to be put down at all costs,” and Sheriff Ralph Conklin described it as “the worst hellhole on earth.” Once again, attempts were made to close the border to Americans and to impose curfews of various kinds, but Tijuana urvived them all, including Repeal and the Depression. The latter did have the effect, however, of temporarly reducing the city to little better han a ghost town, with its track closed and its most famous bordello, he Molino Rojo, converted into a school. The track reopened in 1937, but it took the advent of the Second World War to revive Tijuana's forunes, first as a playground mainly for American servicemen and then as a ration-free marketplace for buyers of meat, butter, shoes, silk stockings, gasoline, and perfume.

In August, 1942, Congress passed egislation that permanently altered he nature of the entire frontier. This was Public Law 78, setting up the so-called *bracero* program, which opened he border to anyone who wanted to work at harvesting the wartime crops of American farms, since most of their hands had been drafted. The program was continued long after the war ended and proved to be a bonanza for California growers, because the law enabled them to hire foreign workers pretty much at will for whatever wages they chose to pay, without requiring them to provide social services, housing, or even decent sanitary facilities. Hundreds of thousands of needy Mexicans crossed to toil in the fields, and the opportunity brought millions of others to the border zone. Between 1940 and 1950, the population of Tijuana more than doubled. When the program was finally terminated, on December 31, 1964, there were half a million Mexican farmhands in the United States, the majority of them in California, and the social and economic life of Tijuana had become inextricably interwoven with that of San Diego. "Although this fact is not recognized," declared a recent editorial in the San Diego *Union*, a generally conservative newspaper, "San Diego and Tijuana are twin cities, as much as St. Paul and Minneapolis, or Dallas and Fort Worth."

THE twins don't look very much alike, and it is not easy for a newcomer to make the connection. Once having crossed the border into Mexico, an American visitor cannot avoid knowing that he has entered a foreign country. Architecturally, Tijuana is basically a vast sprawl of mostly small, low-lying buildings of all shapes and colors, tumbled together seemingly at hazard and with no regard to function. (The only effective zoning law is the cost of land, which guarantees that in the upper-class neighborhoods, such as the Chapultepec quarter, in the hills west of downtown, the villas of the rich bask in isolated splendor behind high walls and iron gates.) What most tourists see immediately, on their way in, is a slope east of the Tijuana River, where a well-established colony of squatters lives in shacks and tiny adobe huts, and the side streets leading into the old downtown area, which are lined by tile factories, automobile upholstery and parts shops, liquor stores, and other enterprises catering mainly to Americans. The heart of this Tijuana is the Avenida Revolución, given over to curiosity shops, strip clubs, cafés, restaurants, and cheap hotels, and dominated by the imposing, faintly Moorish bulk of the Frontón Palace. The Avenida Revolución extends southward to become the Boulevard Agua Caliente, which leads to the downtown bullring, the twin glass-and-steel towers of the new Fiesta Americana Hotel, a public golf course and country club, the Caliente Race Track, and, on a side street a couple of blocks beyond it, the United States Consulate. Just about the only other part of town that Americans might visit stretches for several blocks along the Paseo de los Héroes, a broad boulevard, southwest of the river, that is notable for a handsome new Centro Cultural, with a theatre, a concert hall, permanent exhibits, and art galleries. The area also includes a large American-style shopping mall, a couple of the newer discos, which are popular with American teen-agers, and several of the city's best restaurants.

Most foreign visitors to Tijuana remain for a few hours or a day or two. To them the town seems pretty much what they have always been led to believe it is—a zone for revellers, gamblers, and bargain-hunters of all kinds. The reality, however, is startlingly different. The city is essentially a long, undulating carpet of self-sufficient neighborhoods extending southward for miles along the main avenues and broadening out east and west toward the mountains and the ocean. Here and there, tucked into narrow ravines and along the riverbed—areas that are always flooded during the winter rains—or on still undeveloped mesas toward the interior, are large colonies of squatters. These are people who have fled the poverty-stricken mainland to find work. They live in shantytown communities, one of which is called Cartolandia, because the dwellings there are made largely out of cardboard. The municipal government cannot hope to provide accommodations, or even basic services, for all the Mexicans who want to live in Tijuana. No statistics are available, but it is generally acknowledged that the population of Tijuana is already well over a million and a quarter, and that makes it the West Coast's second-largest city. "Tijuana is a city of permanent growth," Enrique Luna Herrera, Baja California's Minister of Public Works, recently declared. "It never stops. Its growth rate is twelve per cent annually, one of the highest in the world. No matter what planning we do, we're always behind."

Contrary to the impression being created on the American side, the majority of these new citizens have not been lured to the area by the prospect of sneaking into the United States. Although Tijuana has a frighteningly high number of unemployed, mainly among the unskilled young—by some estimates, as high as forty per cent—it is one of the richest cities in Mexico, and until recently it was in the pleasant throes of what was sometimes referred to locally as *el nuevo boom*. The sudden devaluation of the peso last winter and a continued high inflation rate have put a stop to all such rosy assessments of the local economy, yet, compared with other Mexicans, Tijuanans are well off. In fact, in some parts of town—especially toward a new section called Mesa de Otay, where housing developments and factory buildings are rapidly going up adjacent to a new border station—there is no indication that the boom has run its course. And even in some older popular quarters of town, such as the Zona Norte, a working-class neighborhood that is not much patronized by casual tourists, the atmosphere is one of bustling activity. The new



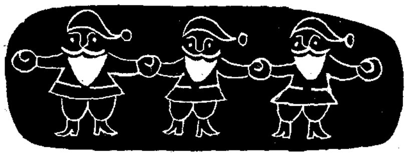
border station was built primarily to accommodate commercial traffic.

The streets of Tijuana, teeming with energy and the chaotic comings and goings of its inhabitants, all seemingly galvanized daily by the prospect of deals to be consummated and money to be made, are not unlike those of such South Italian cities as Naples and Palermo. There are plenty of poor, even destitute people to be seen, but the hopeless, grinding sidewalk misery characteristic of Third World cities is largely absent from Tijuana, most of whose citizens appear wholeheartedly committed to survival and self-betterment. “It’s a contradiction that workers pass over to the United States, yet we don’t have enough people to work here,” the outgoing mayor, Rene Treviño Arredondo, recently commented. “While there’s unemployment elsewhere in Mexico, we have a form of subemployment.”

One has to be in Tijuana for a while to begin to understand the extent of the United States connection. Its most obvious manifestations are the pleasure emporiums and the stores catering to the gringo dollar, together with the presence in all parts of town of such fast-food outlets as Bob’s Big Boy, Denny’s, and Pollo Frito Kentucky. Far more significant, however, is the way of life of many middle-class citizens, which, while remaining quintessentially Mexican, has adopted American usages, even including some American holidays. Children don costumes on Halloween and go *triqui-triqui* from door to door for candy and coins. Quite a few Mexican housewives buy turkeys at supermarkets on the American side of the border and celebrate Thanksgiving, rebaptized here Día de Gracias. Some schoolchildren have been observed sporting green paper hats and shamrocks on St. Patrick’s Day, and eggnog has become an established Christmas drink. “As far back as I can remember, I knew about hamburgers, Cracker Jack, Hershey bars, those big, red American apples,” a young Mexican businessman named Hector Lam told me recently. “These are what I would call privileges, things that your average Mexican in the interior doesn’t have. And my friends and I used to spend three or four hours a day watching American TV. I always understood English, and I spoke it long before I ever studied it in school.”

An entire generation that has grown up living on the border takes for granted a way of life that would strike most other Mexicans as exotic and hopelessly out of reach. As many as twenty thousand Tijuanans cross the line legally every day, some to work in hotels, restaurants, stores, private homes, or on the land, and others merely to shop or to transact business on the American side. Ms. Killea, who lived for five years in Tijuana during the mid-sixties, while her husband served as the United States Consul there, recalls that it seemed perfectly natural to her and their Mexican friends to go back and forth—occasionally as many as four times a day. “There’s always some reason to go,” she said. “My husband used to say that if you ever wanted to find somebody in Tijuana all you had to do was go to the Thrifty drugstore in Chula Vista or the post office in San Ysidro.” Hector Lam remembers going every year with his family to visit the San Diego Zoo and Disneyland. Like many of his generation, he long ago acquired a border-crossing card, which entitles him to spend as much as seventy-two hours at a time in the United States within a twenty-five-mile limit—a privilege he uses frequently. The verb “to cross” in Tijuana simply means to make a trip over the border, which until the last few years was not a complicated thing to do.

Tijuanans can become defensive at being called too American, especially by their fellow-countrymen in Mexico City, where they are often referred to derogatorily as *pochos*, a slang term indicating that they’ve become phony Mexicans. There was a notorious episode some years ago when a mayor of Tijuana visited the capital and came down with the *turistas*, as the intestinal upset that normally afflicts only gringos is called. “For a long time, Tijuana was cut off from the rest of Mexico,” a newspaper editor named Jesús Blancornelas explained to me. “It was a place where officials were banished. Now it has become a reward to be sent here, so naturally there is much resentment.” Tijuanans now refer to the increasing number of émigrés from Mexico City as *chilangos*, meaning people who are clearly so abnormal as to be almost insane. Some stores post signs in their windows saying, “Chilangos, go home”—in English, of course. There are no signs in Tijuana urging Americans to go home. “Tijuana is a part of the United States, whether you like it or not,” a local official named Fernando Ocaranza once told a visitor from Los Angeles. “The two cities are as close together as a kitchen and a dining room. If we were to suffer an earthquake here, we’d go to San Diego to buy Band-Aids.”



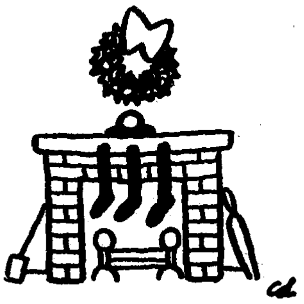
IT is becoming increasingly difficult to go from Tijuana to San Diego for any reason whatever. As the agitation over illegal immigration grows shriller and the border has also become a focus of the nation’s equally well-publicized attempts to deal with the drug traffic, citizens of both cities are periodically experiencing long delays at the main border stations—especially during the morning and evening rush hours and on weekends. Experienced border hands, who have spent much of their lives going back and forth, now generally try to cross at odd hours, and some, like Hector Lam, take the precaution of going over the night before if they have early-morning appointments on the American side. Even when all twenty-four traffic lanes entering the United States at San Ysidro are open, waits of two and three hours are not uncommon. Pedestrians can usually get through in less than an hour, though sometimes the long lines shuffling past the inspection counters hardly seem to move at all. In recent months, during tightening-up procedures by both Customs and I.N.S. inspectors, the delays have been such that in the spring a cartoon on the editorial page of the *Union* depicted an obviously Anglo middle-class family, back from a tourist outing, sneaking through a hole in the fence, because it was the fastest way to get home.

The difficulty, as most of the locals see it, is that there are too many federal and state agencies charged with administering the border. The I.N.S. and the Customs Service have principal jurisdiction, but there are others: the Public Health Service, the Department of Agriculture, the Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service, the Navy Shore Patrol, the San Diego Police, the California Highway Patrol, and the California Department of Agriculture. Then, of course, there is the Border Patrol, with its helicopters, jeeps, and trucks, whose job it is to swoop up and down along the line and over the open terrain on the United States side to apprehend anyone trying to get through. These agencies—and especially Customs and the I.N.S., which are charged with manning the traffic booths and inspection stations—frequently act independently of each other and at cross-purposes. Late last February, the Customs Service suddenly instituted what it said was a crackdown on drug smuggling by pulling some of its agents off the front line and reassigning them to secondary inspection areas, where incoming vehicles and their occupants are subjected to detailed searches before being allowed to proceed. The result was a traffic jam that extended back into Mexico for several miles and long waits for everyone.

Usually, when such crises occur, it turns out that there are less valid reasons than the attempt to halt the flow of undocumented aliens or to put a crimp in the drug trade. On this occasion, I.N.S. officials accused Customs of staging its maneuver in order to publicize its need for increased federal funding. “The bottom line is that Customs has some vacant positions that need to be filled and this is a way of getting it done,” I.N.S. Commissioner Ezell informed the press. “Customs continues to play this game to give out the false impression that they are the only inspectors at San Ysidro.” On Wednesday, March 5th, the Customs Commissioner, William von Raab, testified to a congressional appropriations subcommittee that the I.N.S. was not upholding its commitment to staff half the booths at the border crossings. Nevertheless, Ezell’s charges were denied by Dennis Murphy, a Customs official in Washington, who maintained that his agency’s action had been prompted solely by “management decisions.”

Sometimes border crises are the result of purely political considerations. When an agent of the United States Drug Enforcement Administration named Enrique Camarena was tortured and killed in Mexico in February, 1985, the Customs Service instituted inspection and security procedures that caused delays of several hours at San Ysidro and shut down some smaller stations completely during most of February and March. The ostensible reason for the operation was to apprehend suspects in the case and confiscate narcotics, but it was no secret in Washington that the real purpose was to put pressure on the Mexican government to crack down on allegedly corrupt police officials implicated in the slaying and to do something drastic about the drug traffic on the Mexican side. “In the Camarena case, they didn’t tell us that they were going to shut down the lanes,” Ezell said. “They cut down on the number of lanes and then *boom*, just like that, they shut down the border.”

Whatever the federal agencies do at the border, they seem to do clumsily, with disastrous consequences for both San Diego and Tijuana. The most flagrant example of ineptitude was Operation Intercept, which was put into effect under the Nixon Administration on September 21, 1969, at all thirty-two border-crossing points. It was the government’s first major attempt to deal with incoming drugs—at that time mostly marijuana. The trunk, the glove compartment, and at least one door panel of every car arriving from Mexico had to be searched, and the average wait for drivers, which had been twenty minutes, grew to a matter of hours. Unwary motorists arriving at the San Ysidro station on Operation Intercept’s first day waited in line for a minimum of six hours, and at one point cars were backed up for seven miles into downtown Tijuana. It soon became clear to everyone involved that the Administration’s real intent was to force the Mexican government to clamp down on marijuana growers inside Mexico. Despite an uproar of protest from both sides of the border over the hardship being inflicted on thousands of innocent people, more than a month passed before the operation was abandoned. “We may have the right intentions, but we always commit these blunders,” Francisco Herrera, the head of San Diego’s Department of Binational Affairs, recently told me. “The trouble is that we don’t have a coherent federal policy on Mexico.” He went on to point out that the capitals of both nations are too distant from the frontier to grasp the reality of what is actually occurring there. “We can’t have Washington and Mexico City deciding what has to be done at the border” is the way Lucy Killea put it not long ago. “In Washington, for instance, they don’t realize what many of us in San Diego have known for a long time—that we get more from Tijuana than they get from us.”



The proof of this statement is immediately evident in the nature and the source of the protests every time something drastic happens either at the border or inside Mexico. The first to complain are always the merchants and storekeepers on the American side—especially those in the sections of San Diego nearest the border. San Diegans began to really understand about ten years ago what some people in the area now refer to as peso power. In 1976, when the Mexican government first devalued its currency in relation to the dollar, retail business in most San Diego shopping centers dropped by fifty per cent overnight. At the same time, an estimated fifteen million dollars in Mexican flight capital was immediately deposited in banks in San Ysidro. Although that situation righted itself in a matter of a few weeks, the phenomenon has become a recurring feature of the local economy. In 1982, when the peso began to slide again, slicing deeply into the purchasing power of Mexican customers, the economies of the American border communities went into a recession they have yet to recover from. Last June, the peso slumped once more, this time by almost thirty per cent, and Mexicans once more stopped buying in American stores. “When the middle class starts feeling the squeeze, they may as well shut down the border,” a San Ysidro retailer told a reporter.

San Ysidro is the San Diego neighborhood most powerfully affected by what goes on in Tijuana, but it is not alone. Traditionally, Tijuanans have shopped in San Diego, although it’s difficult to do more than estimate roughly what the effect has been at any time on the local economy. A Chamber of Commerce survey found that business with Mexican citizens in thirteen major shopping centers had slumped from about a hundred million dollars in 1981 to a little over fifty million dollars two years later. At the same time, Mexican capital sought shelter in American financial institutions. San Ysidro, with a population of about sixteen thousand and an unemployment rate of about twenty-five per cent, has eight banks and more than sixty money exchanges. Couriers carrying suitcases full of currency have become a feature of life there. Federal officials maintain that much of the money has been made in drugs and is being laundered through American banks, but most local financiers deny the charge. "It's flight capital, that's all," one of them declared recently. "The Mexicans are protecting their money against inflation and more devaluations."

That assessment appears to be borne out by a glance at the banking and real-estate sectors of San Diego's economy. Mexican capital has been flowing into local institutions for a decade, and much of it has been invested in property. Last March, a report released by the Center for U.S.-Mexican Studies at the University of California at San Diego revealed that in the last ten years a hundred and twenty-six million dollars had been invested in San Diego by only twenty-eight wealthy Mexican families. "Our study focussed on just twenty-eight families, so over all who knows?" Valdemar de Murguia, who wrote the report, declared. "When you look at projections of Mexicans living in La Jolla, you wonder how many billions of dollars are there." La Jolla is an upper-middle-class San Diego suburb in which twenty-four hundred Mexicans are estimated to live now—over twice the number who lived there five years ago. In Windemere, another affluent neighborhood, thirty-eight per cent of the houses are owned by Mexican citizens. The number of Mexicans who have invested in the area has doubled since 1976, and the initial bank deposits of these families have averaged between two hundred and fifty thousand and four hundred thousand dollars, with daily balances rarely dipping below half a million dollars. (In the nation as a whole, according to the U.S. Treasury Department, Mexicans invested over fifty-five billion dollars between 1975 and 1985, most of it in real estate in California and Texas.) At least nine of the twenty-eight families cited in the report apparently entered the country illegally, but the weight of their money seems to have effectively counterbalanced any urgency that the I.N.S. may have felt to repatriate them.

It is not the wealthy of Mexico, however, who contribute most significantly to the economic well-being of San Diego. Everywhere in California, for that matter, most of the unskilled jobs are performed by illegal aliens. They labor as dishwashers, busboys, garment workers, sweepers, maids, gardeners, trash collectors, factory hands, and day laborers of one sort or another in almost every business in the state. The majority of the estimated fifty thousand Mexican men in the North County area are farmhands, who live anywhere they can—in shacks, under sheets of plastic, or in so-called spider holes, which are pits dug into the ground and function not only as dwellings but as hiding places, from bandits and from the I.N.S. These improvised villages are well away from paved roads but usually within walking distance of the fields where the men work. Since nearly all these Mexican laborers are in the country illegally, they are paid whatever their employers can get away with—usually three or four dollars an hour—and they receive little or nothing in the way of living quarters or social services. "What we're doing is inhuman," a farmer named Mike Mellano admitted to a journalist last March. "We don't treat them as well as we treat our dogs. But I refuse to accept blame for it, because it's not my fault."

The consensus seems to be that the Mexican government is to blame, mainly for not providing its people with jobs and for doing nothing to cope with an explosively high birthrate. Employers' justification for treating the Mexican refugees worse than dogs is that they need the work and will perform boring and onerous tasks at a pay scale unacceptable to Americans. Furthermore, these employers maintain that if they had to pay decent wages and provide benefits their products could not compete in today's cutthroat marketplace, which is being flooded with cheap foreign imports. In San Diego County, a few farmers do provide some housing for their workers, but, according to an official of the Western Growers Association named Dan Haley, "most of the growers who used to give housing got out of it, because it wasn't cost-effective."

MADISON
FIRE DEPT.
EICKE

There is considerable disagreement over what is and what isn't cost-effective these days. Quite a number of people can be found to contradict the apocalyptic view of what will happen to American society if illegal immigration is allowed to continue unchecked. Last December, the Rand Corporation released a report indicating that the presence of this cheap labor pool had been an economic asset. "Our evidence suggests that Mexican immigrants may actually have stimulated manufacturing employment by keeping wages competitive," the report concluded. It also revealed that the wage levels of non-Hispanic workers in California, with its multitude of illegal Mexicans, were "substantially higher" than those elsewhere in the nation.

Such figures seem to confirm what some observers of the phenomenon have been saying all along—that no immigration bill can possibly work that doesn't continue to provide exploitable bodies, and that the new bill will not stop the practice. "Every piece of legalization that has come before the U.S. Congress has been crafted to institutionalize the exploitation of the Mexican worker," Herman Baca, the Chicano-rights activist, told an interviewer in *La Prensa San Diego*, a local weekly. "Immigration is not the issue. Cheap labor is!"

In pursuit of that commodity, American employers have now crossed the border themselves. For several years, they have been setting up businesses and building factories along the Mexican side of the border which currently employ more than a quarter of a million people in the manufacture of all sorts of items, from toys and computer keyboards to carburetors, refrigerators, and water beds. Mexico permits the duty-free importation of components used in the manufacture of these products, which are then shipped back into the United States. The companies pay American duty only on the value added by labor costs and any foreign-made parts. Because Mexican wages for unskilled workers are a mere one-sixth those of Japan and about half what most Asian workers earn, the incentives for American manufacturers are obvious—especially since the peso shows signs of remaining weak and the prospect of further devaluation is strong. This trend is opposed by American labor unions, but the companies involved claim that it is he only way they can continue to be ompetitive in world markets and at ome.

There are now more than a thouand such plants, about a third of them n Tijuana. This industry has become nore important to the Mexican econmy than tourism, and is second only o oil as a source of revenue. The actories are called *maquiladoras*, also nown as twin plants, and in Tijuana hey are to be found all over town, hough most of the new ones are pringing up close to the Mesa de tay crossing. Some seventy per cent f the workers in them are women, vhom their American employers conider temperamentally better suited to epetitive detail work and more tolernt of what plant managers describe as 'static work conditions."

Many of the women in the *maquiadoras* are married and have moved, vith their families, nearer to their obs, and these moves have brought nore unemployed Mexican men closer o the border fence. Every day, groups f them can be seen, bundles and cheap uitcases in hand, waiting quietly long it for a chance to sneak through, ver, or under it, past the Border Parol, and into the United States. To hem and to others, on both sides of he line, that fence must seem a ludirous anachronism, perpetuated by igorance, cupidity, and fear. It's one of he realities that San Diego's Departnent of Binational Affairs, the first uch institution of its kind in the ountry, will be forced to deal with. 'I'm really interested in heightening he awareness of elected officials, as vell as the bureaucracy, of what is oing on across the border," Francisco Ierrera declared last August. The win cities, he went on to point out, lready share the same trade, the same ainfall, and most of the same traffic nd pollution problems. And the jobs re there, he might have added, if only he people could get to them.

—WILLIAM MURRAY

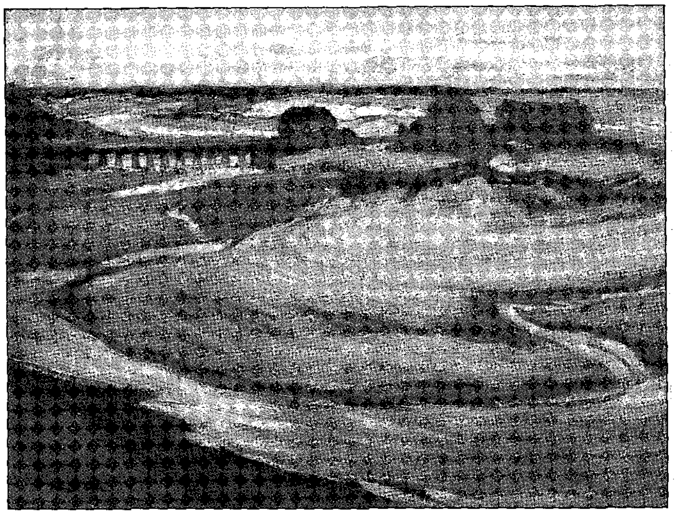
•

ENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From a form distributed by the InterFirst Bank Houston, in Houston, Texas*]

NOTICE: You must strike out the lanuage above certifying that you are not ubject to backup withholding due to otified payee underreporting if you have een notified that you are subject to backp withholding due to notified payee unerreporting, and you have not received a otice from the Internal Revenue Service dvising you that backup withholding has erminated.

GERTRUDE FISKE



Outgoing Tide, 20" x 27", $11,500.

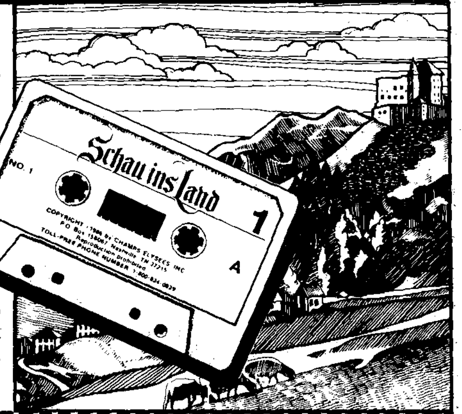
Vose Galleries and Gertrude Fiske.
Together since 1915.

Vose GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC. ESTABLISHED 1841
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations.
238 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, MA. 02116 • (617) 536-6176

Aktuelles aus deutschsprachigen Ländern

PRESENTING

Schau ins Land, the new biweekly German language magazine on cassette. Recorded entirely in idiomatic German by a team of top European broadcasters and journalists, ***Schau ins Land*** offers unique insights into the diverse landscapes and cultures of German speaking Europe: West and East Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Each 45-minute edition features conversation about current affairs, travel, the arts and entertainment, as well as interviews and a sampling of today's best German popular music. As an aid to comprehension, each program comes with a complete printed German transcription and an extensive German-English vocabulary section.



Schau ins Land™

Subscribe now and receive the Spring & Autumn '87 series (a total of 14 editions) for just $118. Or, order only the Spring '87 series for $69 (7 editions). *You'll receive a new issue twice-monthly beginning the week of January 5.*

Please send me:
☐ Spring & Autumn ☐ Spring only

To order by VISA or MasterCard or for more information call: 1-800-824-0829
In Tennessee and Alaska call collect:
(615) 383-8534

Print Name ____________
Address ____________
City/State/Zip ____________
** Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax*

TO: ***Schau ins Land***, Dept. Y3,
P.O. Box 158067
Nashville, TN 37215-8067
Do not send cash. © 1987, Champs-Elysées, Inc.

THE THEATRE

Failed Frayn

"WILD HONEY," at the Virginia, is a play by Michael Frayn, author of that dizzy and marvellous comedy "Noises Off." Mr. Frayn might have done well to call his new work "Noises On," for it turns out that it isn't the play itself but the rambunctious and technically inventive production of the play, complete with detonating fireworks and a full-scale huffing and puffing steam locomotive, that holds our attention. I am sorry to report that it is only our attention that is held, and not our interest, though in the past Frayn has found no difficulty in holding both. He claims to have based his strange handiwork on a play by Chekhov that never achieved so much as the meagre dignity of a name; it is certainly the case that the opening scene is Chekhovian in setting and spirit, as it is also Turgenev-like, Gorky-like, and even—stumbling imprudently over the border of farce into parody—Woody Allen-like. It is "A Day in the Country" uneasily transformed into "A Night at the Opera" with a hero who has the misfortune to resemble Zeppo instead of Groucho. More accurately, the hero of "Wild Honey" isn't a man at all, it is the locomotive.

As the curtain rises, we are deep in the birchy Russian countryside, on the estate of a wellborn and imperious young widow. Through her house and garden passes the army of friends, relatives, servants, and hangers-on which we are accustomed to encountering in nineteenth-century Russian novels and plays. The calculated parsimony that distinguishes farce requires that each of these figures possess but a single salient characteristic. A puffy-faced retired artillery officer fires off guns, while his son, the local doctor, is an exuberant nonentity prepared to operate on his patients drunk or sober. An elderly, impotent landowner repeatedly proposes marriage to the widow, with the understanding that he will be happy to pay her debts and waive the usual rights of husbands; in contrast, the local schoolmaster is notable for being sexually irresistible to every woman he meets.

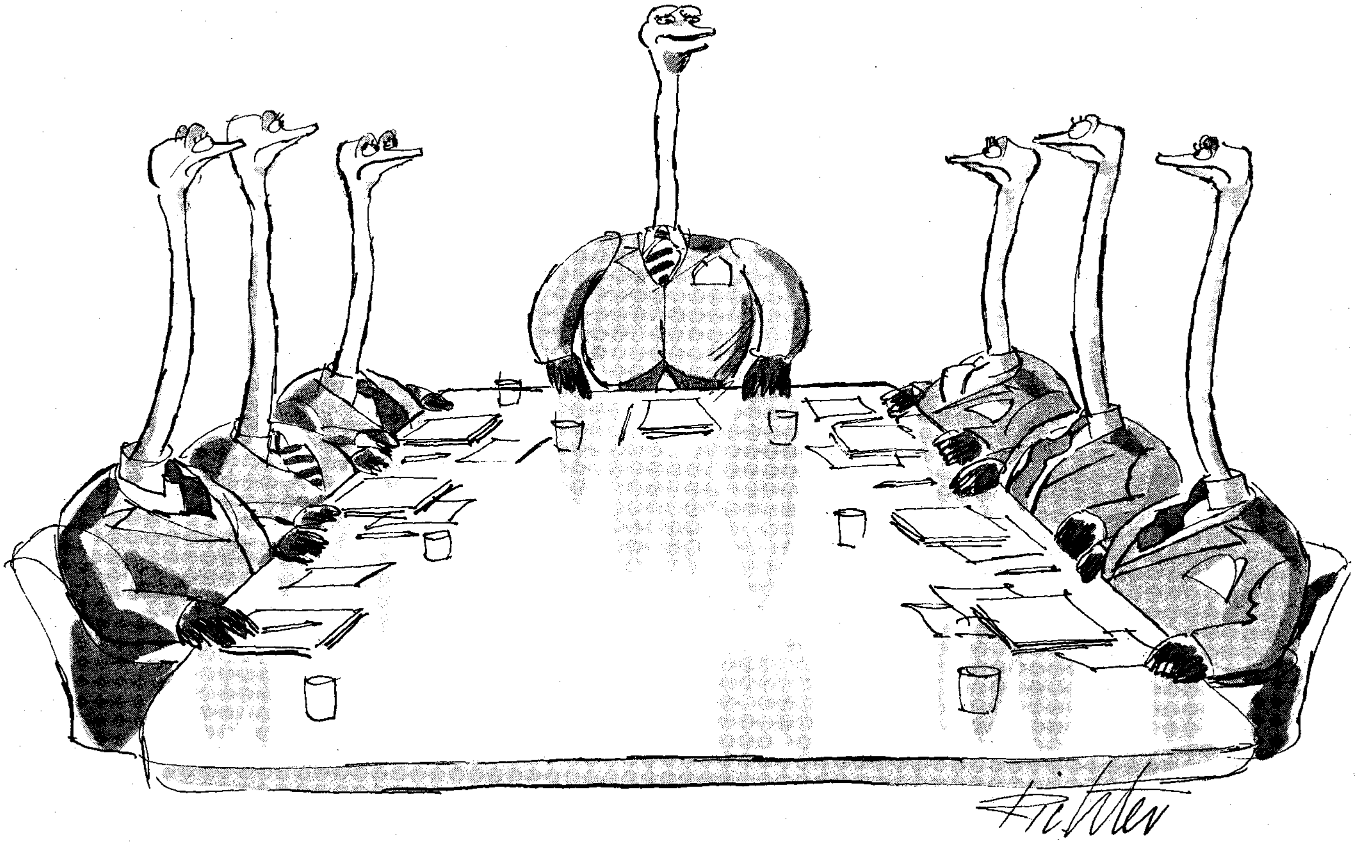
The fireworks and the locomotive carry much of the burden of the first of the two acts of "Wild Honey," assisted from time to time by Ian McKellen in the role of the schoolmaster and Kathryn Walker as the widow. In the second act, the locomotive becomes indispensable, and Mr. McKellen, knowing that our hearts are elsewhere, fills in the locomotiveless interstices of the plot with a flagrant display of charm and energy. There is simply no trick of his trade that he will not fall back upon in order to keep from being upstaged by an iron horse. One sympathizes with his plight as ardently as one admires his anthology of acting skills, and one sympathizes as well with the other members of the large cast, who as the play grows increasingly silly and unresolvable might just as well join the stagehands backstage in a game of pinochle. Among these able and only half-employed mock Russians are Kate Burton, Sullivan Brown, Jonathan Moore, Franklin Cover, Kim Cattrall, and Stephen Mendillo.

The gorgeous scenery is by John Gunter, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, the costumes are by Deirdre Clancy, and the direction is by Christopher Morahan. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

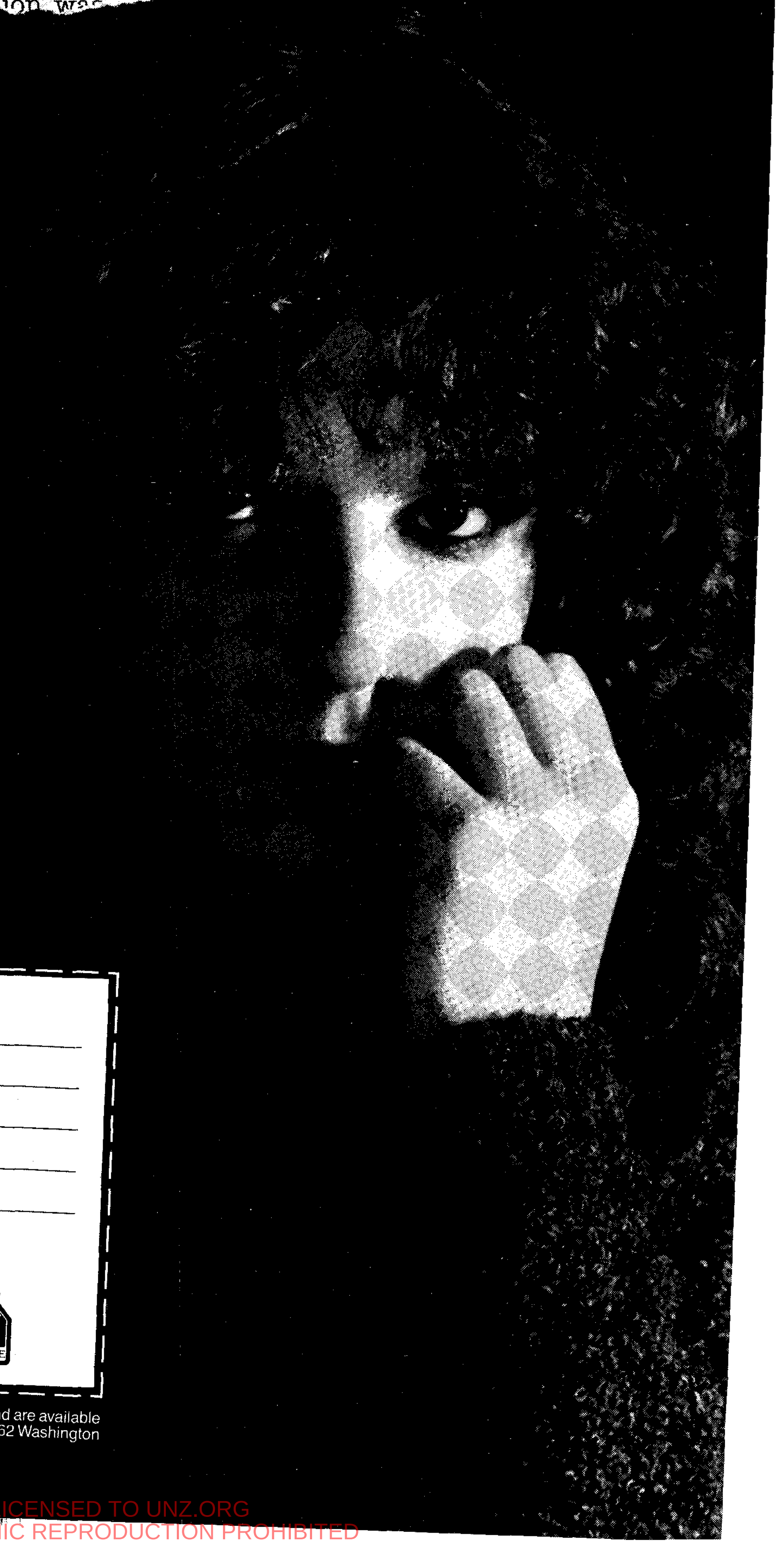
Thwarted Love

MATTHEW BRODERICK'S Horace Robedaux, in Horton Foote's "The Widow Claire," at Circle in the Square (downtown), is twenty-one—



"The motion has been made and seconded that we stick our heads in the sand."

Linda was 14, still a virgin, when a pimp took her. She
was beaten and raped, forced to work the streets of Times S
a medica tion was



Children like Linda have been described in many Covenant House newsletters.

Linda ran away from an unbearable home-life. Alone and vulnerable, she was easy prey for a smooth-talking pimp who beat and raped her and then forced her to work the streets.

One night, Linda fled her dead-end life on the street and came to Covenant House. Covenant House provides kids like Linda with protection, food, shelter, and medical attention.

Since 1969 Covenant House has survived because of you. Almost all our money comes from people who really care about the 18,000 desperate children we help every year. Won't you please help us? Send your tax deductible contribution to Covenant House.

Life on the street is a dead end.

I'm helping Covenant House care for homeless and runaway kids like Linda with a contribution of $________

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City____________________________

State____________________ Zip__________

Please send coupon with your donation to
Covenant House New York
460 West 41st Street
New York, New York 10036

COVENANT HOUSE

Copies of our financial and operating report have been filed with the state and are available on request. Write: N.Y. State Dept. of State, Charities Registration Section, 162 Washington Ave., Albany, N.Y. 12231, or Covenant House.
Dramatization to protect Linda. Photo by Helene Joseph.

Waikiki Experts

Outrigger is the largest hotel chain in Waikiki with 7,000 rooms among 20 hotels.

Rates range from $25/night for budget-minded fun to $175/night for luxurious beachfront suites.

For the Waikiki that's just right for you, contact the experts. See your travel agent or call us toll-free.

1-800-367-5170

Outrigger HOTELS HAWAII
The Waikiki Experts

WAIKIKI
"Life's Greatest Beach"

New Natural Way To Sleep
Pure Cotton Knit

Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but over a foot longer. Special knit gives when you move, eases up when you relax. No bind, no bunch, no chafe, no buttons, no ironing! Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or money back. (Great for Ladies, too). Choose snow white or soft blue. S-M-L-XL (to ensure best fit include height-weight when ordering.) Order NOW, while prices include postage/handling!

$13 ea. 3 for $30
Long sleeve style (not shown)
$17 ea. 3 for $42

Bald? Your head never had it so warm!
100% Cotton Knit SLEEP CAP

Holds in up to 40% of body heat a bare head can lose! Special knit "gives" naturally to fit *any* head (man's or woman's); never constricts or binds . . . caresses your scalp with gentle warmth! Colors (matching Tee-PJ's above): choose snow white or soft blue. Only $3.50. SAVE! 3 for $7.00—postpaid, if you order promptly! WITTMANN TEXTILES,
Dept. 469, Hobe Sound, FLA. 33455

DEEP IN THE MAINE WOODS
Incomparable Cross-Country Skiing

Ski-in or fly-in. Wild and beautiful area of mountain and ponds. Warm log cabins and main lodge built in 1870's as logging station. Outstanding food, moose watching, platform tennis! No phone, oil lamps. "Occupies a niche somewhere between a resort and a friend's wilderness retreat." Brochure:

LITTLE LYFORD POND LODGE
GREENVILLE, MAINE 04441
207-695-2821 (radio contact via Folsom's Air Service)

Nichols Herb and Rare Seeds

Our 1987 catalog features the finest culinary and ornamental herb plants and seeds. Discover many new and unusual Oriental and European vegetable and flower varieties.

Complimentary Catalog: Write or call
NICHOLS GARDEN NURSERY
1194 NE Pacific, Albany, Oregon 97321
503-928-9280

two years older than Don Bloomfield's Horace Robedaux, in Mr. Foote's "Lily Dale," at the Samuel Beckett. The events of "The Widow Claire" take place during one evening and night in Harrison, Texas, in 1911. Horace is back in his home town after a disastrous visit to his mother, sister, and stepfather in Houston two years earlier. He plans to return to Houston to go to business college, but he now lives in a men-only boarding house. As the show opens, he is getting ready for a date with a local widow named Claire. His fellow-boarders—poker players—are much amused; they tease him about her and her reputation, and warn him of constant intrusion by her two children, a small boy and a girl. And they are right: the children are natural tryst-busters, and Horace and Claire are barely able to kiss chastely or dance without one or the other of the kids clamoring to be sung to or told a story. The boy, whose hobby seems to be troublemaking, foments a middle-of-the-night fight between peaceable Horace and a tougher suitor of Claire's. At the end, Horace is as defeated in his first try at courtship as he was, in "Lily Dale," in his attempt to rescue his mother from her miserable marriage to a dockworker and his sister from her bewildering family life. Horace, still hurt by the first defeat and by the death of his father some years before, remains "the quality" cut adrift in a world of cheap boarding houses and all-night card games. But this time he is able to maintain his decorum and natural courtesy, and his kindness as well. He is never ruffled by the children, even at their most pesky, and is never impatient with them. He doesn't wince (though we do) when the widow asks him again and again which of two other suitors she should choose.

As was true in "Lily Dale," theatricality is at a minimum. The script is a matter of details, in the hands of a craftsman who evokes a time and place. I cannot imagine a more difficult role than Horace, a character to whom everything is done and who instigates nothing. Matthew Broderick—my cousin, as it happens—couldn't be better, Horace's quiet decency almost masking his suffering over the past and his disappointment in the present, and entirely masking (come to think of it) his quick-wittedness, which comes as a surprise in that fight. Only his eyes, in their depth and expressiveness, give us the clue. Hallie Foote, the dramatist's daughter, is exactly right as Claire—sometimes a tease, at other times just callous or inattentive. Her only displays of tenderness are reserved for her children, and, nerves on edge, she is never able to show her desperation as a woman alone, in 1911, with those children to bring up. All the other actors do well, under Michael Lindsay-Hogg's direction. Occasionally, the action seems remote—as what does not in the vastnesses of Circle in the Square? The play could use a more enclosed space, but Eugene Lee's ingenious setting, lighted by Natasha Katz, is good, and so are the costumes, by Van Broughton Ramsey.

THE Hudson Guild has redeemed at one stroke all those duds of the past few years with its production of Derek Walcott's beautiful, ironic two-character comedy "Pantomime," which will run there through January 4th. The setting is a patio behind a guesthouse in Tobago; the characters are Harry Trewe, the manager, who was until recently a performer in the English music halls, and Jackson Phillip, a black waiter and temporarily retired steel-band singer from Trinidad. The place is a seedy establishment, referred to by Phillip as "a hospital," with guests at fifty dollars a day—guests who will be arriving in a week or so and will expect entertainment. Trewe has the idea of putting on a comic musical version of "Robinson Crusoe" in which the races are switched: Phillip would be the black Crusoe, Trewe his white man Friday. Phillip doesn't think much of the idea but is finally persuaded, and then insists on giving a real performance, taking over authority and becoming the master and director; the manager has other ideas—vestiges of his music-hall past. At the first rehearsal, we are plunged into depths of character and anger and sadness, yet Mr. Walcott never loses his lightness of touch or his wit. There are flights of marvellous poetry and spurts of marvellous humor. As Phillip, Charles S. Dutton—an angry, impassioned musician in "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom"—is ab-

d. ehrenberg

solutely at home in comedy; Edmond Genest is a more than worthy partner. The play, as directed by Kay Matschullat, moves swiftly, and the enthralling words of Derek Walcott are lone full justice.

'BLACK SEA FOLLIES," at Playwrights Horizons through January 11th, was conceived and directed by the audacious and original Stanley Silverman and written by Paul Schmidt. According to the program, he music is by Dmitri Shostakovich 'and other Russians"—among them Kurt Weill, Vincent Youmans, and Francis Scott Key. The content of the show is the memories and reveries of Shostakovich as he looks back from the nineteen-seventies to the years when ie became Stalin's victim. The jokey one of an enterprise of this kind can be a pain; here, somehow, it isn't. The irst act is quite funny, and in the second there is a scene from "Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District," which Stalin suppressed, and Quartet No. 13, Opus 138, one of the composer's last, among other numbers. The music is sublime and well rendered. As Stalin, Alan Scarfe is capricious and cruel and foolish and unny; Henry Stram, as his aide and lunky, is silly and funny, too; David Chandler, as the horribly put-upon Shostakovich, is not funny (in spite of some comic moments), nor is he meant o be. The evening is an odd combination, all right, and perhaps not for every taste. I must say that I enjoyed t. The fine singers are Carmen Pelton (soprano), David Düsing (tenor), and Robert Osborne (bass-baritone).

—EDITH OLIVER

●

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[From the Los Angeles Daily Journal]

Sixty out of a hundred college students recently surveyed have heard of Mikhail Gorbachev—but they don't know what he loes for a living.

One student guessed Gorbachev was a writer and three thought he was a ballet lancer, said Judith Remy Leder, a professor at California State University in Fullerton who surveyed the students.

But Leder added at least the leader of the Soviet Union had some name recognition with the students. Fewer than half could identify Geoffrey Chaucer, author of 'Canterbury Tales;" Dante Alighieri, of the "Inferno," or Desmond Tutu, the South African Nobel laureate. Just 10 percent had heard of Alexander Hamilton, she said.

"I think students today are as bright and motivated as those of 20 years ago," Leder said. "They're just not into current events."

THE STOMACH ELIMINATOR™
For Travelers, Business Men and Women and Anyone Concerned with their Health and Good Looks

I don't know about you, but I travel a lot and often it's simply not practical to go jogging or do exercise on the road. Worse, it often happens that you eat and drink too much while traveling. The result is stomach flab.

A Portable Device
Recently, I found the answer to this problem. In Europe they have developed a 2½ lb. exercise device you can carry in your overnight bag. They call it "NO STOMACH." Designed specifically to eliminate all excess fat from your stomach, it is a stretching and exercise device made with three steel coil springs so you can adjust the level of workout you want.

10 Minutes a Day and Your Pot Belly Will Be Gone!
That's our guarantee. If you're not satisfied with how it works for you, return it for full refund. There are seven simple exercises to do and you can do them almost anywhere: In a hotel room, in your own home, etc. That's why I think the Stomach Eliminator really is the answer for people who travel, who like to have good meals, but who don't want the pot belly that often comes as a result.

OUR GUARANTEE: If this product does not reduce your stomach significantly in 90 days, return for full refund.

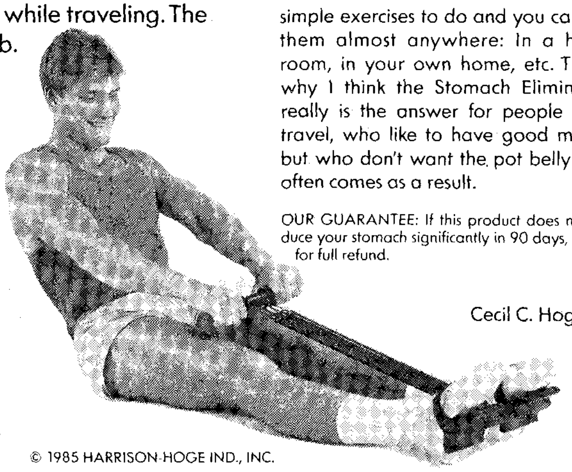
Cecil C. Hoge, Jr.

© 1985 HARRISON-HOGE IND., INC.

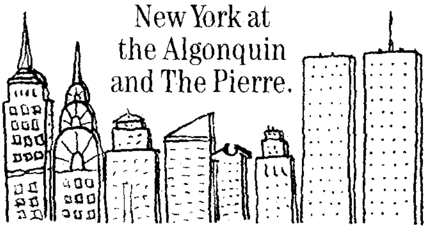
Please send me _____ Stomach Eliminator(s) at $19.95 postpaid each.
Enclosed is a check/M.O. for $__________
Charge my credit card:
☐ Amex ☐ Diners ☐ Visa ☐ MC
Card No.______________ Exp. Date_____
Signature______________________
N.Y. Residents please add sales tax.

Name______________________
Address______________________
City__________ State_______ Zip______

HARRISON-HOGE INDUSTRIES, INC.
Dept. NY617X, P.O. Box 944, Smithtown, NY 11787
Phone: (516) 724-8900 8:30am-4:30pm M-F EST



SAN FRANCISCO
THE MAGAZINE
Now available in New York at the Algonquin and The Pierre.
To subscribe, call (800) 525-0643.



Waterford also looks good on bookshelves.
Our full-color catalogue beautifully illustrates why Waterford® is a best-seller. Send $6.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling to Waterford Crystal Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10010.

WQXR 96.3 FM or 1560 AM
The Stereo Stations of The New York Times

Silver Broccoli Pin
Newport silversmith James Breakell cooks up a deliciously detailed stalk to pin on lapel or apron. Hand cast in sterling $30; in 14K gold $310. Add $4 shipping. VISA/MC 401-849-3522. Catalog upon request.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
2 Russell Avenue, Dept. NYBR
Newport, Rhode Island 02840

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y, BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

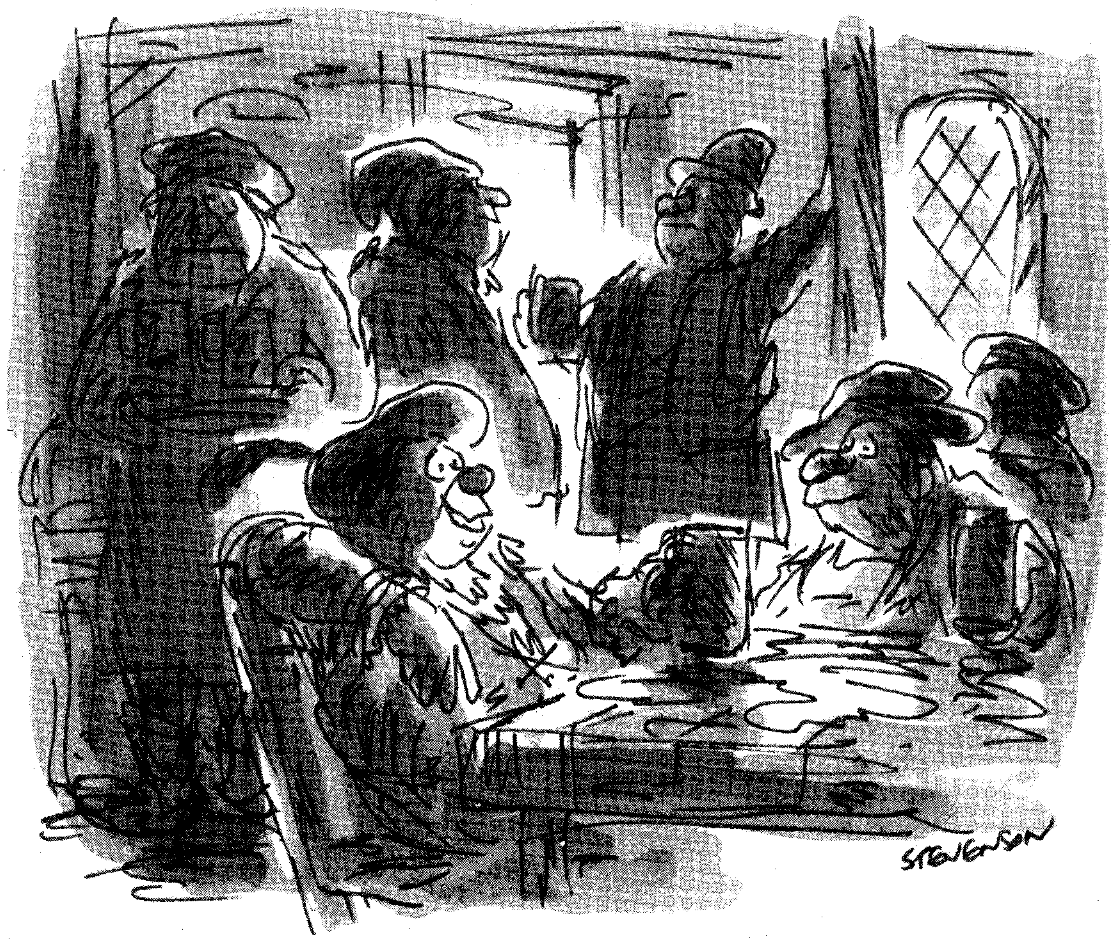
GALAPAGOS
One of the 32 places where travel with Questers becomes a learning experience.
For Tour Directory write or call:
QUESTERS WORLDWIDE NATURE TOURS
Dept. NYK, 257 Park Ave. S., NY, NY 10010 (212) 673-3120

MUSICAL EVENTS

House of Music

WHEN Tchaikovsky first saw Carnegie Hall, on April 27, 1891, he called it, in his diary, a magnificent building. It was known as Music Hall at first, and a few years later renamed for the philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, who had paid for most of it. The hall opened to the public on May 5th; after a hymn, a very long oration from Bishop Potter, and a massed singing of "America," Walter Damrosch conducted "Leonore" No. 3, Tchaikovsky conducted his Solemn March, and Damrosch conducted Berlioz's Te Deum (which Tchaikovsky found "somewhat boring"). The next day, the *Herald* reported that "in Music Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House the city now has two temples of music, which in their size and appointments for both performers and public are not surpassed by those of any city in the world." One of those temples was razed in 1966, when the Metropolitan Opera moved to Lincoln Center. The other had been threatened when the New York Philharmonic moved to Lincoln Center: in 1959, plans for a forty-four-story red skyscraper on the Carnegie site were unveiled. New York, it was said, could not support two large concert halls. But a group of public-minded citizens, led by Isaac Stern, would not let it be demolished. It was bought by the city. It remains New York's principal concert hall, housing a parade of great orchestras and famous soloists.

All over the world in the last half century, famous old concert halls have fallen—some destroyed by bombs, some by developers—while the new ones that have risen have seldom been liked as well. There are exceptions: in this country, Minneapolis's Orchestra Hall (1974) seems to be a success on all counts, and Eugene's Hult Center (1982) is a delightful piece of architecture for the arts, although, I am told, its electronic acoustics do not function well. But in general the older halls inspire warmer affection: the Concertgebouw, La Scala, Vienna's Musikvereinsaal, the Royal Albert Hall, Boston's Symphony Hall, Philadelphia's Academy (even though the Philadelphia Orchestra is about to desert it), Cincinnati's Music Hall, Chicago's Auditorium and Orchestra Hall. And Carnegie Hall. Familiarity has something to do with it. So does the emotional "patina" that long years of great music-making can seem to bestow on a place. But there is more to it. Audiences are not just aglow with nostalgia. The best of these halls unite fine acoustics with an architecture that disposes people to enjoyment. In the back—the twenty-eighth—row of the Carnegie Hall parquet, one feels closer to recitalists onstage than one does in the tenth row of Alice Tully Hall, and also hears them more intimately. Tully Hall has twenty-five rows, widely spaced, and divided by low concrete walls into corrals. Avery Fisher Hall has forty-three rows, and although it holds seventy-four fewer people than Carnegie Hall does, it feels—and is—huge. Configuration—the way the audience is arranged—and acoustic art must conspire. Neither by itself can insure success. William Burnet Tuthill, the architect of Carnegie Hall, got both things right, miraculously right, without following the accepted—Leipzig Gewandhaus, or "shoebox"—prescription, and proved that it is possible to build a very large concert hall at once grand and intimate. One would like to know more about Tuthill. Tchaikovsky described him as "affable." The A.I.A. Guide lists only two other New York buildings by him: the Children's Mansion, a school, once the Morris Schinasi house, on Riverside Drive; and Muhammad's Mosque of Islam, once the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, in the Bronx. "History Preserved," the Goldstone-Dalrym-



"I've been neither a lender nor a borrower. On the other hand, I *have* *been an idler and a tosspot."*

le guide, adds Nos. 243-247 Waverly Place, three little brick houses.

WHEN I enter Carnegie Hall, my spirits rise. It's a good place to e in. Even if the music should bore me, the curved spaces, the sweep of the wo great arches, the stage pilasters, the proportions of the plaster paneling, the intricate decorative plasterwork go on making me feel good. That doesn't happen in Fisher Hall—asn't happened in any of its various tates. But entering Carnegie Hall sed not to be easy. The grand foyer, lways too small for what lay beyond, ecame smaller still when Fifty-eventh Street was widened, and the xterior steps that led up from the idewalk had to be taken back into the uilding itself. There were only two ox-office windows to serve the huge udience. The intermission areas had dwindled. An article in the 1891 pening-week program book told of "all the essential meeting, hat, cloak nd toilet rooms . . . in immediate ommunication with the Parquet coridors," and of large kitchens. The kitchens cook no longer. Cloakroom, efreshment, and other "facilities" had become meagre. Carnegie Hall wasn't omfortable. The excellence of the auditorium made up for it. But there hings had changed, too. Many years ago, the organ was removed; a new Flentrop instrument, donated to the hall, was never installed (it is now at SUNY Purchase), and so during music calling for the participation of a big organ only synthetic electronic sounds were heard. In 1946, when the movie "Carnegie Hall" was made, a large hole was chopped in the ceiling over the orchestra platform. An unattractive curtain blocked the top half of the proscenium arch, and assorted canvas constructions hung down, cutting short the pilasters and cornice behind the players, masking the flowing curves that seemed to place performers and audience together in one large, apsed room.

In 1981, the Carnegie Hall trustees announced a grand plan for the restoration and renovation of the hall, so that once again words in the 1891 program would be true: "Personal ease and comfort, perfect illumination, acoustics, vision and ventilation, rich and elegant decorations, rank this hall without a superior." James Stewart Polshek was chosen as the architect, and Tishman Construction as the executors. The work proceeded in stages. In 1982, the façade and foyer of Carnegie Recital Hall, the chamber-music hall within the building, were reclaimed from a commercial store. In 1983, new electrical, plumbing, heating, and cooling systems were installed. In 1985, a rehearsal hall, the Kaplan Space, also usable for performances and recordings, was opened. The biggest works began last May, after the last concert of the 1985-86 season, and were completed for a gala reopening on December 15th.

The foyer floor has been dropped to street level. The space has been ingeniously reorganized and enlarged. There are now six box-office windows, set apart from the flow of people who already have their tickets. Staircases at either end of the foyer lead up to the hall. There are also, for the first time, elevators. The new light fittings, railings, and marquee are in a boxy style that suggests Josef Hoffmann (without his high, crisp elegance) rather than Tuthill, but the general effect is handsome. Inside the auditorium, there is a new mahogany floor; there are new carpets down the aisles, and very comfortable new seats. The clutter in the proscenium arch and above the platform has gone; Tuthill's architecture flows again. (There is, however, a new, if less disturbing, excrescence: a huge, ill-designed "barrette" containing lights for the platform.) The plasterwork has been repaired. The hall is painted, rather timidly, in shades of ivory and beige, the decorative details picked out in gold. Originally, according to that 1891 account, "soft ivory with gold" was "relieved by rich tones of old rose," and the boxes were "finished in darker shades of old rose."

The opening concert began with the National Anthem, played by the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin Mehta, and led by a vocal octet whose lineup was Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Wanda Toscanini Horowitz, Bess Myerson, Betty Allen, Mayor Koch (hand on heart), Sherrill Milnes, and Sanford Weill, the largest individual contributor to the cost—reported as fifty million dollars—of the Carnegie restoration. A surprise followed: unbilled, unannounced, Horowitz appeared and—wittily, elegantly, exquisitely—played Chopin's C-Sharp-Minor Waltz and A-Flat Polonaise. Leonard Bernstein then conducted an Opening Prayer, for baritone (Kurt Ollmann) and orchestra, that he had composed for the occasion: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee," sung in Hebrew. The Philharmonic and Mr. Mehta continued with a concert of German music, broken by a group of songs from Frank Sinatra. Yo-Yo Ma played the finale of Haydn's C-Major Cello Concerto. Marilyn Horne, with Isaac Stern playing the violin obbligato, sang "Erbarme dich," from the "St. Matthew Passion." The "Meistersinger" prelude closed the first segment of a long concert. (There were also speeches, with James Wolfensohn, the chairman of the Carnegie Hall board, and Mr. Stern as masters of ceremony.) The second segment was Mr. Sinatra, with the Peter Duchin Orchestra. The third was the finale of Mahler's Second Symphony, Benita Valente and Miss Horne the soloists, the New York Choral Artists the choir.

"THE acoustics. That was our first thought," wrote the 1891 *Herald* critic. And continued:

> Our minds were soon relieved on that score. The building had been admirably planned. So far, at all events, as we could judge from the orchestra, the acoustics were perfect; there was no echo, no undue reverberation. Each note was heard. The orchestral combinations were not blurred or exaggerated.

Abe Melzer was the acoustic consultant for the restoration, and we had been promised that those perfect acoustics would not be altered. At the gala concert, it was impossible to tell whether or not they had been. Television was there, and a video was being made. Batteries of extra lights had been installed, and their fans produced a loud, humming bourdon—as loud as the piano's soft passages—which filled silences in the music and seemed to smear, sully, and unfocus everything. Moreover, the orchestra was ranged in a long, narrow band across the front of the platform, to leave room for the choristers behind. Tchaikovsky deplored such an ar-

GILT-EDGED STOCKING STUFFER

- leather bound
- thumb tabbed
- pocket sized
- distinctively styled
- and *very* New Yorker
- with exclusive About Town telephone-and-address guide.

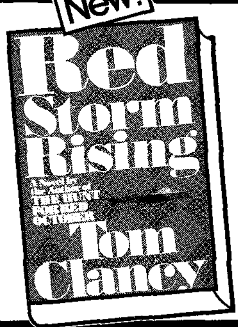
Please send me ____ copies of the pocket-edition *New Yorker Diary for 1987*, bound in leather, at $10.00, plus $1.00 shipping and handling.
(New York residents please add sales tax.)

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

Make checks payable to *The New Yorker* and mail to: The New Yorker, P.O. Box 10850
Des Moines, Iowa 50336
86P68

BOOKS ON TAPE

New!

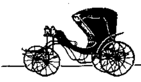


- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92660

Country Inns and Back Roads
NORTH AMERICA
by Norman T. Simpson
$10.95 • At bookstores or call
TOLL FREE (800) 638-3030 Harper & Row



The CHARLOTTE INN
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
FEATURED IN *Country Inns and Back Roads*
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 • 617 627-4751

rangement at an 1891 rehearsal: "The orchestra is spread across the entire width of the huge stage, the result of which is that the tone is bad, not even." In the "Meistersinger" prelude, the strings were strong; the woodwinds were clear but feeble; the brass was all too clear, and some tuba solos rang out. There was no blend. One could attend to any particular section of the orchestra but not really hear it as a whole.

The next day's concerts brought reassurance. In the afternoon, the violinist Itzhak Perlman, accompanied by Jonathan Feldman, gave a recital. It was of no great musical consequence: Mr. Perlman was filling in at the last minute for Daniel Barenboim, who was prevented by flu from giving the Chopin recital, in memory of Arthur Rubinstein, that had been planned. Mr. Perlman played Brahms' D-Minor Sonata, preceded by a Leclair sonata and followed by encore morceaux. But it did demonstrate that the hall's acoustical properties for chamber music are as fine as ever—maybe even a shade better than before, I thought. I moved from my mid-floor seat to stand at the back, and even there it felt as if one might reach out a hand and touch the players. Mr. Perlman ended the flute dance from Gluck's "Orphée" in a whisper, with a *morendo* that remained beautifully audible. In the evening, the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, gave a concert of German music. It began with Mozart's "Paris" Symphony. Then Marilyn Horne sang Mahler's Rückert Songs. (For the following day, Mahler's Second Symphony, played by the Boston Symphony, was billed; and again on the day after that. Mahler four days running! But plenty of more adventurous fare is due later in the season.) Miss Horne was badly lit, her eloquent eyes invisible in pools of black shadow. The second half was the "Eroica." Mr. Thomas led a vigorous and polished performance. The small orchestra was clustered center stage, not up at the front edge of the platform. The sound seemed to me excellent: bright, warm, forward, and well balanced. The big brass entry in the finale rang out nobly, roundly, not stridently.

These are but first impressions, based on a single, unrehearsed recital and a single small-orchestra concert. (The gala opening was a celebration, hardly a *musical* event.) A rich Carnegie season stretches ahead.

—ANDREW PORTER

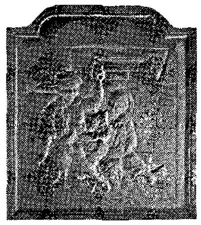
BOSTON
BOSTON'S GRANDE DAME SINCE 1912

THE COPLEY PLAZA
CELEBRATES
75
YEARS
Gracious Service *Grand Ambience*

For the first 75 days of this 75th anniversary year come visit us and enjoy a *special* $75.00 rate. $75.00 per room per night, single or double occupancy. Availability is limited. By advance reservations only.

RSVP: 800-225-7654

THE COPLEY PLAZA
The Grande Dame of Boston
Copley Square
Boston, Massachusetts 02116
Operated by Hotels of Distinction



PROTECT your fireplace with a FIREBACK!

Independent laboratory tests certify our handsome, cast-iron Firebacks reflect approximately 1/3 of the damaging heat away from your fireplace's rear wall. Stop dangerous erosion with any of 23 antique replica and contemporary designs. All install in minutes with our patented support system. No tools, no drilling!

"THE BOYS AND DOG FIREBACK", France, antique. Charming theme, ideal size for small fireplace. 17" w x 19" h, 1/2" thick, 30 lbs. $95.00 + $9.95 shpg.; W. of Miss. +$29.95 (Pa. res. +6% tax).

Catalog with photos, descriptions, Fireback History, $1.00 (refund on order).

THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY
P.O. Box 600-N12
(Showroom: 1792 Lancaster Pike)
Paoli, PA 19301
Phone: (215) 296-7122
THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 others and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos adventure. 44 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606Y Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary.
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
The only fine, handcut, mahogany-backed puzzles still being made today.
For free consultation, call 1-802-649-1450 or send for free 32-page prospectus.
Stave Puzzles, Norwich, Vermont 05055

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Good, the So-So, and the Ugly

CARROLL BALLARD's new "Nutcracker, The Motion Picture" is poised at that moment in ildhood when a little girl longs to o to the adults' parties and be treated a lovely young lady but also wants escape and run upstairs to play with r toys. It's set inside the mind of a ild as she teeters between one world d the other and gets them magically rambled. It's a fairy-tale Christmas-rty movie that avoids the confection-y innocuousness we may be afraid of hen we hear the words "The Nut-acker." We're saved because the signs, by Maurice Sendak, have s lowdown, bad-boy klunkiness. e're saved because Ballard has a arvellous sense of proportion and of ale. He doesn't try to turn this holi-y show into an ethereal transcen-nt experience. He doesn't enlarge r. Stahlbaum's household to infinity; retains the stage frame and two-mensional sets, using them for eir own comic, cardboard appeal. you're never in doubt about where u are: you're watching a mime-llet, a piece of theatre. And for the st half you're in the rooms where the od bourgeois Stahl-ums are celebrating hristmas, and where e little Clara (thir-en-year-old Vanessa harp) is delighted by a utcracker, in the form a grimacing, toothy ldier, that falls from e tree.

After the old friend the family, the one-yed toymaker Herr rosselmeier (Hugh igney), has distributed is gifts for the other hildren, he brings in is big surprise for lara: a doll house—a iniature Byzantine alace. She peers into its hambers and sees a bal-rina doll in a tutu. rosselmeier winds it r her—the dancing oll is Clara grown up the tall young Patricia arker, as princesslike s any young girl's ream of herself). Clara nd her brat of a rother, Fritz (Russell Burnett), who is a chubby little terror, both peer into the palace as a handsome soldier doll does a sword dance. When the party is over and Clara is asleep, she and her nutcracker-cavalier, a mustachioed, swashbuckling fellow (Wade Walthall), sail over make-believe seas on which a toy fish frolics, and arrive at the palace, where the second half takes place. It's ruled by Herr Drosselmeier—only now he's the Pasha, in a gigantic, funhouse turban, who controls the universe. He entertains Clara with such pleasures as dervishes and commedia clowns and a sinuous dancing peacock, who is Clara's mother (Maia Rosal) and is like an erotic essence. Best of all is a dancing tiger with clumping paws and the big head of a stuffed animal; it's crowned by a gigantic fez.

Drosselmeier is the key figure in this interpretation of the E. T. A. Hoffmann story—which is danced by the Pacific Northwest Ballet, and is based on the production, choreographed by its artistic director, Kent Stowell, and designed by Sendak, that had its première in Seattle late in 1983. Tall, skinny old Drosselmeier, with a bumpy long nose, a witch's jutting chin, and wisps of white hair flying, doesn't do anything threatening to Clara; he's her godfather, and he'd do anything to please her. Yet he frightens her. He's eccentric, he's careless of his appearance, and he wears an eyepatch—that's scary just on its own. There's something more, though, that makes the little girl, with her expressive face and rabbity grin, shy away from him: this man who labors to make her wonderful gifts wants to please her too much. She senses the intensity of his feelings. At a time when she's beginning to feel romantic stirrings for cavaliers and princes, this creepy old man's devotion makes her uncomfortable in a way it didn't when she was smaller.

There's nothing lustful or sexual about Drosselmeier, but Clara's fearful feelings help to darken the film's tone. We begin to wonder: Is he perhaps malevolent? No, he's tender and uncertain around her, and no more than a little spitefully prankish upon occasion. He's just a solitary, strange-looking old craftsman. But what freezes her smile when he's around isn't just imaginary: she's responding to the needs he satisfies by making toys. This "Nutcracker" has its Mouse King and plenty of other Fritz-size rodents, and its waltzing Flowers and whirling Snowflakes and batteries of toy soldiers. It also has some of the confusions that are part of growing up. They're stylized and played out on a proscenium stage, so they're not fearsome to the audience. (They're not fearsome in Sendak's books, either.) But they give this dance movie a more suggestive emotional texture than you expect from a "Nutcracker." Clara clings to childhood (with its perils), has her dreams of romantic fulfillment—but only as a princess—and fights off the kinds of recognition that growing up involves. And you can identify with her in a way that you didn't expect to.

Despite my admiration for Carroll Bal-

lard's films, I didn't look forward to this one: the music may be (as we've all been informed) a great ballet score—perhaps the greatest—but it's familiar to the point of pain. Yet Sendak's tiger in his fez and the dancers' luminous floating tulle skirts and the many cheerful felicities of well-trained performers who seem too engaged in what they're doing to worry about perfection make it all seem fresh. (And I didn't mind the music when its candyland associations were gone.) There's a sensuousness about seeing ballet on a big screen; Ballard's camera seems weightless, but the dancers have more weight than dancers have on TV—where they're disembodied. (There isn't enough gravity on that light little planet.) And this filmed "Nutcracker" has an enchantment that's distinct from that of the stage versions—even, no doubt, from that of Stowell's production. Although Ballard had only two weeks with the company in which to shoot the movie, the way he cuts into the dancing leaves you feeling that you know what the bodies are doing when you're seeing just the faces. It's as if you saw the dancers up close without any interruption of the movement—the dancing is in suspension. That's another way of saying that he has prepared you. He keeps the whole production moving the way the dancing moves, and you become familiar enough with the film's choreographic pulse to carry the awareness over: you see the dancing with your sensory memory even when it's interrupted.

This "Nutcracker" is about transformation, and maybe we need the cut-ins: Clara the sprite is watching herself being transformed, and watching her way of seeing the world change. The dance is what is being lived through, and we need to see the faces—to see the characters react to what is happening to them. Maybe that's why when we see a full-screen image of the little girl sleeping, with the figures she's dreaming about superimposed on her, the movie seems to be saying it all. Clara is a caterpillar watching herself turn into a butterfly.

Ballard doesn't distort his vision to get into the spirit of a child teetering between worlds—that's how he sees. That's how he was able to make "The Black Stallion." In that film, the boy's Bucephalus storybook formalization of what he experienced was a process comparable to Clara's. But there it was the world of nature—of water and sunlight and a horse that was transformed magically. Here, it's an inner world represented by painted sets and costumes. Ballard's child-adult sensibility gives the Sendak designs a quality that's different from the humor in Sendak's books: Ballard's is a more formal yet more mysteriously chaotic sensibility, pre-verbal, somehow—an ideal sensibility for a movie that tells its story primarily in non-verbal terms. The landscape of this film is childhood before the hormones begin to rage. Yet your responses to things are already being affected. You have strange thoughts about dirty old men who compete with princes, and you accuse the old men of putting rodents in your dreams. But the accusation itself is part of a dream.

THERE was a flash of the earlier Jane Fonda—Jane Fonda the actress—in her last picture, the 1985 "Agnes of God," right in the middle of the porridgy wars between reason and faith. Fonda, a psychiatrist, is at a sanitarium visiting her fuddled, disoriented mother, and the old woman mistakes her for her other daughter, Marie—her favorite, who died in a convent. The level, dry tone in which Fonda corrects her—"I'm Martha, Mama"—has enough scratchy desperation in it to nick your insides. That bit of acting was token evidence that even after almost ten years of dull, constricted performances (in "Coming Home," "Comes a Horseman," "California Suite," "The China Syndrome," "The Electric Horseman," "Nine to Five," "On Golden Pond," "Rollover," and, for TV, her misguidedly noble "The Dollmaker") Fonda wasn't to be written off. In Sidney Lumet's "The Morning After," she shows that her talent may be intact. The movie is far from a first-rate vehicle, and her role doesn't allow for much range; it doesn't do her justice. But her down-in-the-dirty performance has some of the charge of her Bree in "Klute," back in 1971 (when she was only thirty-three), and her Gloria in the 1969 "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and her Lillian in parts of the 1977 "Julia."

Fonda's Alex is a bright woman who has squandered her life. A former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and h figure, but she has a hard, torture look under her fluffy blond hair. She a lush, with an ugly temper and a angry, defensive humor that's directe against everything. (Fonda has sai that she modelled the character on th starlet Gail Russell, who, at thirty-si was found dead in her apartmen among empty liquor bottles.) Hangin on in L.A., Alex drinks so much sh has blackouts, and in the openin scene she wakes up in bed Thanksgiv ing morning with a man she can remember ever meeting. The shee are soaked with blood, and there's knife sticking out of his heart. Shake she goes into the next room—the dea man's streamlined photography studi decorated with pictures of wome bodybuilders, who were his specialty— and then Fonda does something that so right it's beautiful. Seeing a whi kitty there, Alex says "Hi" and make a move toward it, as if to pet it or tak it in her arms. This instinctive, yearn ing movement toward the ongoin normal world—it's as if the cat coul wake her from the horror in the bed room—lasts only part of a second, bu it alerts us that Fonda is using he imagination, along with the rest of he acting equipment. She moves with tense grace, and her slender body (n one could accuse her of not being i shape) suggests Alex's cowering dev astation: her life is in ruins over some one she doesn't even recognize. Fond seems smaller in this role—maybe be cause tough, knowing Alex is fright ened from the moment she opens he eyes, and maybe also because she' working opposite the sizable Je Bridges. He plays a former Bakersfiel police detective now down on his luc who (literally and symbolically) fixe things that people have thrown out; h gives her a lift in his low-rider '5 Chevy when the police have taken he Mercedes.

Fonda is terrific to listen to; he crackling precision carries a number o the scenes. And she has a great lowe register. She gives Alex a husky bar room voice, with low tones so raucou that they rival one's memories of th suggestiveness of Tallulah Bankhead' baritone. At one point, though, sh uses a virtuosic voice change for misdirected, cheap effect. Panicke about the murder, Alex tries to buy plane ticket for San Francisco, but th holiday traffic is heavy and there ar no seats. She begs an airline superviso for help, claiming that she must ge there to be with her child who's dying,

nd she has him fooled. But when he's tewing about how he's going to find pace for her on a San Francisco flight he suddenly drops her voice down to a whorehouse madam's belly button and ays, "How about Vegas?" She's probably supposed to be so fed up with her own maudlin fakery and the supervior's compassion that she just cuts hrough the crap. But the way it omes across, just flat out, you say to yourself, Why is Alex deliberately detroying her own credibility? Is it just o the picture can get a laugh? In this equence, as in many others, the actors eem to be playing to the audience ather than to each other.

"The Morning After" moves along, and so it seems fairly efficiently directed—up to the last half hour or o. Then there are some scenes that are staged miserably, and you realize hat Lumet has been coasting on Fonda's performance and the tart, awdry dialogue. The script, attributed to James Hicks (a pseudonym for he actor turned movie-and-theatre producer turned writer James Creson), carried Jay Presson Allen's name as co-writer at one point, carried David Rayfiel's name as sole author for a while, and was probably worked on by others as well. Much of the dialogue has a polished bitchiness, but the talk doesn't go anywhere. (Is this because of the many hands?) When the characters say bright things to each other, they seem to be treading water. And when the film tries to supply an emotional background for Alex and her Bakersfield boyfriend—as in the revelation that he collects junkstore secondhand books, including the Nancy Drew stories, which she once loved—what does it mean? That they're both lost souls? You can't even be sure that scenes like this are false notes, because who knows what they're being false to?

The director has missed too many chances to shape the scenes. He hasn't built the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters: Raul Julia as the Hispanic owner of a swank beauty salon, and Diane Salinger as a Bel Air socialite. (It doesn't help that they're both miscast.) Raul Julia doesn't show the drive that his role calls for; he seems phlegmatic, blobby. As for Diane Salinger's socialite, the structure of the plot suggests an L.A. heiress out of Raymond Chandler, but the part is played as if Lumet's vision of "society" were fixed forever by the upper crust he saw as a child, in thirties movies. When he's called upon to stage a dinner party of socially prominent people, he gives us a frozen-faced collection—stiffs in full formal regalia. This dinner party isn't just misdirected, it's completely undirected; the actors might be sleepwalking. Some of the film's ideas are stiffs, too—such as the underlying notion that a rich socialite will just naturally be believed in court. (Like Patty Hearst?) And the picture features a Sergeant Greenbaum (Richard Foronjy), a wheezingly good-natured Jewish cop—another antique. Among the minor players, the good, muted performance by Kathy Bates, as an artist neighbor of the dead man, is a rarity.

Merry Christmas

All the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. Jeff Bridges, with his solidity, could be a good foil for Fonda's flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little, and would survive what was happening around them. But too many of their crucial scenes go by in a blur. And there are too many gaffes. When the Bakersfield deadbeat is injured and Alex visits him at the hospital, he's in a private room. It's in this spacious room that we're supposed to grasp that their feeling for each other is based on the affinity of people who have hit bottom.

THE Marine Corps has been getting a bit of a tweaking from the press for refusing to give its imprimatur to Clint Eastwood's "Heartbreak Ridge" and for its decision not to use the film as a recruiting tool, as the Air Force used "Top Gun." But no doubt there'd be a full-scale ruckus in the press if the Corps had approved this orgy of baroque obscenity. It's well known that many people have strong feelings about anal intercourse, but it's doubtful if a whole movie had ever been devoted to the expression of those feelings until now. And the scriptwriter, James Carabatsos, comes up with phrases so florid and complicated that Eastwood, the director and star, has trouble getting his tongue and lips around the ornate threats he spits out. Eastwood plays (so to speak) a Medal of Honor winner from the Korean War and a decorated Vietnam vet—a Marine gunnery sergeant whose abhorrence of being put in a passive sexual position seems to be what makes him super-tough and manly. The marines in his platoon stand waiting while Old Gunny wraps his jowls around witless scurrilous insults, all involving what he's going to shove up their orifices. When he's at his most refined, he addresses them as "ladies;" you can hear the depth of contempt in his tone, and see his canny, satisfied look—the poor devil thinks he's being clever. This should be the portrait of a pathetic vulgarian militarist with terrible anal-aggressive problems, but Eastwood presents him as a great fighting man, a relic of a time when men were men.

Gunny wants to turn his "ladies" into fighting marines—so they won't lose the next war. And when Grenada comes along, in 1983, they're ready. The enemy are faceless Cubans with Russian rifles. Gunny shoots one of them, who falls face down. Our warrior hero finishes him off with shots in the back, takes a cigar from the dead man's breast pocket, says "Cubans," and puts it in his mouth. And when Clint the realist sees that his men have fought like true marines he lights it, and smokes it luxuriously. The picture celebrates Grenada as a victory that evens the score, after a tie in Korea and a loss in Vietnam. It would take a board of inquiry made up of gods to determine whether this picture is more offensive aesthetically, psychologically, morally, or politically.

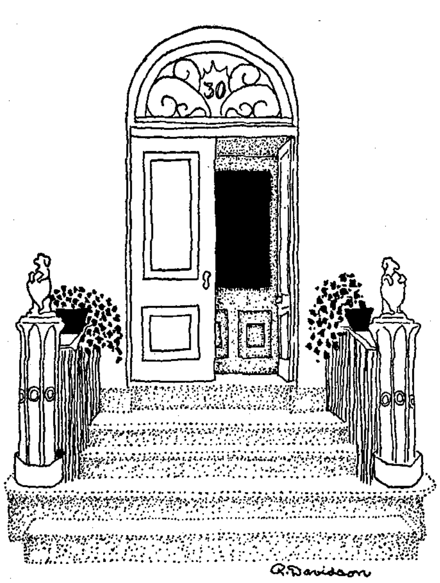
Variety, which says of "Heartbreak Ridge" that it "will satisfy Clint Eastwood fans," doesn't make any mention of Gunny's scatological obsession, but Marsha Mason, who delivers a few standard epithets, is described as "his foul-mouthed ex-wife." The reviewer seems as benighted as Gunny, who reads such magazines as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* in order to become more sensitive about women and win this ex-wife back. As a director, Eastwood shouldn't bring up issues of sensitivity. In one scene, Gunny, on a bus trip, loiters too long at a bus-stop coffee shop, and is left behind. The waitress can hardly believe her good luck; she unbuttons her blouse and when he goes outside follows him, licking her lips in anticipation.

—PAULINE KAEL

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 19

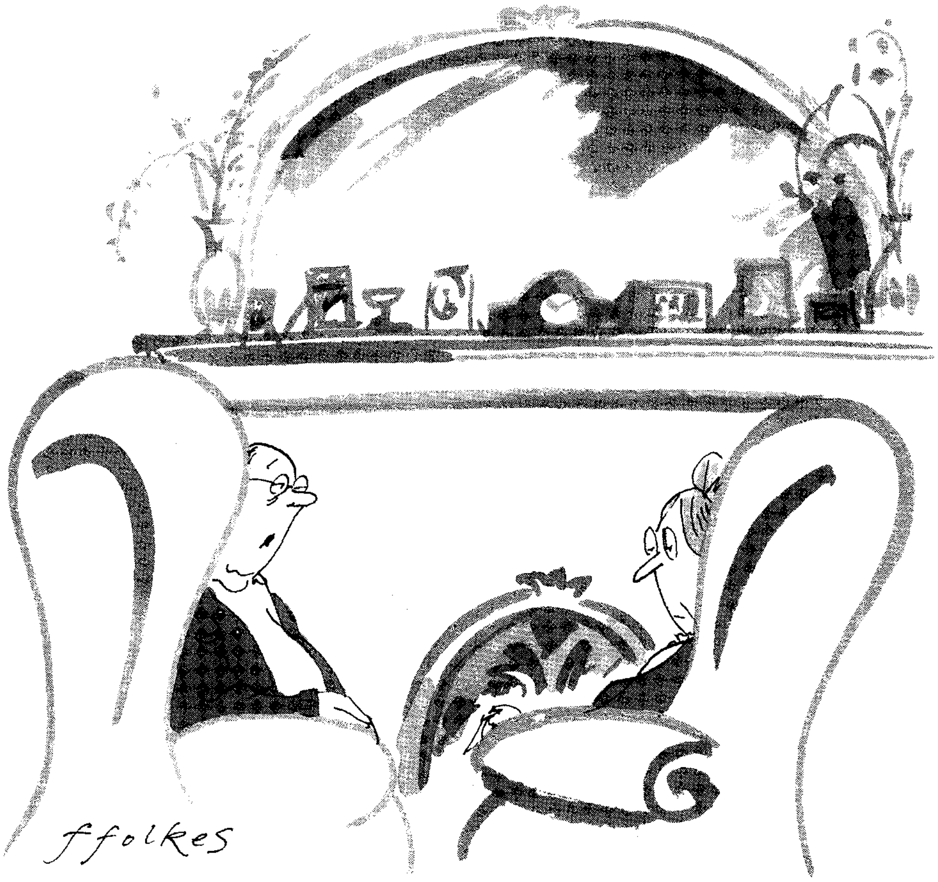
WASHINGTON is still reeling from the events of the past few weeks. It is hard to get one's bearings amid all the revelations, charges, countercharges, rumors, and speculation that have dominated our thinking, and our conversations, here. We are still adjusting to the phenomenon of a once unassailably popular, and usually jaunty, President taking a free-fall in the polls—and appearing beleaguered, angry, and confused. Reagan's jauntiness was always in part an act—one that he was very good at, and that he knew fed his popularity—which masked other aspects of his nature, in particular his temper. The feeling here is of something like being caught in a tornado—and not knowing where it will all end up. The story of what happened in regard to the selling of arms to Iran in exchange for the release of American hostages in Lebanon, and of the diversion of some of the profits from those sales to military assistance for the Contras—at a time when such assistance was barred by law—is still unfolding, and there can be no question that there are still many disclosures to come, many new characters to enter our lives, and many questions that remain to be answered. We do not know yet which laws may have been broken. But amid all the debris that is flying around there are some important things that we already do know. We know that a foolish and highly damaging policy of trading arms to Iran for hostages was engaged in by the President and some of his subordinates. We know that in the course of carrying out this policy some laws may well have been broken. We also know that in order to carry out this policy, and to get arms to the Contras, some Administration figures—in order to get around legally established congressional oversight, and also around parts of the Administration that disagreed with the policy—set up in effect an extra-government government. They used outside contractors—including a number of shadowy figures—to get the job done. They turned over the making and carrying out of foreign policy to private entrepreneurs. In their zealous pursuit of a policy that they thought best, they cut through the checks and balances built into our governmental system—between Congress and the executive and within the executive branch—and ended up reminding us what those checks and balances were there for in the first place. We know that some people working in the White House systematically circumvented a congressional prohibition of direct or indirect provision of military assistance to the Contras—in fact, we had already known that Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, a member of the National Security Council staff, was doing this, but not many people got worked up about it. In allowing this to happen, one way or another, the President failed in his constitutional duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." We don't elect Presidents to simply cheer us up—though it is a nice thing if they do; we elect them to run a reasonably competent Administration and to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. Reagan, it is now inescapably clear, has done neither. If an Administration can simply decide that a law passed by Congress is inconvenient and should be systematically violated, then the ballgame is over. The answer to the persistently asked question of whether the President knew about the diversion of the profits from the arms sales—almost certainly an illegality in itself if, as many argue, those profits are actually the property of the United States government—is not as of now known, but it is somewhat irrelevant. He should have presided over a White House in which he or his top advisers would have known. Reagan has been forgiven a lot on the ground that he is a laid-back fellow who delegates a great deal—it was through this style of governing that he had succeeded in dispelling the notion that the Presidency is not manageable. But now his laid-back style has come home to roost However much he actually knew, he i accountable for what happened. A least, we used to hold Presidents accountable for the deeds of their Administrations. The charm of Reagan' look-Ma-no-hands style of governin has worn off. And now he doesn' seem to know what to do. And a ver big question, which worries a lot o people here, is whether out of thi mess—with very high officials, wh had never got along famously, no furious with each other—a functional credible Administration can be put bac together for the next two years.



CONVERSATIONS here—at dinne parties, Christmas parties, in th office, over the telephone—have bee consumed by the subject, which wa promoted, if that's the word, from raging controversy (over the Iran policy) to a scandal (over the diversion o funds). Obviously, much of the attention has been on Reagan himself whose Presidency has been such a unusual phenomenon. His tremendou popularity skewed everything—the behavior of the rest of the political system, the standards by which he wa judged. The truth is that Reagan' popularity has had a high proportio of this town cowed. People here ar just beginning to adjust to the fact tha Reagan might now be judged by th same standards as were other mortal fallible Presidents. Many remain skittish, wondering if he might yet bounc back—as he has done so often before But right now Reagan has a striking paucity of defenders, even within hi own party. Politicians are survivors and one finds among Republicans—who were only too happy to enjoy the benefits of Reagan's popularity while those benefits lasted—not just disappointment but a deep anger at wha Reagan has got them into.

Reagan's performance through it all thus far has been, in the eyes of many people here, everything from appalling to sad. There is, first of all, the fact that he got into this mess in the first place. Recently, someone who served Reagan in the past and remains loyal to him said to me, referring to a battle cry that had often been uttered by Reagan's more zealous supporters, "This is what happens when you let Reagan be Reagan. He has a lot of ideas, some of them wacky." He went on to say that Reagan needs to be handled carefully, and needs people around him who understand his roots, and him, and how to nudge him. A lot f people here had noticed, long before iese dramatic events broke, that Reaan did not have such people around im in his second term—and that this ad been costly to him in several reects. But, of course, Reagan's aides ere not foisted upon him by extraterestrial forces; he chose them himself –in a manner of speaking. (The witch of jobs, in January, 1985, beween then Treasury Secretary Donld Regan and then White House hief of Staff James Baker was orked out between Baker and Regan nd presented to the President.) The osts of Reagan's management style re becoming apparent to more people: is passivity, his lack of interest in etting into matters in any depth, his istaste for confrontation. And certain spects of his nature, which some here ad been aware of—but which it was ot fashionable, or even acceptable, to lk about—have now been made ainfully clear. Reagan's apparent reixed approach to his job stemmed in art from a certain laziness, including laziness—or even haziness—of iought. It has been almost inconceivble that Reagan would read someiing in the newspapers suggesting a ertain policy was going wrong, or a ertain activity on the part of someone i his Administration was questionble, and then call people in and deiand to know what the hell was going n. An important House Republican, a onservative who has given Reagan nwavering support—until now—said o me recently, "There's a big price or Reagan's dealing only in 'the big icture.' He's for or against tax eform; he's for or against arms to ran. He's a guy who's never undertood fully the importance of what he onsiders details—and the details are ating his lunch."

In the course of the recent events, eagan also—to the dismay of his ides and advisers—made a public dislay of his capacity for anger, and ven bitterness. He let his guard down n an interview he gave to Hugh idey, of *Time*, and showed a man apable of anger, bitterness. He also howed that he did not understand the iature of the trouble he was in. And ie showed, as he had shown in his eaction to the first reports of the Iran lealings (they had "no foundation") ind in a speech and a press conference hat he later gave on the subject, that ie is quite capable of bending the ruth. This was not new. Reagan's poradic ventures into untruths have ilways caused a dilemma: sometimes it seemed that he was dealing in sheer fantasy (as when he said that he had taken movies of the concentration camps at the end of the Second World War when in fact he hadn't left Hollywood, where he made training films); sometimes that he was confused about the facts. But there were also times when it was clear that he was playing fast and loose with the truth. What may have happened in the recent instances was that Reagan has got away so often with so much that he and his current aides, who tend toward sycophancy, believed he could get away with anything.



"Remember when we had to adjust to each other's personality?"

• •

Several Republican members of Congress, as well as Reagan advisers outside the Administration, and old family friends have been nearly desperate in their attempts to get across to Reagan the extent of the difficulty they believe him to be in, and to get him to fire Regan, and perhaps also William Casey, the director of the C.I.A. The descriptions that one hears from them of Reagan's reactions to their efforts are that he has been "stubborn," "defensive," "dug in"—unwilling to accept that anything serious is wrong, that he made any mistakes, or that he should dismiss Regan or Casey. (Casey, of course, went into the hospital this week and underwent surgery for a brain tumor.) Any of this could change, but the people who know Reagan best say that when he becomes as dug in as he has been—especially on the matter of Regan—it can take some time to budge him, if he can be budged at all. According to one family friend, the people who know Reagan best, including his wife, understand that there is a time to push and a time to back off—that pushing him can become counterproductive. Since Reagan does not particularly like to hear bad news, or to be pushed to let someone go, old friends and retainers work through Mrs. Reagan, and she works through them. This had been going on for years, and appears to have intensified with the recent difficulties. Mrs. Reagan has been described to me as spending a great deal of time on the telephone in recent weeks—talking with old California friends and former Reagan advisers.

To some extent, Reagan's reaction has been one that is common to Presidents. Representative Dick Cheney, Republican of Wyoming and chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee, who also served as Chief of Staff in the Ford White House, said to me recently, "You have to have a pretty strong ego or you wouldn't be there in the first place. You get pounded on when you're right, so you don't make the distinction when they pound on you and you're wrong. You think it's the same old thing." Reagan has an unusual amount of stubborn pride that sometimes has helped him—by making him appear resolute when others might waver, by keeping his shoulders square and his chin out when others' might droop—but that recently has run the risk of doing him in. All sorts of people, with his interests in mind, have urged him to admit error in order to defuse the criticism, but thus far he has not been able to bring himself to do it. One longtime Reagan adviser said to me not long ago, "Ronald Reagan can't utter the words 'I made a mistake.' " His rather lame admission, in a Saturday radio address earlier this month, that "it's obvious that the execution of these policies was flawed and mistakes were made"—this followed a defense of his Iranian policy—was a major concession to his importuning advisers. Things that we would take for granted in a more conventional Presidency do not happen in Reagan's. For example, a family friend of the Reagans said to me recently, "He's not one to pick up the phone and say, 'What's going on out there?' He doesn't really engage in any kind of discourse on the phone. His friends call him when they think the time is right." It was considered very big news recently that Reagan, at the behest of his wife and Michael Deaver (who, though under investigation for his lobbying activities since he left the Reagan White House, is still in very close touch with Mrs. Reagan), actually sat down and talked with two outsiders—Robert Strauss, a former Democratic Party chairman and still a major figure in Washington, and William P. Rogers, who was Nixon's Secretary of State and headed the commission looking into the Challenger disaster.

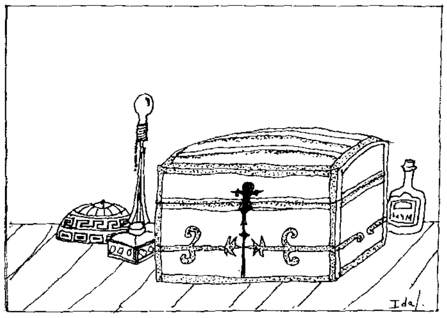
REAGAN'S own attitude toward a set of problems which threatens to destroy his Presidency, or at least weaken it, and undermine his reputation in history has been ambivalent and ambiguous. He says such things as "There must be a full and complete airing of all the facts," but these statements have come across as public-relations efforts rather than as instances of speaking from the heart. He took steps to appear to deal with the problem, such as setting up a three-man commission, headed by former Republican Senator John Tower, to look into the workings of the National Security Council (though this seemed to be an improvisation, the commission may in fact perform an important role); he called for the naming of an independent counsel, long after many of his advisers thought he should, to take over the investigation of what happened from Attorney General Edwin Meese, a longtime Reagan servant; and he made what could turn out to be a good appointment of a new national-security adviser, Frank Carlucci, to replace Vice Admiral John Poindexter. (Carlucci will be Reagan's fifth national-security adviser in six years.) I'm told that Reagan didn't know Carlucci but accepted the consensus of most of his advisers. (That Regan, who had another candidate, lost out was considered of high significance here.) Carlucci might not have a great conceptual mind, but common sense and sheer ability are very much in order now. In these past weeks, Reagan has got across no indignation at what went on in his Administration—just anger at his critics. In his *Time* interview, he called North, whom he had just dismissed, "a national hero," and he is described by friends as upset that he had to let North and Poindexter go. His first televised speech on Iran, on November 13th, and his press conference the following week left some of his most loyal supporters mortified: Reagan was defensive, evasive, and just plain wrong on some important facts. Several of the things he said did not hold up. (Against all evidence, he insisted that it was "utterly false" to suggest that he had swapped arms for hostages; he understated, by quite a bit, the number and nature of the weapons that went to Iran.) Later, he made varying statements about how important he thought it was that his aides and former aides coöperate with congressional committees looking into these matters, and then during one photo opportunity he joked that he was watching the televised hearings only "when I can't find a ballgame."

There are a number of odd, and even fishy, things about the way Reagan and Meese broke the news, on November 25th, about the diversion profits from the sale of weapons t Iran to aid for the Contras. A numbe of people have lingered over the fac that Reagan, in presenting Meese t make the announcement, said, "I wa not fully informed on the nature one of the activities undertaken i connection with this initiative"—th dealings with Iran. On subsequent occasions, Reagan said that he kne nothing about the diversion of funds.

One Reagan adviser has told m that Meese was at first hesitant abou putting out the information about th diversion. The adviser had urge Meese to make sure that everythin was got out—that the Administratio couldn't afford to have the America press, or a Lebanese weekly (whic first broke the story about America shipments of arms to Iran), uncove anything else. Meese said, accordin to this person, that there was one matter that could cause a problem, but n one would find out about it. The adviser argued with him, saying that i had to be got out. There are varyin versions of how and why Meese go into investigating the matter in th first place, and a number of people her have been struck by how quickl Meese seemed to find out about th diversion of funds—by the account o people in Meese's inner circle, withi a day. The speed suggests the possibility that some people were alread aware of what Meese disclosed. Moreover, Meese did not bring the F.B.I into the inquiry about the diversion until four days after he was said to hav discovered it. Thus, documents weren' secured and other normal investigation procedures weren't followed It has been reported that North an Poindexter shredded documents ove that weekend—but it is not know as of now whether material of an importance was lost, or whether th shredding even happened. Recently, i was also learned that an F.B.I. investigation into the shipping of arms t the Contras by Southern Air Transport (formerly owned by the C.I.A. was halted for ten days at the end o October at the behest of Meese, wh acted on a request by Poindexter; according to news accounts, Justice Department officials said the investigation could jeopardize delicate negotiations for the release of the hostages. The same airline was scheduled to ship more arms to Iran—at a time, just before the November elections, when the Administration seemed to be stepping up its efforts to get the remaining ostages held in Lebanon released. nd there are a number of questions bout the story that Meese told the ress. Among other things, both eese and Reagan have insisted that e funds that went to help the Con- as—through one or more Swiss bank ccounts—were not American funds. his could exculpate any Americans om charges of diverting funds. (At is press conference, which took place efore the diversion of funds was re- ealed, Reagan had been at pains to ay, either because he forgot or because e was trying to limit the apparent ope of the arms transactions, that no ird countries were involved in the ansactions concerning the sales of rms to Iran—when it was clear that srael had been. Shortly after the press onference, his aides put out a state- ent from the President saying, There may be some misunderstand- g of one of my answers tonight," nd that a third country was in- olved.) Israel has denied that it had nything to do with the funds from he sales of arms to Iran. Meese, in his Vhite House briefing, also said, "So ar as we know at this stage, no Amer- an person actually handled any of the unds." Since then, there have been ress reports that North and some of is outside-government cohorts had ontrol of two Swiss accounts. In ad- ition, we all took notice that Meese idn't say that the Contras received he money but that the money was 'made available to the forces in Cen- ral America which are opposing the andinista government." Among the nysteries that remain as of now are vho did handle the money, whose noney it was, how much money there vas, and where it went.

This is a most complicated, tangled tory: each disclosure raises new ques- ions, new figures keep being intro- uced, and even the most diligent peo- le here find it hard to keep it all traight. Inevitably, the analogy to Watergate is suggested, and, though his is a very different kind of story rom Watergate, the Watergate expe- ience informs our reactions. The tory touches nerves sensitized by Watergate. A number of people here —including important figures on Cap- tol Hill—felt that Reagan had made a najor mistake that the memory of Watergate should have prevented: he was letting the story dribble out bit by bit, ignoring the beseeching of several of his allies to get as many of the facts as he could, and get them out. Some aspects of the story have the feel of Watergate, but essentially the Watergate analogy fails: this story is different, is even more complex, and has an importance all its own. Still, Watergate left us with a certain surprising legacy. Now people here actually discuss the question of whether Reagan might have to leave office. (And people from out of town phone to ask us about this.) Just about no one thinks that he will, but the very fact that the possibility is even raised should be more astonishing than it seems to be. That Nixon might have to leave office seemed unimaginable at first; in retrospect, it has taken on a certain normality. Another part of that legacy is that Nixon's having to leave office has set a standard by which a number of people seem to measure the seriousness of subsequent events. A lot of people here assume that if Reagan does not have to leave office this whole episode will turn out to have been no big deal.

THE popularity of the idea that Donald Regan should go says a lot about Regan and about Washington—and also about Reagan. Ostensibly, the idea that he should go comes from a feeling that he served Reagan very badly over these matters: that a better Chief of Staff would have prevented them from happening (for which there is a very good argument), that as the controversy unfolded Regan seemed more interested in saving his own hide than in protecting the President. Regan has a penchant for saying the unapt thing. ("Does a bank president know whether a bank teller is fiddling around with the books?") In fact, an argument can be made that any Chief of Staff would have become aware, if he did not know already, that North was involved in getting arms to the Contras (there had been stories to this effect in several publications), and would have made sure that nothing illegal or potentially embarrassing was going on. Regan's denials that he knew anything about any of this were all the more galling to a number of people here because he had bragged so much about how much he was in charge of things at the White House. Moreover, a number of the President's friends and associates find it incredible that Regan allowed the President—according to some reports, even encouraged him—to get into the whole business of sending arms to Iran. They feel that he should have encouraged the President to listen to key Cabinet figures opposed to the plan, rather than collaborate in cutting them out. (An official told me that a policy undertaken in this way was doomed to fail.) They cannot understand how Regan could have forgotten that Ayatollah Khomeini was a major factor in Reagan's defeat of Carter. But, then, Reagan seems to have forgotten as well. (And Casey was Reagan's 1980 campaign director.) And they find it unforgivable that Regan allowed Reagan to say things about the Iranian dealings, in his first speech and press conference on the subject, that would not hold up—that the President was so badly prepared.



Actually, Regan, who is alleged to have the ability to be charming, has a personality that much of this city has found grating. Republicans on Capitol Hill have found him arrogant and lacking in political sensitivity. He seemed to go out of his way to alienate Democratic leaders, who could have been helpful on occasion. Republicans in Congress and elsewhere have found his lack of political feel harmful to the Party. His various unapt remarks were at least a source of humor, but they didn't do the President much good. And Regan seemed determined to be constantly by the President's side, and in as many photographs as possible. In the White House, he surrounded himself with less than towering assistants, who tend to be yes-men. Some people who might exercise any independence of him were forced out. His intrusiveness—and his know-it-all style—irritated other Administration officials. He kept a tight rein—or so he used to say—and failed to see that a top-down corporate structure, in which virtually no one saw the President without Regan's approval or his presence, did not serve Reagan particularly well. Actually, it wouldn't serve any President particularly well, but with someone as passive as Reagan this was even more of a problem. One Republican congressional leader said to me, "Regan and Reagan reinforced each other's weaknesses—a President who wants to delegate and doesn't like disagreement, and a Chief of Staff who wants to control things and tells the President he *agrees with him.*" This person went on to say, "Regan is now suffering for something that has nothing to do with the Iran-Contra thing. People up here think he's an arrogant so-and-so; he's conveyed a contempt for the political process and the people in it—especially the politicians. Now that he's in trouble, nobody's going to come to his aid."

Regan also suffers by comparison with his predecessor, Baker. Baker does have political feel and had good relations with Capitol Hill. He was much more relaxed about who saw the President, and he surrounded himself—and still does—with some very smart people who speak frankly to him. Moreover, because Baker shared power at the White House with Deaver and Meese, the President was guaranteed to hear a variety of voices. The first-term team was not without its own tensions, and the arrangement was less than tidy, but almost no one here will argue that Regan was not better served then.

Thus, it was inevitable that when the number of those publicly and privately urging the President to dump Regan grew, Baker's was one of the names that figured prominently in the speculation about a replacement. Washington loves to speculate. However, this speculation didn't take into account that a number of Reagan's longtime associates are not particularly keen on Baker. He was always regarded as an interloper—after all, he had managed George Bush's 1980 Presidential campaign—who was not a true Reaganite. He was seen as too pragmatic, too powerful, too ambitious, and too chummy with the press. An attempt by Baker in the course of the first term to become national-security adviser, with Deaver becoming Chief of Staff, was blocked by other Reagan associates—including Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, Meese, and Casey—even though it was acceptable to the President. A Reagan friend says that the same people would throw themselves in the path of a Baker return to the White House. But even someone who is not a great fan of Baker's expresses certainty that had the Iran matter come up when Baker was there he (and Deaver) would have maneuvered in such a way that the President would *not have gone forward* with the policy, as he did, over the objections of the Secretaries of State and Defense. He would have been left, it is said, with more "wiggle room" in his explanations of what happened. There has been speculation about other people's taking Regan's place, of course, and all manner of rumors that Regan's departure was imminent. A major speculatee has been Drew Lewis, a former Secretary of Transportation in the Reagan Administration, an important Party figure, and now the president of the Union Pacific Corporation.

◆

But the speculation and rumors didn't take Reagan into account. According to people who know the President well, he likes Regan and enjoys his company. Regan makes it a point to have a new joke to tell the President each day (he assigned one of his aides to supply him with the jokes), and the two men are said to engage in "locker-room humor." A friend of the Reagans' has told me, "The President and Don Regan are soul mates, buddies—they really like each other. They have an easy camaraderie. In an isolated place, they have become inseparable." Both are scrappy Irishmen who made it to the top from lowly beginnings; Regan is the sort of man of wealth that Reagan admires. The family friend said that Regan's public statements "make me wince." This person also said that after the story about the diversion of funds broke "Regan ran around with a chart to demonstrate that the N.S.C. adviser doesn't report to him." But Regan is a member of the N.S.C. and has regularly sat in on N.S.C. meetings and on briefings Reagan gets from his national-security adviser, and made much of his claimed foreign-policy expertise—especially on arms control, which he often got wrong. A major factor in Poindexter's being selected to succeed Robert McFarlane as national-security adviser was that he could be expected to be more deferential to Regan.

If Regan did not know about the diversion of funds, as he insists, there remains the question of why, amid various clues, he did not see to it that nothing was amiss. McFarlane, who has no great affection for Regan, pointedly implied in his recent testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee that Regan must have known about the diversion of funds. He took various opportunities to say that he doubted that the diversion could have occurred "without higher authority." McFarlane said that North told him about the diversion during their still puzzling trip to Iran, in May. McFarlane said he did n tell anyone because "I took it to ha been a matter of established approv policy sanctioned by higher authori than the officer who conveyed it, wl was Lieutenant Colonel North." M Farlane said that North told him th "the U.S. government had applied pa of the proceeds" from the Iranian sal "to support the Contras." Th seemed to contradict Meese's stateme that "no American person actual handled" the funds—unless he mea for us to take the word "handled" ve literally. McFarlane also testified th the President had approved in advan a September, 1985, sale of arms Iran by Israel and the replacement those arms from United States stoc —which contradicted what Meese h said, and also what Regan later te tified to the Senate Intelligence Con mittee. (Actually, Regan's testimon contradicted what he—and Poindexter—had said earlier.) This transaction may have been illegal. Aft McFarlane first testified on this, Lar Speakes, the White House spokesma said that *senior officials he querie* have no "recollection" of this.

The President's friends have als taken note that Regan, who has famously strong temper, is not, in th words of one of them, "as cool unde fire as a Chief of Staff ought to be." I this crisis for the President, Regan said to be reinforcing the President feeling that he is under siege by outsiders who don't understand the rightness of his policies or who are out t get him. A family friend says, "Rega tells the President, 'You're righ you're right.' Baker and Deaver woul have thought about how to turn hi around."

One report I received from a clos associate of the Reagans recently wa that Mrs. Reagan recognized that he husband was "dug in" on keeping Regan, and knows that when he is tha way it's time to back off. Further importuning only makes him more stubborn. Another close Reagan associat told me a few days ago that, as fo getting rid of Regan, "I don't thin that's an option." He went on to say "For those who wanted to see Do Regan leave, it has not helped to hav Mike Deaver and the First Lady ge involved." When I asked him why, h replied, "For twenty years, the President has always been cool to suggestions about any staff changes tha Nancy has made. Mike does have good relationship with the First Lad and the President, but, given his trou-

ɜs, he's not in a position to lead the
arge." This person underlined the
int that Mrs. Reagan's influence
ay have been generally overesti-
ated, saying that "the only person
e was really successful about was
hn Sears"—who was fired as Rea-
n's campaign manager on the day of
e New Hampshire primary in 1980.
nd getting rid of Sears, someone
e has told me, took months of effort
the part of Mrs. Reagan and
hers.) This person pointed out that
the course of the Reagan Presidency
rs. Reagan "went after" Meese,
avid Stockman, and Richard Dar-
an, Baker's top aide at the White
ouse and now Deputy Secretary
the Treasury—but did not succeed
forcing any of them out. The only
parture in which she was somewhat
strumental, he said, was that of Wil-
m Clark, a longtime Reagan associ-
e, who had served him as national-
curity adviser. He went on to say
at the reason many people want Re-
n out is not that they think he is
lpable but that "they feel that the
esident needs a more seasoned politi-
l adviser by his side." He added,
But Ronald Reagan doesn't see it
at way."

One of the things that have been
ing on recently is that various Rea-
n associates and Capitol Hill figures,
orking through the press, have been
ying to embarrass Regan into re-
gning. There are even some White
ouse aides who have let it be known
at they think the President would be
tter off with Regan out. One politi-
an with close ties to Reagan said to
e, "I think Don should make a cold,
alistic assessment of his position—
at he doesn't have the political com-
nent to do that." Regan, according
a number of people's reports, was
ghting for his job—telling the Presi-
ent that the President needs him. He
d not seem to see that, whether or
ot he knew what was going on, he
ould have. It's clear that Regan
ared Reagan's sense of beleaguered-
ess, and for a while he disappeared
om view. His absence from the photo
pportunities was much noted—this
as a way, of course, of avoiding re-
orters' questions. Last year, he at-
nded the White House Christmas
arties for the press; this year, he was
owhere to be seen. (The big news at
e one I attended was that John
ravolta was there.) For what it's
orth, many people here think that
egan will be gone before long, most
kely by the end of January. But there's no telling in this most unusual situation.

THE departure of Regan would not, of course, solve all the Administration's problems. Some people here suggest that Reagan has to clean house, truly reshuffle his Administration, in order to get, and be given, a fresh start. One person here, who is in the Administration, suggested in private conversation that Reagan demand the resignation of all his Cabinet members, so that he can begin again. I reminded this person that that was what Jimmy Carter did after his famous retreat to Camp David in 1979, and the results hadn't been so hot. But it is clear that the Reagan Administration is in very bad shape right now. There is too much mistrust among many of its key members, and too much distraction by these events, for it to function very well—if at all.

One Administration figure about whom everyone here appears to have an opinion is Secretary of State George Shultz. Shultz's role in the whole affair has been somewhat ambiguous—reflecting perhaps his own ambivalence. Shultz has made it clear that he opposed the arms sales to Iran, but even he has raised the question of whether he did enough to try to stop them. He and his Deputy Secretary, John Whitehead, have openly disputed the President's contention that Iran has stopped supporting terrorism. For a while, it seemed as if the State Department were seceding from the Administration. Everyone here had an opinion, pro or con, as to whether Shultz should resign—but it would seem that the time to have resigned, if he was to do so, was earlier, when he lost the policy fight over Iran, not later, when it became public and embarrassing. A large number of people, and not just people close to Reagan, became furious with Shultz for publicly differing with the President, but then, on the afternoon of November 25th—not long after the diversion of funds was revealed—Shultz publicly praised the President lavishly ("I support the President's policies fully and across the board") and let it be known that he intended to stay on the job until the end of the Reagan Administration, and also that he was now in charge of Iran policy. As it happens, the Administration's decision to go ahead with plans to break out of the SALT II treaty, announced on November 26th, was made at a White House meeting on the afternoon of the day before, just after Meese made his disclosures. Though Shultz was not at all happy with the decision, he was in no position at that point to make a fuss.

XMAS
PLANT SALE
W GOLDSTEIN

One point of view here is that Shultz did the right thing by calling public attention to the problem with the Iran policy, and stayed on in order to, as one Administration person put it, "keep it from being run by the loonies." I have been told that a number of people around Shultz became aware from time to time that trading weapons for hostages was going on (despite the fact that the White House cut Shultz out of the flow of information about this, including intelligence intercepts), but an associate of Shultz told me that every time this happened Shultz went to the White House, made his case, and thought he had prevailed. This person added that Shultz now feels that perhaps he should have paid more attention to the matter. Shultz and his associates are clearly trying to establish his isolation from the Iran affair. And Shultz, in his recent testimony, said that his knowledge of the diversion of funds had been "zero." When Shultz, in that same appearance, revealed that the American Ambassador to Lebanon, John H. Kelly, had been engaged in "back channel" discussions with North and Poindexter about arms and hostages, and said, "I am, to put it mildly, shocked," some people here thought that, though Shultz had a point, he was dramatizing it in order to show how far he had been from the scene. (Actually, back-channel dealings between the White House and ambassadors are not unheard of; Henry Kissinger, in his memoirs, brags about using such a device. And I am told that this Administration has used it with other ambassadors, who found ways of letting the State Department know what was going on.) Some State Department people were disturbed that Shultz paraded Kelly's action before the world before he had heard Kelly's side of the story. Kelly has said since then that he was told by Poindexter that Shultz knew about the back-channel dealings. The channel used for communicating with Kelly, as it happens, goes through the C.I.A.'s communications system; and the dealings between the White House and Kelly took place before the November elections—thus suggesting that the Reagan Administration was most eager to have all the hostages back by Election Day. There is a certain irony here: the 1980 Reagan campaign team, led by Casey, feared what it called an "October surprise"—a release of the hostages held in Iran.

Weinberger, who also opposed the Iran policy, handled matters somewhat differently. While the arms sales were taking place, he helped facilitate them—cutting through the regular channels in the Defense Department. Questions have arisen as to whether American weapons that went to Iran were deliberately underpriced—which would be against the law—so that the profits from the sales would be high, or that Congress would not have to be informed. After the story about arms for hostages broke, Weinberger at first let his opposition be known publicly (he had written "Absurd" on a memo from the N.S.C. broaching the idea of selling arms to Iran in order to open up lines of communication with Iranian "moderates"), but then he piped down. Reagan loyalists approved. But then recently Weinberger, appearing on the "Today Show," said that Reagan had "very good motives" but acted on "very bad advice." He said, "As a matter of fact, it turned out there aren't any moderate elements in Iran that are still alive, that can be dealt with." With that, many Reagan supporters became angry with Weinberger.

One of the most striking things about the whole story is that the Administration persisted in expecting things that Iran kept not delivering. It is somewhat embarrassing, if not disconcerting, to contemplate the idea that some of the most important people in our government—people who can make life-or-death decisions—were continually snookered by the Iranians. In part, of course, this happened because most of the people who know about Iran—as well as people who opposed the policy—were cut out of the action. The Administration officials who pushed the policy got up a head of steam about it, and would not be deterred. In going to outsiders—consultants, financiers, arms dealers, middlemen, and who-knows-what—to help them carry out the policy that key Administration officials opposed, they turned to, as one Administration official puts it, "a cadre of can-do guys who play in this nether-nether world and are turned to because they can operate without accountability." A large element in this whole story is the seductiveness of covert action and the attraction of derring-do. A friend of mine who has worked in the intelligence field says, "Covert action is very risky—usually you get caught. But it's seductive. So if you have a grain of foolishness in you it's the kind of activity you love—secrecy, ordering people around for what you see as very high purposes." This Administration seems particularly bent on covert action: there is apparently a great deal of it. An official said to me recently, "The intelligence community is too big and too important. In this Administration, if you're C.I.A. or military you can get away with almost anything. If you're State Department, you're suspect." The staff of the National Security Council under McFarlane and Poindexter was reported to be particularly long on military men, and spook-ridden. These people have networks that reach beyond the government—to people quite ready to help out.

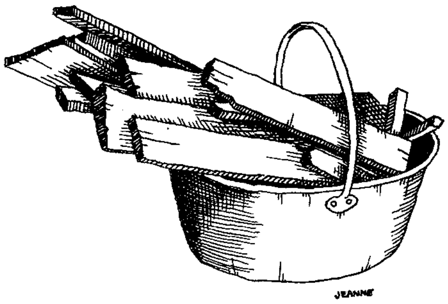
William Casey has long been known to be keen on covert action, and we now know that not only did he back the Iran venture but he had his agency draft the secret Presidential "finding," on January 17, 1986, that made the arms sales to Iran legal—and that ordered Casey not to tell Congress about it. Meese is reported to have given oral approval to the January 17th finding, which was not shown to Shultz or Weinberger—contrary to normal practice. Casey was a strong backer of the arms-for-hostages policy: for one thing, a C.I.A. station chief in Lebanon had been taken captive (and ultimately died); and, for another, he was impressed with, even obsessed by, the possibility that Iran could turn to the Soviet Union in a post-Khomeini period. Of course, the United States' declared policy toward the Iran-Iraq war has been one of neutrality. This week, the Washington *Post* disclosed that while the United States was secretly sending arms to Iran the C.I.A. was providing crucial intelligence information, of a type that is rarely shared, to Iraq—which was an evenhandedness of sorts. Casey's popularity on Capitol Hill has
not been very high ever since, early
1984, he snuck the C.I.A.-aided mi
ing of Nicaraguan ports past membe
of Congress he is supposed to ke
informed. Casey, a hulking man wl
is very smart and also very wily, h
frustrated members of Congress by l
evasiveness and elusiveness. Casey r
cently conceded that he knew abo
the diversion of funds for the Contr
before Meese made his announceme
(Meese said, "C.I.A. Director Case
Secretary of State Shultz, Secretary
Defense Weinberger, myself, the oth
members in the N.S.C.—none of
knew"), but many people have b
lieved that he must have known befo
he has said he did. Casey has said th
he first got wind of it on October 7t
which was seven weeks before Meese
announcement, when a former clie
of his called to warn him that son
Canadian financiers of arms sales
Iran who had not been repaid we
suspicious that some of the funds ha
been diverted, and were threatening
blow the whistle. Casey says that l
then went to see Poindexter and Nor
(but not the President). But it is n
inconceivable that Casey went to te
Poindexter that the jig was up. Havir
large amounts of money sloshir
around in projects like this is a goc
way to get them blown. A number
people had told me that, given the wa
Casey has run his shop—very litt
happens that he does not know abo
or give his approval to—he must hav
had early knowledge about the dive
sion of funds, since the C.I.A. wa
heavily involved in part of the Irar
Contra exercise. And now it is know
that—as many here believed had to l
the case—C.I.A. and U.S. militar
officials in Central America noticed a
influx of help for the Contras an
notified Washington. This include
the equipment drop inside Nicaragu
that got two people killed and Eugen
Hasenfus in a Nicaraguan prison. I
fact, a couple of government peopl
say they would be shocked if Case
didn't know what was going on. If h
did not, they say, it would only b
because he took precautions to hav
"deniability."

And very few people here believ
that Oliver North, a lieutenant colo
nel, concocted such an elaborat
scheme without some kind of authorit
from higher up. Meese said that Nortl
was the only person who knew "pre
cisely" what happened, and tha
Poindexter knew "generally." (Th
arms-for-hostages policy began unde
Poindexter's predecessor, McFarlane

ut the diversion of funds began after Poindexter, McFarlane's deputy, took ver from him.) I have found that the eople who are most adamant on the oint that North and Poindexter—oth of them officers on active duty—would not have acted on their own are military officers. Lieutenant General Ret.) Brent Scowcroft, a careful man —and a member of the Tower commission—has said publicly that he oesn't believe North acted without a harter, and that this is something the ommission would attempt to find out bout. Obviously, the N.S.C. staff had one well beyond its traditional role of oördinating policy and advising the President, but someone who has watched it closely says that what North did "was no rogue-elephant opration." Poindexter and North are escribed by some people within the Reagan Administration as just the sort f people one might want to implement carefully defined mission (such as inercepting the Egyptian plane carrying ut the hijackers of the Achille Lauro, which they did) but not the sort of eople who should make policy. In act, Poindexter is said to be not very well versed in foreign policy. (Even he intercepting of the Egyptian plane aised diplomatic problems that do not eem to have been considered.) One oreign-policy official described North o me as "a nice fellow in over his head." North comes across as a can-do, even zealous, man with a flair for he dramatic whom one has to keep one's eye on. An official said to me ecently, "If you want to get somehing done, he's the person you want o have with you. If you put him in charge without supervision, you're asking for trouble. He's never been accused of judgment."

North's relationship with the President is described in varying ways. North, it has been reported, used to boast of his frequent meetings with Reagan (he once claimed twice a week); recently, Larry Speakes said that North had been in the Oval Office "very few times," and this week he said that North had been with the President nineteen times in the past two years, and always among a group of people. And White House people are now trying to portray the man Reagan called "a national hero" as something of an oddball. Thereupon, reporters were told by allies of North, a group of right-wing activists who have come to be called the "Ollie network," that North met with the President in the Family Quarters after hours fairly regularly. The clear message is that this is what North is telling them—and that it is a warning. Poindexter, too, is described by officials who have worked with him as the kind of person who was enamored of daring projects—the Achille Lauro episode, the bombing of Libya (which he and North planned)—but also as a highly bureaucratic, and even timid, person who would not have acted without higher authority. As for whether the President knew what they were up to in the diversion of funds for the Contras, there are as many conjectures here as there are possibilities. Reagan had, of course, made funding of the Contras one of his highest goals, and he praised, and wrote letters of endorsement for, some of the Americans who were involved in getting arms to them during the period when the government was barred from helping them militarily—directly or indirectly. Elliott Abrams, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, has said, "Some members of Congress accuse us of approving this [private aid] with a wink and a nod. A wink and a nod, hell. We think it's been fine." We recently learned that Abrams hit up the Sultan of Brunei for several million dollars—with Shultz's approval and following a Shultz trip to Brunei. Abrams said that the money was for "humanitarian" purposes. Administration officials said that the money was deposited in a Swiss bank account. Why "humanitarian" aid had to go through a Swiss account was not explained.

Besides the speculation that Poindexter and North would not have acted without higher authority—wherever that came from—some people here speculate that North, the go-getter, must have bragged to the President about how he had found another way to get military aid to the Contras. There could have been, on the other hand, a way of letting the President know that good things were happening while shielding him from knowing what they were, so that he could have deniability. And one form of speculation goes that North and Poindexter were reacting to the "mood music" around the White House—they knew that the President wanted everything possible done to keep up support for the Contras. It was already known that North was working through American groups (and perhaps third countries) to get arms to the Contras, and that the President thought that that was nifty; siphoning off money from the arms sales to Iran was just another fillip. There are all sorts of ways to establish "plausible deniability" for a President, and it's often been done. One possibility is that the story can be likened to Henry II's "Who will free me from this turbulent priest?" Another, of course, is that the President was told—somehow. When one talks about what Reagan "knew," one could be dealing in metaphysics. An extraordinary thing about this whole story is that though the President's lack of attention to "detail" is causing him untold damage, it may save him in the end—sort of. Given the strange way Reagan governs, when he says he did not know about something—even if he should have—people are more likely to believe him than they would other Presidents.



INEVITABLY, the recent series of events has set people to speculating about their effect on the politics of 1988—even though a great many other things will happen that can affect the Republican nomination process and the election itself. A commonly stated wisdom is that George Bush has been hurt—a prospect that depresses some Democrats, who had figured that Bush would be the easiest Republican to beat. A couple of weeks ago, Bush gave a speech in which he valiantly tried to show both his loyalty to the President and his recognition that "mistakes were made" (a formulation that the President subsequently adopted in his radio talk)—but showed mainly the painfulness of his position. The story is now beginning to lap at the doors of Bush's offices—as a number of people here had thought it would, given Bush's and a key staff member's connections with the C.I.A. and its alumni. Robert Dole has been taking various steps to set himself apart from Reagan on these matters—even to the point of writing a letter to the editor in the Washington *Post*—but some Reagan loyalists and White House staff members accuse him of disloyalty and of grandstanding. Dole also pointed out that the whole episode was hurting the Republican Party. Republicans on Capitol Hill have found it increasingly difficult to defend the President, because, as one of them explained to me, there were so many surprises that it became impossible to know what they were defending. Patrick Buchanan, the White House director of communications, has taken to accusing the Republicans of cowardice and ingratitude ("The whole damn pack has headed for the tall grass"), stating that people in the past who may have broken the law—such as people who helped escaped slaves—had turned out to be heroes, as North is. Some White House officials have let it be known that Buchanan is operating on his own; such is the current state at the White House, apparently, that no one is in a position to stop him. If Regan tried to, he would probably be cut up by the right—some of whom want Buchanan to run for President. Buchanan is a brawler, and many people tend to dismiss him, because they've seen him do this kind of thing before, when he worked for Nixon during Watergate; but to have such a person—who deals in rough us-versus-them tactics, who preaches that some things are more important than obeying the law—operating out of the White House is cause for some discomfort.

Right now, people in the White House and various other Presidential advisers are still seeking ways to limit the damage—and they are floundering. Having Regan testify before the Intelligence Committee this week was one. But it didn't settle matters. Also, he told reporters afterward that he had told the committee that he didn't know about the diversion of funds, "and I don't believe the President of the United States knows any such thing." This was less than airtight. He also said that he had done "absolutely nothing" wrong. This leaves the question of how the White House got into so much trouble right under his nose. There is still talk among the President's advisers about bringing in some additional person to help the White House deal with the imbroglio, so that the others there can get on with governing. But that may be wishful thinking. For all the White House's attempts to make it appear that the President wanted to get to the bottom of things, there remained a great number of things it could have told us but has not chosen to. There have been attempts at diversion—through briefings on the budget and on welfare reform—but right now it's hard to get anyone's attention on such things. Some thought is being given to having the President testify. There was also pressure brought on North and Poindexter to drop their use of the Fifth Amendment, which they have invoked in congressional hearings, on the theory that what they say will most likely clear the President. (Not everyone is so sure.) And then, on Tuesday, Speakes suddenly announced that the President was calling on the Senate Intelligence Committee to "immediately seek" immunity for them from prosecution for any testimony they gave. This gambit was designed to make it appear that the President really did want to get to the bottom of things, and to try to get the thing over with, but the White House must have known that it would run into some problems. Dole had already told the White House—accurately, as it turned out—that the idea would not fly on Capitol Hill. Even Republicans loyal to the President said the request was "premature." It takes some time—possibly weeks—and several procedures to get a grant of immunity for a congressional witness. And the independent counsel, who should be involved in such a process, had not even been named. (Lawrence Walsh was named today.) An early grant of immunity could foil the work of the independent counsel, which the President had made such a show of calling for. Moreover, the Senate Intelligence Committee hearings closed down yesterday, so there was no way that it could have acted on the President's request—as the White House must have known. And such an act would preëmpt the Senate and House Select Committees that will investigate these matters next year. The Senate and House Intelligence Committees seem to have held their hearings out of embarrassment—a great deal had escape their attention—and without time t adequately prepare (so as to be sure t ask the right questions). The Hous Foreign Affairs Committee seemed t simply want to get into the act.

North, clearly responding to th pressure on him to talk—on Wednesday, even Nancy Reagan called on him and Poindexter to do so—told reporters staked outside his house yesterday "I have . . . found myself abandone by former friends and so-called friend and colleagues." Asked about Mrs Reagan's calling on him to talk North said, "There have been a number of people who have suggested tha I abandon my individual rights. . . . don't believe the President reall wants me to abandon my rights"—though Reagan has called on him t testify. It seems clear from this tha North was firing another warning shot. And this morning the Washington *Post* hit us with the disclosure tha there was a sophisticated taping system —involving computers this time—in the White House Situation Room where key foreign-policy decisions ar often made. The Christmas holiday will be upon us shortly, and, with an luck, things should quiet down here But the press will still be on the stor and all manner of events could happen A great many questions remain—about both the dealings with Iran and whatever diversion of money there may have been. Whatever the truth turns out to be (if we ever know it about who said what to whom abou diverting funds for the Contras, something very big went wrong in the Reagan Administration—starting with the selling of arms to Iran, in exchange for hostages. Congress returns on January 6th, and special committees selected by the Senate and House will take up the investigation. The independent counsel will be at work So the lull—if there is a lull—will be brief.

—ELIZABETH DREW

3.99
1.00
3 for 1.00
meg

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Movie listing in Festival Magazine, published in Toronto*]

SORCERER
WILLIAM FRIEDKIN—An overlooked gem that more than deserves a second chance. Friedkin's remake of Henri-Georges Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear" is spectacularly shot in South America, where four desperate men take on a suicidal assignment drinking nitro-glycerine into the jungle to put out an oil-well fire.

BOOKS

All Grown Up

NEAR the beginning of his "Unreliable Memoirs," published in 1980, Clive James, e Australian poet, novelist, critic, sayist, humorist, and television personality, warns us "that until very re- nt years I was never quite all there -that I was play-acting instead of ring and that nothing except my own ırelenting fever of self-consciousness emed quite real. Eventually, in my iddle thirties, I got a grip on my- lf." On the last page of the second olume of his memoirs, called "Fall- g Towards England" and just pub- shed by Norton ($15.95), James rites of his early years in England, here he settled in 1962, "The first nase of my career in London was us summed up as having had nui- nce value and nothing more." This ırt of James's career may not have ıd much distinction—he was twenty- vo when he arrived from Australia, ıd before he finally went up to Cam- idge, at twenty-six, he had failed as copy editor, a copywriter, a statis- cian, a librarian, a metalworker, and poet—but it has unwittingly provid- l the material for a funny, light-foot- l, affecting book, a kind laughing, streamlined Down and Out in Paris ıd London." But maybe it asn't all so unwitting. ımes says in "Falling To- ards England," "Think vice before you get mixed p with a writer, and ten mes before you marry one. Vriters want things to be ver, so that they can write ıe elegy. Gray toured that nurchyard on the run."

James was named Vivian after a 1938 Davis Cup layer) and allowed to re- ame himself Clive (after character in a Tyrone 'ower movie). He grew up ıostly in Kogarah, on the utskirts of Sydney. He had bereaved childhood. His ather was killed in an irplane crash just after the nd of the Second World Var (he had spent the war n a Japanese prison camp), nd neither Clive nor his nother ever fully recovered. Ie writes in "Unreliable Memoirs," "I was, am, and will continue to be until the grave, incurably envious of all families." Nonetheless, he seems to have had a normally hair-raising childhood, in which he experimented with homosexuality and heterosexuality, with throwing stones at street lights, with sticking his head out the window of a speeding train, and with racing in homemade cars. He suffered miserably from sinusitis and cavity-ridden teeth. And he discovered that one of the easiest and surest ways to gain attention is to play the clown—a pose that has become a career. He spent time in the service and went to college in Sydney, where he edited the college newspaper, began to write, and fell under the sway of Pound, MacNeice, Yeats, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Cummings. He was asked to submit book reviews to the Sydney *Morning Herald*. In 1961, he bought a one-way steamship ticket to England, for ninety-seven pounds. He arrived in the depths of winter, deeply tanned, dressed in summer clothes, and broke.

James has more than got a grip on himself. In "Falling Towards England" he reminds us of what the late tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims said when asked what his colleague Stan Getz was like: "Oh, he's a nice bunch of guys." James is a brilliant bunch of guys. He is a wit: "It was clear just from what she had on her that it took a lot of money to run such a woman" and "Her handbag was a bin, out of which she would produce, when the tea-break conversation flagged, one of those cube-shaped paperback novels by which American authors in elevator shoes take revenge on their country for its having rendered them illiterate." He is a humanist: "He used to smile at me through the mirror mounted over his face as he lay in the iron lung. The smile took an age to arrive and another age to go away. It was like watching sand dry in the sun." He is an aphorist: "For the lost soul, the university is the modern monastery" and "A dominant personality doesn't have to believe in its own will. All it needs is the inability to recognise the existence of anybody else's." He is an imagist: "Virginia Woolf was up there on the wall, like a sad horse sticking its head in through a window." And he is a critic: "Somehow I got to Chichester and saw Olivier's Othello. When he ripped the crucifix from his neck and flung it aside, you knew that it had flown straight down the gangway to his dressing-room and hung itself on a hook: the physical energy was volcanic but precise, like his articulation of the words, which his super-spade accent coated with bitter chocolate but did not blur."

He is also a first-rate travel writer, as he proves again and again in "Flying Visits," a collection of travel pieces done for the *Observer* in the late seventies and early eighties and also brought out by Norton ($14.95). Much travel writing tends to read as if it had been done by a Writer who happens to be travelling, but James's travel pieces are by a writer who is Travelling. He makes his first visit to New York during an August heat wave, and comments, "The air was like chicken

APPROACHABLE

broth. Grease bubbles swam in it, and small bones." He visits Germany unwillingly, and, using Munich as his centerpiece, goes to Dachau: "In the *Aeneid* there is a place called the broken-hearted fields. Standing in that snow-covered space I could think of no better phrase. Nor was there any point in self-reproach for being unable to shed tears. If we could really imagine what it was like we would die of grief." He accurately describes Los Angeles as "a tangle of circumferences which have lost contact with their centres." His mimic's ear comes to the fore during a piece on Queen Elizabeth's famous rain-soaked visit to the West Coast in 1983. Henry Kissinger arrives at the dinner given the Royals by the Reagans in Sound Stage 9 at Twentieth Century–Fox, and says, "I've had the priviledge of meeding the Gween before, bud id's always a special oggasion."

The hyperbolic electricity that endlessly activates James sometimes overpowers him, and he grows bawdy and a little sweaty. Consider, for example, his hilarious description in "Falling Towards England" of the effects of the British hamburger on the digestive system. These wild passages are all the more remarkable in that his smooth, unadorned prose never lets on that it has said anything uncouth.

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Golden Days, by Carolyn See (McGraw-Hill; $15.95). "Iffy" is the narrator's understatement about the world of 1990: a world she does not detail until Part III of this troubling, spirited three-part fantasy, set in and around a canyon near Los Angeles. Part I features her best friend, whose acquaintance she renews in 1981, after twenty years in which they have dissolved, between them, a total of six marriages. Part II, set mostly in 1987, prompts her to theorize about women's fears of recurrent penury and imminent divorce. The "iffy" world of Part III, while neither as plausible as the world of Part II nor as familiar as that of Part I, overshadows both of them when, as the narrator recalls, "women turned on their husbands: '*You, you did this!*' speaking in tones, the tones they had used before only when giving birth, so that some men, even in the midst of their great fear, were blown off the planet looking sheepish." Carolyn See is the author of several other novels, including, most recently, "Rhine Maidens."

GENERAL

White Town Drowsing, by Ron Powers (Atlantic Monthly; $17.95). Mr. Powers, a CBS television commentator, spent the first seventeen years of his life (he was born in 1941) in Hannibal, Missouri, the old Mississippi River town in which Mark Twain grew up, and, as was true of Twain, it has always held a compelling place in his heart. This book—which takes its title from "Life on the Mississippi"—is, like much of Twain's work, part memoir, part history, part elegy, part anger and disgust. It combines childhood memories with accounts of visits to Hannibal just before and during the 1985 Mark Twain Sesquicentennial. Mr. Powers remembers his boyhood (he was the son of a Fuller Brush salesman, and his best friend was the son of the town's richest and most aristocratic family) as idyllic, almost Tom Sawyerish, in a town little touched by the twentieth century. What angered and disgusted him on his return to Hannibal was the character of the municipal leadership. It was only ineptitude, he says, that prevented the celebration from becoming a disaster of vulgarity, a "costume-party parody" engineered by "forces blindly working to separate a culture from its past." One of the promoters of the celebration expressed his pious fondness for Mark Twain but added, "I'm only sorry that he became a secular humanist." Mr. Powers has given us an admirable book, a book of warmth and truth, and a vigorous call to arms against a world of ignorance and sentimentality.

The Musical Theatre: A Celebration, by Alan Jay Lerner (McGraw-Hill; $24.95). A celebratio and a fairly solid history as we Lerner, like the other great lyricis and the great composers he writ of, was passionately committed the musical theatre. He begins Paris, with the *opéras bouffes* Jacques Offenbach, and goes to give us concise biographic sketches of Jerome Kern, Irvi Berlin, the Gershwins, Rodgers a Hammerstein, Noël Coward. considers the economics of musica comedy production; he tells fre anecdotes of people he worked wit and he passes on thoughts abo technical matters—explicating, f instance, why a first-class compos of musical scores does not necessar ly make a first-class songwrit (Irving Berlin excepted). Begi ning with the nineteen-twenties, t highlights of the Broadway a London seasons and their hits a treated almost year by year, and ju about every show you've ever hea of is appraised in an astute and ge erous fashion. The book is illustra ed from Lerner's own collection theatrical pictures but is furnish with a hit-or-miss index that is a most useless.

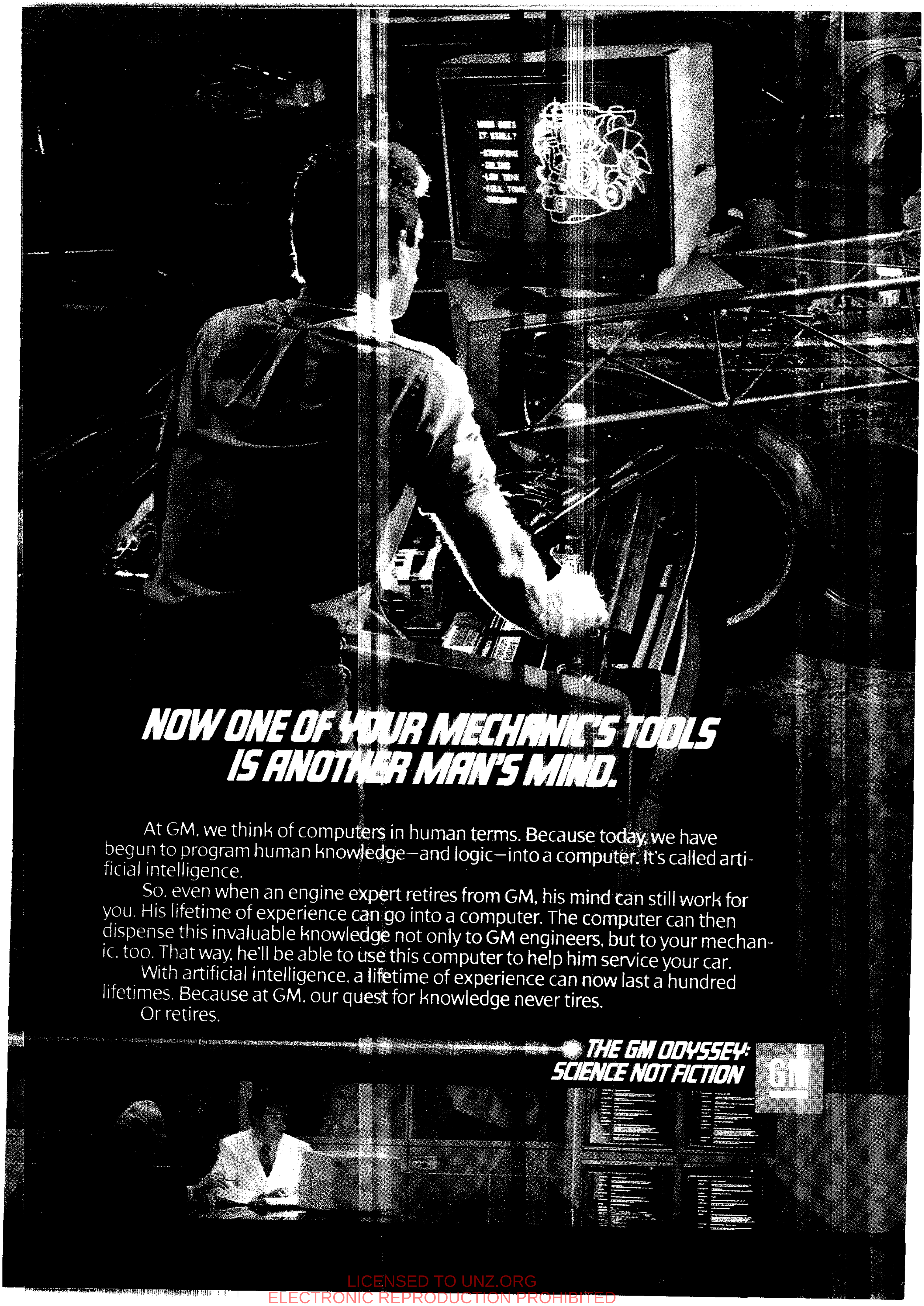
MYSTERY AND CRIME

I Am the Only Running Footma by Martha Grimes (Little, Brow $15.95). Everything about Mi Grimes' new novel shows her at h best—the best, in fact, in sever disappointing years. The title both entertaining in itself and, f once, more or less rooted in the tex Miss Grimes gets our immediate a tention with two murders, te months apart, both involving t strangulation of young women wit their own scarves. She holds i however, with something more tha mere suspense—with the introdu tion of an unlikely suspect an through him, the introduction of truly interesting and complicate family. Superintendent Richar Jury, Melrose Plant, and Sergea Wiggins all play their familiar rol with unusual flair, and there is i the proprietor of a village inn an his hapless family a surprisin novelty—an explosion of slapstic comedy.

•

WHO WAS IMMANUEL KENT?
—*"Ask Andy" in the Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

Good question.



NOW ONE OF YOUR MECHANIC'S TOOLS IS ANOTHER MAN'S MIND.

At GM, we think of computers in human terms. Because today, we have begun to program human knowledge—and logic—into a computer. It's called artificial intelligence.

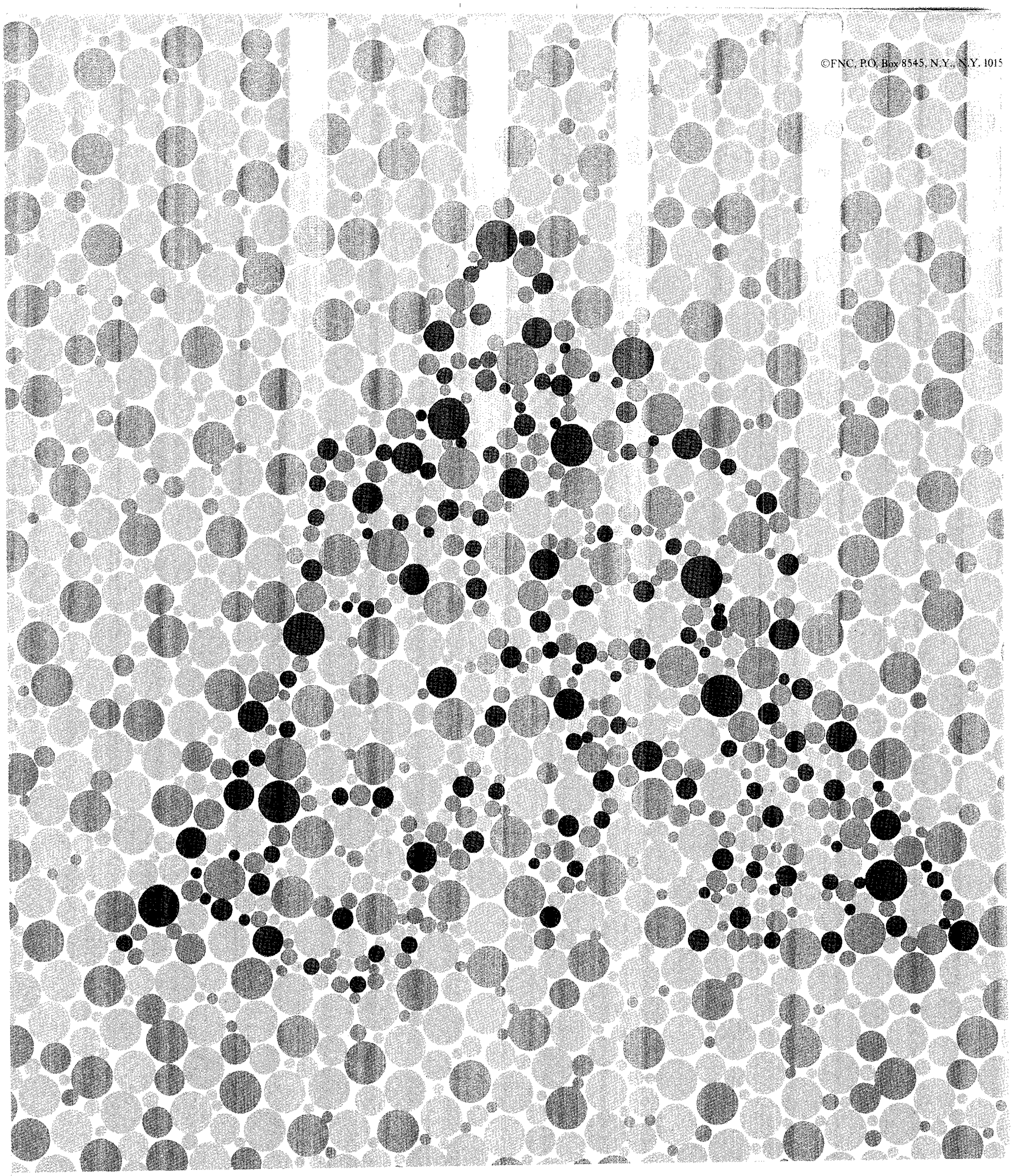
So, even when an engine expert retires from GM, his mind can still work for you. His lifetime of experience can go into a computer. The computer can then dispense this invaluable knowledge not only to GM engineers, but to your mechanic, too. That way, he'll be able to use this computer to help him service your car.

With artificial intelligence, a lifetime of experience can now last a hundred lifetimes. Because at GM, our quest for knowledge never tires.

Or retires.

THE GM ODYSSEY:
SCIENCE NOT FICTION

GM



©FNC, P.O. Box 8545, N.Y., N.Y. 1015

Taste test.

100% Colombian Coffee®

The richest coffee in the world.™

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas